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The American Monthly Magazine.

EDITED BY
MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

VOLUME V.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1894.

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THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JULY, 1894.

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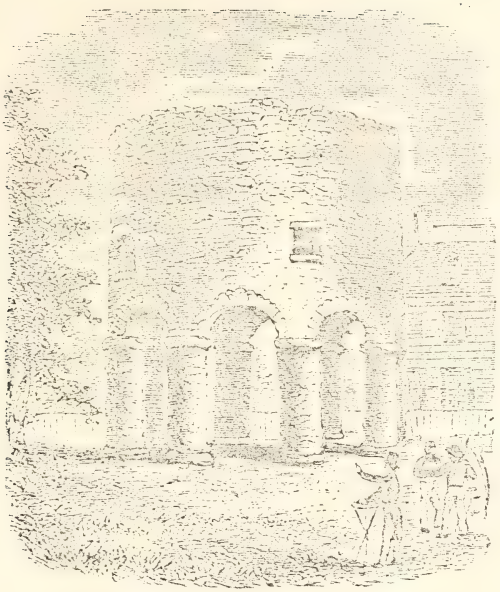

THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT.

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. V. WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1894. NO. 1.

THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT.

POSSIBLY some of you are not familiar with the Old Mill or Tower at Newport, which was said to have been constructed a thousand years ago by the Norsemen who long inhabited this locality, and now stands in Touro Park, at that fashionable watering place, Newport, Rhode Island. This ancient structure is an old round tower of rough stone, supported by eight large round stone columns surmounted by circular arches of Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, the style of the ancient stone structures of the north—in England called Saxon or Norman architecture. Similar structures were left by the Norsemen in the Orkneys and Shetlands. There are no ornaments remaining to indicate the date of its erection. From one of its most striking characteristics it is called the round-arch style and must have been built before the twelfth century, as after that time the Gothic or pointed arch prevailed. The date or purpose of its erection is one of the antiquarian puzzles of the age.

Redpath in his History of the United States pictures it in all of its peculiar and picturesque beauty. It is also given in the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems. What mystery surrounds the lofty old tower which has proven the inspiration of poets to weave their romances! To me it suggests the first monument to freedom—round like the world, with entrances in every direction, where all nations of the earth may be sheltered and live in harmony, commingling their efforts and their gifts, enjoying social intercourse, liberty of conscience, and the free exchange of ideas: where they will cherish the spark of eternal fire which they have in their own hearts, without trying to smother that which burns as brightly in the bosom of their neighbor of another belief, and not declare their tiny rill from

the fountain of the Father's love the only pure one and all others from the same source waters of perdition.

Some contend that the old tower was a windmill of modern origin, but the Indians told the early New England settlers it was built by the giants—and the Norse discoverers certainly looked like giants to the Indians. Norway, being a cold, mountainous country, had its influence upon the physical development of the people, its elevation and pure air affecting the body, mind, and features, producing tall, handsome men with flowing locks of long, silky, straight auburn hair confined at the forehead by bands. The old men prided themselves on long beards. The nose was prominent and inclined to the Roman; the eyes remarkably expressive. They were keen, active, persevering, and intelligent, considered bodily strength of primary importance, indulging in athletic and military exercises, and were fine horsemen, dividing their time between agriculture and piracy, worshipers of Thor and Odin—

I am the God Thor;
I am the War God;
I am the Thunderer.
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and my fortress,
Reign I forever!
Here, amid icebergs,
Rule I the nations!

Amid the rugged scenery of Norway we should not expect to find the refinements of artistic Greece and luxurious Rome. The Norsemen, brought into daily contact with most frightful physical strife, totally unlike the sunny softness of southern Europe, could not be content with the effeminate gods of Olympus, but deified what to them was most necessary. Strength, courage, and endurance, instead of beauty and sensuality, were the qualities that gained access to the Walhalla of the followers of Thor and Odin. Mental culture was by no means neglected. Knowledge of the runes, skill in the art of poetry, acquaintance with the laws and religious and historical myths, proficiency in foreign languages and natural science, and the cultivation of eloquence were deemed of great importance.

The Norsemen paid great respect to woman; hence social intercourse was quite free; and history shows that in proportion

as woman has been the equal and coworker with man has been the refinement and purity of social relations. The characteristics of these Norsemen were their warlike spirit, love of freedom and distant adventures, fondness for poetry, pomp, and traditionary lore, and a system of theism mingled in course of time with gross superstition. Their besetting sin was intemperance; but for generous hospitality they were preëminent. To their spirit of adventure is due the discovery of Greenland and America centuries before Columbus. The hardy Norsemen who left Norway to enjoy civil liberty were of necessity bold mariners and, we must confess, freebooters and pirates. These sea kings were bold and fearless, wearing hoods surmounted with eagles' wings and walruses' tusks, mailed armor, and for robes the skins of polar bears. Their disposition is well portrayed in one of their old ballads:

He scorns to rest 'neath the smoky rafter,
He plows with his boat the roaring deep;
The billows boil and the storm howls after,
But the tempest is only a thing of laughter—
The sea king loves it better than sleep!

In the year 861 one Waddodr was driven from his course by a tempest on his return to Norway from the Faroes, and came upon the east coast of Iceland; not liking the looks of the shore, he sailed away in a thick snowstorm, calling the country Snceland.

In 865 Floki, another Norwegian pirate, set out to explore this island. The compass was then unknown, so some distance after touching the Shetlands and Faroes he obtained three ravens; he allowed one to go free and it directed its course to the Faroes, the nearest land. Sailing on, he set another at liberty; but the bird, after rising to a great height and seeing no land, returned to the vessel. A few days later he freed the third bird, which flew to the north, and Floki followed it, touching at the east coast of Iceland, calling it Iceland from the great quantity of drift-ice on the northern bays. He spent two winters here, returning in the spring to Norway. The course taken by the mariners was a very indirect one, the distance from Norway to Iceland being over six hundred miles; and when we consider the ships of that period (we are all familiar with the viking displayed at the World's Fair and later here on our own river, made of Norway pine and decorated with dragons) and the

rough seas of these northern latitudes, we must admire the courage, perseverance, and endurance of these hardy voyagers.

In 870 Ingolf explored Iceland, spent a winter there, and was so well pleased that in 874 he returned with his family and friends, carrying with him the sacred pillars of his house, which he threw into the sea, determining to fix his habitation where they were cast ashore. He lost sight of them by a sudden storm. He was obliged to land on the southeast coast, where he remained for three years. Hearing then that the pillars of his house had been cast upon the southwest beach, he removed thither, where he founded Reikiavik, the present capital.

Günnbjorn, driven west by a storm, about 880 first sighted Greenland.

In 982 Erik the Red sailed there, explored the coast for three years, taking possession of the most desirable places, and calling it Greenland. On his return he gave such a glowing description that quite a colony settled there in 986, and the Christian religion was introduced. The discovery of Greenland was the result of the settlement of Iceland, just as the discovery of America was afterwards the natural consequence of the settlement of Greenland.

In 986 Herjulfson, a Norse navigator, sailed from Iceland to Greenland, was caught in a storm, and driven westward to Newfoundland or Labrador. He saw the country was different from any he had seen, and wished to land, but the crew objected and he sailed on. After reaching home he gave the most wonderful description of the land he had seen, and Lief, son of Erik, decided to explore and find the truth of these reports. To the southwest of Greenland he discovered land. Directing his course southward, he came to a wooded country, supposed to be Newfoundland; still south he reached an island, separated from the mainland by a strait. Sailing through this, he found a beautiful inland sea; the climate was mild; on these shores he spent the winter. The sea swarmed with fine salmon and the grass remained green all winter.

What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown
And yet far kinder than our own—
To land us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm and tyrant's rage?

This inland sea was a bay between Rhode Island and Cape Cod. From the discovery of wild grapes there, he called the country Vineland. This was in the year 1000. Thus Lief Erikson was the first European known to have stood upon the continent of America, the land of the free, with her snow-clad peaks and thundering cataracts, in her grand simplicity of natural construction for facilitating every species of mental and material progress, bidding away the traveler's monotony and beckoning his thoughts transcendently above the inglorious herd to the mazes and labyrinths of worlds whose splendor and stupendous grandeur fill the sky. The knowledge and occupancy of this grand theater, this scene most worthy of man's activity, were of no practical use to the world. Honor is not due to the man who discovers a thing and lets it lie idle in his brain, but to him who first renders it of use to the world. The laurels should not be taken from the brow of Columbus and placed upon the head of Icelander Lief, the son of Erik; both should be crowned.

Longfellow said:

The following ballad (The Skeleton in Armour) was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River clad in broken and corroded armor, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the old windmill, now claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors:

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

LIDA HOWETH.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The Battle of Bunker Hill is one of the most determined and severe on record, and indomitable courage was displayed on both sides. Although it was a drawn game or battle and there was absolutely no victory on either side, yet it was a victory for the patriots in the midst of apparent defeat; for while they were checkmated, it showed of what sterling stuff they were made, and that they had inherited the doughty spirit and stubborn will of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and the result led to their success later and nerved them to further efforts in the cause of freedom.

For years a feeling of discontent had been growing in the colonies, especially in Massachusetts, where, from the establishment of the Plymouth Colony, the people had displayed their independence and proud, noble spirit, which was loath to bend to British rule. Several times the colony was on the verge of an outbreak, and the King would have curbed their haughty spirit had not internal troubles in England prevented him from carrying out his purpose.

During King Philip's War the English ministers conspired to wrest all authority from the colonists and to destroy popular government in America. Sir Edmund Andros was sent out to wrest their charters from them. The people of New England were aroused and grew restive under his tyrannical rule. An outbreak was imminent in 1687, during the reign of James II. When the news arrived that James was an exile and William and Mary had ascended the throne, a loud pealing of bells proclaimed their joy, while the populace shouted, "Death to tyrants!"

Andros was imprisoned and sent home for trial. A new charter was granted to the people of Massachusetts, and Plymouth, Maine, and Nova Scotia were added to that colony. By the new charter the Governor was appointed by the Crown, and a property qualification was necessary to procure the privilege of the elective franchise in choosing the members of the General Court.

The harbors of the colonies were closed against all but English vessels, and such articles of American production as were in demand in England were not allowed to be shipped to foreign markets. While the colonists were deprived of free trade, their privileges were wrested from them, and the list of indignities heaped upon them grew greater and were no longer to be endured. No colony except Massachusetts ventured to complain. She alone demanded redress for her wrongs, asserting her chartered rights and refusing to acknowledge the power of the British commissioners, who were finally recalled in 1664.

As early as 1729 the restiveness of Massachusetts under British rule aroused the suspicions of the British government that she intended to throw off the yoke, and in 1739 Sir Robert Walpole wisely concluded not to tax the American colonists, for he was quite liberal in his views. Lossing says:

> Had Walpole yielded to the demands of the British government to tax the Americans, the Republic of the United States might have existed a century earlier.

However, his successors began to tighten the screws, and America was more and more enslaved. During the Seven Years War the colonies had contributed twenty million dollars and the flower of their youth to colonial wars, and their success in driving out the French from Canada had taught them to appreciate their own strength, and instilled ideas of independence in their minds.

Notwithstanding all they had done for England, the ministers of George III levied exorbitant taxes on the colonists which they were illy prepared to bear. "The sun of Liberty is set," Franklin wrote from London, "but Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy."

Massachusetts and Virginia, the head and heart of the Revolution, were loud in their outcries against the Stamp Act. The repeal act was passed later; but other obnoxious taxes were levied in lieu of the former, and the colonists' discontent grew all the greater. A band of fifty young ladies in Boston organized into a society called the "Daughters of Liberty," and during their meetings amused themselves by spinning and singing patriotic songs.

In 1770 the women of Boston gave proofs of their self-denial and patriotism by pledging themselves not to drink tea until the Revenue Act was repealed, thus foregoing the enjoyment of the

> Cup which cheers,
> But not inebriates.

We now come to the battle of Bunker Hill, and have taken our data from "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution."

The Committee of Safety having been informed that General Gage had fixed the 18th of June, 1775, to fortify Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, resolved to steal a march upon their enemies, and Colonel Prescott, with one thousand men and two field pieces, was ordered to march at night and erect a redoubt on Bunker Hill, which commanded a great part of Boston as well as the northern road.

Imagine the scene, as the patriots, furnished with packs and blankets, started on their march after devoutly listening to a prayer from President Langdon of Harvard College, who invoked divine intercession for their sacred cause.

Colonel Prescott and Gridley (his engineer), preceded by two servants carrying dark lanterns, left Cambridge at nine o'clock for Charlestown. The weather was balmy and the heavens were studded with stars. Absolute silence was enjoined, nor did the men know the object of their expedition. All that was heard was the measured tread of the patriots as they stole along in the darkness of night.

Reaching Breed's Hill at midnight, it being nearer to Boston than Bunker Hill, their leader concluded to throw up fortifications there, reserving Bunker Hill to cover their retreat, if necessary. At midnight they began their dangerous work—dangerous because within earshot of British sentinels and men-of-war. At intervals the cheering cry, "All's well," came from the sentinels at the foot of Copp's Hill to encourage the patriots in their task. By daybreak they had already erected an intrenchment six feet high, to the amazement of the British when they discovered it, for the work they had accomplished in one night was sufficient to have employed them several days.

The fortifications were first discovered by the watch on board the British ship "Lively," and, without waiting for orders from

headquarters, the captain fired on the patriots. The booming of cannon startled the inhabitants of Boston from their slumbers and they crowded to the housetops to ascertain the cause.

General Gage called a council of war, deeply regretting not having taken possession of Bunker Hill before it was too late. The troops were ordered out and the whole city was in commotion; the alarm bell was rung, drums were beaten, and the blast of the trumpet rang out on the air, while dragoons galloped furiously through the streets to their posts and artillery wagons rattled along.

About midday three thousand British troops, under command of Generals Howe and Pigot, landed at Morton's Point, beyond the eastern foot of Breed's Hill, shielded by the guns of the "Falcon" and other men-of-war.

Lossing relates an anecdote which seems to bring Colonel Prescott nearer and make us appreciate his brave spirit still more:

> A soldier who had ventured too near the outside of the redoubt was killed by a cannon ball. Prescott, to inspire his men with confidence, promenaded round the works upon the parapet in full view of the British officers in Boston. General Gage saw him and inquired of Counselor Willard who he was. The latter recognized his brother-in-law and replied, "That's Colonel Prescott."
>
> "Will he fight?" inquired Gage.
>
> "As long as he has a drop of blood in his veins," retorted Willard.
>
> "The works must be carried at once!" Gage exclaimed.

But that was easier said than done. At twelve o'clock the New England flag was hoisted, reinforcements were sent from headquarters, and the patriots prepared to fight. For the greater number, who were raw recruits, this was their baptism of blood.

At two o'clock p. m. General Howe received reinforcements, his forces numbering four thousand men—veterans, all well seasoned in war.

Meantime the Americans, exhausted with fatigue in consequence of their midnight work, were consumed with thirst and suffering the pangs of hunger, while their anxiety increased at the warlike preparations of their foes. Generals Warren and Putnam hastened to join the patriots and offer their services as volunteers.

It was now three o'clock on that momentous afternoon, and the patriots stood on the defensive, with Colonel Prescott and General Warren heading the patriots within the redoubt, while Gridley and Callender's artillery were between the breastworks. The Connecticut and New Hampshire forces were at the rail fence on the west of the redoubt and three companies were stationed in Main street, at the foot of Breed's Hill.

General Howe ordered his artillery to open fire upon the American lines, a blue flag was unfurled as a signal, and the British ships poured a volley of shot upon the redoubt. A furious cannonade was opened at the same time upon the right wing of the provincial army at Roxbury to cut off reinforcements from General Thomas. Gridley and Callender returned a feeble response to the heavy guns from the British.

Under cover of artillery, the British moved up to Breed's Hill in two divisions under Generals Howe and Pigot. The patriots had but a scanty supply of ammunition, and Prescott commanded them to husband their resources and not to fire until they saw the whites of their enemies' eyes.

> Aim at their waistbands [he said], and be sure to pick off the commanders, known by their handsome coats.

Meanwhile as the British approached they kept up a brisk fire, to which the patriots would fain have responded, and a few did so, until Putnam rode up and threatened to cut down the first man who should again disobey orders. Finally Prescott's voice rang out in a stentorian tone: "Fire!"

Whole platoons of British were cut down by the volley of shot that burst from the redoubt. The British turned and fled to the water's edge. The patriots wished to pursue them, but were kept in check by their officers, who foresaw another attack. Howe rallied his troops, and reinforced by four hundred marines from Boston advanced up the hill at double quick over the dead bodies of their comrades.

Hot shot was poured into Charlestown and the village was set on fire by the British, who thus hoped to rush up the breastworks under cover of the veil of smoke which arose from the burning buildings and drive the Americans out at the point of the bayonet; but Providence seemed to favor the patriot cause

by sending a gentle breeze which dispelled the smoke and revealed to them the advancing columns. Again the British attempted to scale the redoubt, but were driven back and recoiled under the deadly volley of shot which met them, and again they retreated in hot haste to the shore.

General Clinton now hastened to join them with new reinforcements. Several of the British officers deemed a third attack hopeless, but the careless exclamation of a provincial had betrayed to the British the fact that their ammunition was exhausted. Encouraged by this news, Howe rallied his men and urged them on to the attack.

Meanwhile the patriots thought that the English soldiers had abandoned the field, and they seized a few moments for rest and refreshment, as they were completely exhausted after a night of hard toil and a day of severe fighting. Their supply of powder was almost gone, and they collected all the loose stones at hand to serve as missiles, while each one determined to fight in defense of his freedom while a breath of life was left.

While the battle was raging on Breed's Hill, confusion reigned in that vicinity. Paterson and Gardner's regiments were dispatched to the scene of action, but the raw recruits were terrified at the frightful scene of bloodshed. Colonel Gardner led three hundred men to Bunker Hill, where Putnam set them to work building entrenchments, and soon after ordered them into the field. Gardner was shot down by an enemy's ball, and his men thrown into confusion. Other regiments failed to reach the lines. Putnam endeavored to form the provincials into line on Bunker Hill and get fresh troops across the Neck. The British artillery swept the patriot lines and drove them into the redoubt, though each patriot's shot was true to its aim, and Colonel Abercrombie and Majors Williams and Love were killed, while Howe was wounded; but he kept on leading his men up to the silent ramparts, for the patriots' last grain of powder was now exhausted.

As the English scaled the ridge of earth a hail of missiles fell on their heads. Major Pitcairn was mortally wounded by a negro soldier. Hand to hand the contending forces fought, and the gunstocks of the patriots were shivered to pieces by the heavy blows they dealt. The enemy poured into the redoubt

in such overwhelming numbers that Prescott saw that further resistance was useless, and he ordered a retreat, during which the patriots fairly hewed their way through the British ranks, causing deadly havoc with their musket stocks.

Gridley was wounded and Prescott and Warren were the last to leave, and as the latter was on his way to Bunker Hill a shot from the enemy laid him low, killing him instantly. Major Jackson had rallied Gardner's men on Bunker Hill, and, pressing forward, poured a deadly volley into the British, while he covered the patriot retreat from the redoubt.

The Americans at the rail fence, under Stark, Reed, and Knowlton, held their ground, resisting the enemy's efforts to dislodge them, while they saved the main body from destruction. Finally they too joined the retreating forces. Putnam vainly tried to rally the scattered corps, swearing like a trooper, for which offense he humbly made atonement after the war in the presence of the congregation of which he was a member.

The whole body retreated across the Neck, swept by volleys of shot from the British men-of-war, and finally halted on Prospect Hill. The British did not follow. All that night the contending forces remained a mile apart.

The loss of the Americans was one hundred and fifteen killed and missing, three hundred and five wounded, and thirty-two taken prisoners, while the British loss was nearly eleven hundred in killed and wounded. The result was a drawn battle and led to ultimate success, for it nerved the brave patriots to further efforts in the cause of freedom. From that time they not only fought for their rights, but for independence as well. And the Battle of Bunker Hill is a glorious date in the history of our country.

Although the sun of liberty was under a cloud during the bitter struggle which lasted seven or eight years, on the proclamation of peace it shown forth in all its radiancy, and ever since has shed its vivifying rays "on the land of the free and the home of the brave."

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

One's soul is filled with wonder more and more that the American army ever could have been thought of as an army, or ever could have performed the feats they did in the teeth of the innumerable adverse elements that were brought to bear upon them.

In December, 1776, at the beginning of the New York campaign, Washington, by the aid of the ever-faithful Robert Morris, had been able to increase the pay of his officers and to offer bounties to the soldiers, and by using his own personal influence more than half of the old soldiers remained at least for a few weeks longer. The militia of Pennsylvania turned out with more alacrity than heretofore, and Washington's army numbered five or six thousand men. On December 24 there was a body of fifteen hundred Hessians and a troop of British light horse at Trenton. Washington determined to surprise them. He calculated that their German habits would set them to celebrating Christmas, and that they would be more or less drunk. He arranged to cross the Delaware with two thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery on Christmas night. It was snowing and raining, making a combination of sleet that peppered their faces as they set out in their scows and boats at midnight. We have seen pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware, with the Commander-in-chief standing at the bow of the foremost boat with his arms crossed and his military cloak draping him poetically. No doubt his anxiety made him stand up as he neared the opposite bank, and he sent, no doubt, a stern, inquiring look forward into the darkness and wind, but he was not thinking of poetry or romance. Probably after he landed, if he sat down for a moment, his seat was a stump of a tree, or possibly a gun-carriage waiting to be dragged off; and if his cloak blew away from his shoulder he dragged it patiently back in the biting wind and sleet and waited—waited while the boats made their way through the storm and darkness to land. He had calculated correctly upon the Hessian tendency to celebrate Christmas. Even their commanding officer, Colonel Rahl,

when a note was handed him at his late supper, warning him that the Americans were moving, thrust the note into his pocket and went on with his evening meal. Later, when he was still at the table, although it was near morning, he heard the rattle of musketry, the rumble of heavy guns, and he roused himself to find his men absent on pillaging parties and in no condition to fall into line and meet an enemy. The surprise was as complete as Washington could wish. The Hessian colonel was wounded so that he died a day or two after. The American forces took a thousand prisoners, a thousand stand of arms, and six brass field pieces, while they lost only two privates killed and two who died from the cold. But, what was best of all, this bold stroke and its success raised the drooping spirits of the patriots; many soldiers whose time was about to expire reenlisted, and the British, who had been insolent in their feelings of security at Trenton, and who thought and spoke of the patriot army with contempt, were astonished into feelings of respect. Lord Cornwallis, who was on his way to England, was ordered back to New Jersey, and the prestige of the Hessian name was broken.

The regiments that surrendered at Trenton were those of Anspach, Knyphausen, and Rahl. The flag of the Anspach regiment, Lossing says, was given to George Washington Parke Custis and by him presented, with other relics, to the Museum at Alexandria, Virginia. Incidentally, it is also of interest to know that Lieutenant James Monroe was in this attack and was slightly wounded. Washington recrossed the Delaware with his prisoners and spoils and reached his encampment on the other side, arriving before the midnight of his day of victory. But he determined to again occupy the town, and he was back on the 30th, intending to make Trenton a center from which to harass the enemy. One-half of his force—that is, two thousand five hundred—were raw, undisciplined militia, and Washington encamped on the south side of the Assanpink, a small stream flowing into the Delaware, taking the position in order to put the river between him and Cornwallis, who had gathered himself at Princeton and only waited a fitting moment to fall upon him and redress the loss of that Christmas night. The Delaware River had been no barrier to the patriot forces, and we

may wonder that Washington thought of the little Assunpink as a possible source of defense; but he was not caught napping. He had cannon and men on the alert and drove back Cornwallis and his regulars when they attempted to cross the stream by the bridge, and also when they attempted to cross by the ford. But Washington was now in a critical situation—he would have a general engagement in another day with Cornwallis and six thousand British regular troops; to meet them he had as many men perhaps, but they were militia; good for a fight behind a breastwork, if it was only some earth thrown up with a spoon; good at the skirmishing Indian fighting, where each man looked out for himself; but to stand in line of battle and meet fire for fire out in the open requires men who have been disciplined and who obey orders as by working or from long habit. Twenty-five hundred of Washington's men had never been under fire.

Washington called a council of war January 2, 1777. They discussed the possibilities before them. The Delaware River was a worse subject for an army to meet than even on the night of December 25. Now its waters were crowded with broken ice, and navigation of heavily laden boats across it was simply impossible. To retreat and get to Philadelphia or to stay and meet Cornwallis was what they had to decide. Then Washington proposed a stealthy retreat from the position on the Assanpink, a circuitous route to Princeton, where they could fall upon his headquarters and his stores at New Brunswick. This plan was approved. Our fickle climate was obliging enough to drop from a thaw, which was making the roads too soft for the transportation of the cannon, into a cold that in two hours froze them till they were like a pavement. The moment was speedily taken; the orders were whispered, and leaving a guard to keep the camp fires lighted all night to deceive the watching enemy, the American forces took their quiet way out of camp toward Princeton.

It is here that I first encounter my ancestor General Andrew Ward. He was deputed to take charge of this rear guard, to keep up the fires and the appearance of an army. Portions of three Connecticut regiments were at Trenton and Princeton, and they were left to watch and wait. He had been a fighting soldier in the French and Indian wars of 1754. He had been at Halifax and Louisburg, and his descendants still preserve the silver

spoons which he had made for his two daughters, on the back of which are cut in old English letters the word Louisburg, as relics of his services there and of his temperance sentiments in the days when all men drank wine with freedom. The spoons were bought with money that otherwise would have been served to him in rations of rum, the fashion of those days. Captain Ward was also sent to the upper waters of the Connecticut, at Post No. 4, near Charleston, Vermont, and when the peace was finally settled, with a few of his men, in a canoe hewn from a great tree trunk, he floated down the river to Long Island Sound, and then skirted the shore to the mouth of the little river that threaded through the meadows five miles until he arrived safe and sound within a few rods of his own door. Then he became a farmer for a few years, until the stormy time of Lexington Bunker Hill awoke the soldierly instincts in him again, and joined the Continental Army as colonel of the Seventh Connecticut.

General Washington gave Colonel Ward a general order to remain and keep up the fires, but no directions about withdrawing; but he was good soldier enough to be trusted, as he showed when he cleverly eluded a sharp attack at daybreak by the angry enemy, when they found how they had been deceived, and that they could not "bag the fox," General Washington, as they intended. General Washington commended him highly for his well-managed retreat, as he did not lose a man. But after the brilliant successes of the New Jersey campaign came more melancholy days for the patriot army, culminating in the retreat from Philadelphia, with the British possession of that city, and the withdrawal to Valley Forge and the winter that followed. Their troubles began even on the road there, and General Ward's food for the march was some Indian meal carried in one pocket. He stopped at a brook, wet up the meal into a little cake, and ate it.

In the encampment it was necessary to throw up a line of earthworks. They were too near Philadelphia to feel secure without this added strength. The Connecticut men had a previous experience the year before, when they had thrown up a line of earthworks to defend New York, and also on the heights of Brooklyn. A regiment from South Carolina was quartered next to them and refused to do its duty in the matter of earth-

works. The colonel, seeing how well the Connecticut men had done their work, ordered them to continue the line in front of his own regiment. This the Connecticut men smilingly declined to do, and the colonel went off in a rage. When he had gone Colonel Ward pointed out to his men the danger of a break in the line, and that they need not do it for the order by another officer than their own, but he should order them to do it and expect them to obey—which they cheerfully did. I allude to this to show the superhuman difficulties that men labored under with undisciplined soldiers under their command, who had not learned to obey, and to say again that half of Washington's army was made up of this unseasoned timber.

We have all heard of the dreadful days of Valley Forge—the men with blood-stained feet wrapped in rags to protect them from the cold, the snow that fell on the little cabins half banked with earth to keep out the bitter weather, the lack of food, and the envious thought of the British enjoying the pleasures of life in the city of Philadelphia, not many miles from them.

Spring came at last, and the men of Colonel Ward's brigade who had survived those days found themselves without pay, in rags, with their families starving at home. The time for which they had enlisted had expired. It was impossible to keep his men together, and he saw many of them depart. How keenly General Washington felt the loss of even a few of his men is shown in the letter he wrote Colonel Ward, sharp in its tone, asking why seventeen of his men were upon furlough, and rebuking him for thinking of a furlough with a regiment whose time was so nearly expired. We have this letter still in existence among our family papers, and as I read it over I feel through the lines the sharpness of the tone and the state of feeling which made General Washington write so angrily about men who had gone through a winter like that of Valley Forge. Its tone was deeply felt by Colonel Ward, and he would have resigned from his command, but he was, June 5, 1777, made brigadier general of the Second Brigade of his State, when he served on the Hudson during the Burgoyne campaign. We have his three commissions as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier general, and it is interesting to see how the first two are signed by Jonathan Trumbull, dutifully as a representative

of His Gracious Majesty George the Third, in the fifteenth year of his reign; but the last one, when we were in the full tide of our war of rebellion against His Gracious Majesty, says: "This commission is under my hand and the seal of the State of Connecticut, at Hartford, June 5, 1777. Jonathan Trumbull." Thus had the doughty Governor grown careless of His Majesty's feelings in two short years.

General Ward resigned after his Burgoyne campaign, and afterward he is chronicled as serving in "alarms" during the rest of the war.

A guard was kept day and night by the towns bordering the shores of Long Island Sound during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War. British vessels patrolled the Sound and kept up a blockade, so that it was almost impossible for a trading schooner to run their lines; and salt, which was then imported from the West Indies, became so scarce that the inhabitants had to make it for themselves from the salt water of the Sound. The inhabitants feared the attacks of the British war ships. At last Danbury and New Haven were attacked in turn, and General Ward was ordered from Guilford with all the militia he could muster at short notice, first to Danbury and a few months later to New Haven. His wife, Diana Hubbard, rode on horseback from their farm down to the town to see him march away when he went to New Haven, and rode back with six Tories, walking three on each side of her horse. One of these, Eli Foster, was her son-in-law; another, Levi Hubbard, was her brother; so were families divided in those days. The town was almost emptied of its able-bodied men who were of the patriot belief, and for safety the Tory hostages were sent to North Plains, two miles out of the town, with Mrs. Ward. So great was the fear, that Harriet Foote, a granddaughter of Mrs. Ward, in company with two of her little girl friends, buried their dolls and some of their playthings in Sandy Hill, near the house of General Ward, to save them from the British.

At the close of the war General Ward found himself with an impoverished farm and $400 in Continental shinplasters, not worth the paper they were printed on, and preserved by his descendants as relics of days agonizing in the struggle, but full of destiny for those that were to come after. KATE FOOTE.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

[A paper read before the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., April 19, 1894.]

We are here to-day to celebrate the very outbreak of the American Revolution, to review the battles of Lexington and Concord, to refresh our memories as to the events of that memorable 19th of April, 1775, when our oppressed and liberty-loving people struck their first blow in defense of their God-given rights, and to trace some of the causes that led up to this stroke for liberty.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere, which roused the yeomanry of the country, brought a band of determined heroes to the battle of Lexington; but it must not be thought that the American Revolution was caused by the instantaneous discovery and defense of principles of government before unthought of. It was the full development of political sentiments the origin of which lay back two centuries in English history. Let us briefly trace these causes.

Charles I of England, who had been glad to get rid of the Puritans by their emigration to America, began to doubt this policy when he heard of their independent action in the New World. Therefore in 1633 he issued a proclamation forbidding Puritans to leave England. In 1637, hearing that another fleet was about to sail to New England with a body of emigrants, including a number of Puritan leaders, the King had an "order of council" issued for their detention. The order being promptly enforced, the voyage was prevented. On board this fleet, among other eminent individuals, were Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell, detained, as it proved, to avenge the tyranny of the Crown. This proceeding inflamed the public mind to the highest pitch. "Even the hospitality of rude deserts," it was exclaimed, "was denied to the oppressed of Great Britain."

The repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act in 1770, by the ministers of George III gave hope to the Colonies that taxation without

representation would also be abandoned. They found their mistake when a fresh cargo of tea entered Boston harbor with the usual tax demanded. As a last resort a town meeting was summoned and a formal request made to Governor Gage that the ships be sent away. The Governor refused the request and the customs also refused a clearance unless the tea was landed. Samuel Adams then rose and said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Scarce were the words spoken when a war whoop answered outside of the door, and fifty men in the disguise of Mohawk Indians passed by the entrance, hastening to Griffith's wharf, where the ships were moored.

Before the nine o'clock bell rung, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea upon the ships had been staved and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed, no other property injured, and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear, frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard.

Boston was the first to feel the vengeance of the English government. The "Boston Port Bill," closing the port to all trading vessels, was the punishment, and a body of English troops were sent out and quartered upon the inhabitants.

The first Congress of the Colonies met September 4, 1774, at Philadelphia, to resent these wrongs. Delegates were present from eleven Colonies. The proceedings were distinguished by great boldness, decision, and determination. William Pitt, the British Minister, who read the Memorial Address and Petition, commented on it in the following terms:

> I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study among the master states of the world, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under such complicated circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia.

In this hour of national infatuation, Lord Chatham, after a long retirement from public life, resumed his seat in the House of Lords, and exerted his unrivaled eloquence in attempts to dissuade his countrymen from attempting to subdue the Americans by force of arms. Though venerable from age, he spoke with the fire of youth. He enlarged upon the dangerous events that were coming upon the nation. He arraigned the conduct

of the ministers with great severity, and moved that an address be presented to His Majesty beseeching him to dispatch orders to General Gage to remove the British troops from the town of Boston. His Lordship supported this motion by a pathetic and spirited speech. But the motion was rejected by a large majority. Petitions were presented from merchants and manufacturers of London and Bristol warning their countrymen of the danger to which their commercial interests were exposed. These was referred to a committee. A similar fate attended the petitions from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; they were consigned to what was humorously called, "the Committee of Oblivion." A paper was also offered to Parliament by Mr. Bollen, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Lee, three American delegates to Parliament, stating that they were authorized by the "American Continental Congress" to present their petition to the King. But the Ministry alleged "that as the American Congress was not a legal body, nothing could be received therefrom."

Not discouraged by this, Lord Chatham introduced a bill for settling the troubles in America, thereby giving the Lords one more opportunity to retain the Colonies with honor to themselves. When he sat down, Lord Sandwich rose and in a petulant speech opposed its being received at all. He said it should be rejected with the contempt it deserved, and he could not believe it to be the production of any British peer; that it appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face toward Dr. Franklin (who was leaning on the bar), said that "he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known." This turned the eyes of all the lords upon the insulted American, who, with the self-command peculiar to great minds, kept his countenance unmoved. Lord Chatham, in reply to Lord Sandwich, declared the bill proposed by him to be entirely his own—

But he made no scruple to declare that if he were Prime Minister and had the care of settling this momentous business he should not be ashamed of calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with American affairs as the gentleman alluded to and so injuriously reflected upon, Dr. Franklin—one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with the Boyles and Newtons—who was an honor not only to the English nation, but to human nature.

In spite of this high tribute and the eloquence of his appeal the plan proposed by Lord Chatham was rejected by a majority of sixty-four to thirty-two, without even being admitted to lie on the table. Thus did Parliament illustrate in this action the truth of the classic proverb:

Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.

The immediate coercion of the Colonies was now resolved upon, and the ministers would not suffer themselves to be diverted from its execution. After some debate the ministerial plans were carried by great majorities, and on the 9th of February, 1775, a joint address from the Houses of Lords and Commons was presented to His Majesty George III, in which they said that "rebellion actually existed in the Province of Massachusetts, and besought His Majesty to take most effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the Crown."

Eighteen lords protested against this address, "as founded on no proper parliamentary information, the ministers having inflamed and aggravated the Americans and grossly misconducted the affairs of Great Britain." By the address against which this protest was entered the Parliament of Great Britain "passed the Rubicon." So widely did the claims of the two countries differ from each other that reconciliation was now impossible. Pardon was offered by the government to all offenders in New England except two men, "John Hancock" and "Samuel Adams," who were designated as "dangerous rebels who deserved capital punishment." No notice of this was taken by the people of the Colonies.

In civil war or revolution it is a matter of much consequence who strikes the first blow. The sympathy of the world is in favor of the attacked, and the displeasure of good men is visited on those who are the first to imbue their hands in human blood.

For the space of nine months after the arrival of General Gage and his troops in Boston the behavior of the people of that town was worthy of admiration. They conducted their opposition with great tact, forbearance, and address. They avoided every kind of outrage and violence, preserved peace and good order, engaged the other Colonies to make a common cause with them,

and provided themselves with arms and ammunition while training their militia.

Military stores were collected in different places, particularly at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. General Gage determined to destroy these stores and thus nip rebellion in the bud, and he took every precaution to effect the seizure by surprise. At eleven o'clock on the night of April 18, 1775, eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry, the flower of the royal army, left Boston secretly, under command of Colonel Smith, their object being the seizure of these stores at Concord. Neither the secrecy with which this expedition was planned nor the privacy of the midnight march were sufficient, however, to prevent intelligence being spread to the country militia and yeomanry of what was on foot. The prompt action of one man at this critical moment perhaps turned the scale of the American Revolution; for had not Paul Revere mounted his horse and galloped at midnight to every Middlesex village and farm on the night of April 18, and roused the farmers, "with a cry of defiance, not of fear," there would have been no gathering of patriots on the green at Lexington on the morning of April 19, and the "shot heard round the world" might not have been fired that day.

> A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
> A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
> And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark,
> Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet—
> That was all, and yet thro' the gloom and the light
> The fate of a nation was riding that night;
> And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
> Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 19th one hundred and thirty of the Lexington militia assembled on the green, but were dismissed with orders to appear again between four and five, when they again assembled, just as the British regulars made their appearance along the turnpike. Major Pitcairn, who led the advance corps of the British, rode up and called out: "Disperse, you rebels; throw down your arms and disperse!" Instead of obeying this order the militia remained in a body unmoved. Major Pitcairn advanced nearer, discharged his pistol in their midst and ordered his soldiers "to fire." Four of the militia were killed on the green, a few more were shot after they

began to retire—eight in all. Surprised and briefly checked by this resistance, the royal detachment proceeded to Concord to accomplish their mission.

Before reaching the bridge they disabled two 24-pounder cannon, threw five hundred pounds of balls into wells, and staved about sixty barrels of flour.

Mr. John Buttrick, of Concord, major of the "Minute Men," not knowing what had been done at Lexington, ordered his men "not to give the first fire."

The British regulars fired and killed Captain Isaac Davis and a private of the "Minute Men."

The following is an extract from the diary of the Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

April 19, 1775.—This morning, between one and two o'clock, we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and found that troops to the number of eight hundred had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges and were at Lexington meeting house half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of men and killed several. This news was brought by Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard who were sent before on horses to prevent messengers giving us timely information. He, by the help of a fleet horse, crossed several walls and fences, arrived at Concord, and gave an account of the attack at Lexington by regulars who were now on their route to Concord. Upon this a number of our Minute Men, belonging to this town and other places, were in readiness and marched out to meet them, while another company were preparing to receive them in the town. Scarcely had we formed before we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing toward us rapidly. As our number was so small compared to theirs, it was thought best to retreat until recruits from neighboring towns should meet us; so we crossed the bridge.

The troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the town-house, destroyed five hundred pounds of balls, and set a guard of one hundred men at North Bridge.

Our people now advanced, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. After three volleys from the British, the firing became general for several minutes; in which skirmish two were killed on each side and several of the enemy wounded. We did not then know that eight of our men had been killed at Lexington. The three companies of British regulars soon quitted their post at the bridge and retreated in disorder to the main body. In the meantime one hundred and fifty of our men took the back way through fields, and, lying in ambush behind walls, fences, and buildings, fired upon the enemy in their retreat.

Here ends the leaf from the diary. History says:

A little after sunset the regulars reached Bunker Hill, worn down with excessive fatigue, having marched between thirty and forty miles. There never were more than four hundred Provincials engaged at the same time. As some tired and gave out, others came up and took their places. There was no discipline observed among them. Officers and privates fired when they were ready, or saw a royal uniform, without waiting for word of command. When the road passed between woods the British found themselves between two fires dealt by unseen foes, the Minute Men posting themselves on each side among the bushes. The retreat grew more and more disastrous.

Before reaching Lexington, Colonel Smith, the British commander received a severe wound in the leg. About two o'clock they were met by Lord Percy with a brigade of a thousand men, sent by General Gage in compliance with Colonel Smith's call for reinforcements. They had marched gaily through Roxbury to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," in derision of the rebels; but Lord Percy found them a more formidable force than he expected. Opening his brigade to the right and left he received the retreating troops into a hollow square, where fainting and exhausted they threw themselves on the ground to rest. Lord Percy soon continued the retreat to Boston. They burned and plundered dwellings on the roadside. Their march was more and more impeded by the number of their wounded.

The pursuit ended a little after sunset at the Boston common. General Gage was astonished at the catastrophe. The British loss was seventy-three killed and one hundred and seventy-four wounded. The Americans, forty-nine killed and thirty-nine wounded and missing, the odds, even under such tremendous disadvantage, being in favor of the Americans.

The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread than it was universally felt that the time had come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient nor boisterous, but deep, solemn, and determined. War on their own soil was indeed strange work for the yeomanry of New England, but their country called and the ordinary occupations of life were neglected that they might obey. The plow was staid in the furrow, and trade was no longer the ruling spirit of cities. The Colonies ranged side by side, determined to stand or fall together, and from that moment there was one cause, one country, and one heart! Perhaps in no subsequent battle did the Americans appear to greater advantage than in their first essay at Lexington and Concord.

It is almost without a parallel in military history for the yeomanry of a country to come forward in a single, disjointed man-

ner, without order and for the most part without officers, and by an irregular fire to put to flight troops equal in discipline to any in the world! When Washington heard of the battle, he inquired if the militia had stood the fire of the regulars. When told "that they not only stood the fire, but reserved their own until the enemy was within eight rods," "Then," exclaimed he, "the liberties of the country are safe!"

The battle-ground at Concord was long afterwards presented to the town by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who remarked in town meeting, a half century ago, "that the time would come when the spot would be a place of great interest to many." How well this prediction has been verified the daily stream of visitors to Concord Bridge bears abundant witness!

The spot on which the British fought has long been marked by a plain granite monument which bears a tablet with the following inscription:

Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. Here fell the first of the enemy in the War of the Revolution. In gratitude to God and in the love of freedom this monument was erected.

Daniel C. French, a young sculptor of Concord, designed a bronze statue of the "Minute Man" of the day, which marks the spot on the opposite side of the bridge where the British were finally repulsed. It represents a stalwart and handsome young farmer in the knee-breeches and three-cornered hat of the period, one hand resting upon the plow, which he is just leaving in the furrow, while the other grasps an old flint-lock musket of the day, which he has quickly caught up at the call "To arms!" The expression of his face is one of highest courage and quick determination—a splendid example of resolute young America!

The bridge which has been built over the beautiful River Concord at this point is an exact copy of the Old North Bridge of the battle. Upon the granite base of the monument are cut the lines of Emerson's hymn:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

MRS. MARY SAWYER FOOT,

CHARTER MEMBER, NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
MEMBER OF ADVISORY BOARD.

In view of the fact that Concord was the home of both Emerson and French (the artist), it has been well said "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion!"

As they pass the bridge even the most careless visitor pauses for a moment at the grave of the British soldiers, who, over a hundred years, have lain on the spot where they fell and were hastily buried on the day of the fight. No one knew their names, and a simple granite stone has been their only monument for a hundred years, on which are cut these words:

Grave of the British Soldiers.

Instead of easy victory the British soldiers, who started out so gaily from Boston on that April morning one hundred and nineteen years ago to-day, met surprising failure and repulse, while many found an unexpected grave by Concord's peaceful stream. The struggle thus begun was destined to drag through many weary years of strife, with many a dark and gloomy hour.

That the result was what it was, that Justice, Liberty, and Truth finally triumphed, we, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, are here today, April 19, 1894, to celebrate, and rejoice and with grateful hearts to remember our forefathers who fought at the battles of Lexington and Concord. That day cemented the Union of the Colonies, and as the centuries roll on the United States of America will honor the heroic defenders of her soil.

ANNA LAWRENCE PLATT.

A GLIMPSE OF MASSACHUSETTS IN THE REVOLUTION.

THE LANCASTER REGIMENT.

IT is with pleasure that I respond to the general invitation extended to the members of the Mary Washington Chapter to write a paper upon Revolutionary history, embracing also the service of an ancestor through whom I became eligible to membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, I must depend largely upon

the facts of history concerning him, rather than upon those of recollection. There are, however, traditions in my mother's family that my great-grandmother, Dolly Wilder Sawyer inspired her husband and five sons by her indomitable courage and patriotism and bade them "God speed" in the defense of their country, the youngest of whom, a lad of but fourteen years, followed his father to Bunker Hill. Dolly Wilder Sawyer, during the prolonged and weary struggle for freedom from British oppression and tyranny, maintained unfaltering faith in the justice of the principles for which the colonists were contending, and she therefore clasped to her brave heart the talisman of ultimate victory. While her husband and sons were in active service in the field she dispensed lavish hospitality at home, with a faith sublime, to all who suffered by the ravages of war. A beautiful tradition this, in our family circle; yet no page of history is illumined by her truly heroic spirit!

If this patriotic Society accomplishes nothing more than to bring to light the unwritten history of the women of the American Revolution, then shall it indeed subserve the highest interests of this Republic, the fairest daughter, the one priceless jewel of the world, whose radiant beauty is beheld with admiring gaze by the nations of the earth. Eternal justice is its corner-stone; liberty its watchword! How can the superstructure be other than fair, with its minarets of progress piercing the pure atmosphere of Heaven's blue dome and penetrating to the very throne of God—the Author of Liberty, the divine source of the Nation's birth? Our heroic ancestors with prophetic vision beheld their heritage, the reward of the sacrifice of their lives, else what so early fired their hearts to do and to dare in defense of principles so seemingly trivial?

I have always believed that that generous cup of tea in Boston harbor on that moonlight evening of December 16, 1773, was the tonic which nerved every patriot heart, for its aroma penetrated to the remotest limit of the Colonies then—even New York City got a whiff—and occasionally I fancy that I get a sniff now of the odious and proscribed beverage.

There comes to my mind the name of one less prominent, less radiant upon the page of history, than are the names of those who composed this unique tea-party, but none the less honored,

forsooth. Behold a veteran of the French and Indian wars — Colonel Asa Whitcomb, of Lancaster, Massachusetts. Asa Whitcomb was a representative from Lancaster to the General Court in 1773 from the first town meeting of that year, which "anticipated by three and one-half years the liberty-breathing sentiments of the Declaration of Independence." He was one of a "permanent committee of correspondence" for Lancaster chosen September 5, 1774. "He was also one of the four leaders of liberty chosen to represent the town in the first Provincial Convention."

Such had been the prolonged service of Asa Whitcomb in the French and Indian wars, from 1748 to 1758, that upon the breaking out of the Revolution he was prematurely infirm from age. When the Provincial Congress, at Watertown, Massachusetts (Dr. Joseph Warren, President), ordered, on April 22, 1775, the enrollment of an army of thirteen thousand troops, Asa Whitcomb was the first to report his command. He had eleven companies, one more than the quota. This was reported May 23, 1775. On the same date my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, was commissioned major of this regiment of militia, although he held at that time a commission dated April 19, 1775, as second major in Colonel John Whitcomb's regiment of Minute Men. John and Asa Whitcomb were brothers. I had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing these commissions with one other, dated February 2, 1776, promoting my great-grandfather to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Second Regiment of Militia. I found them upon the Revolutionary rolls in the office of the Secretary of State at Boston.

The tradition of the old Lancaster families is that on the day of Bunker Hill the Lancaster Regiment was stationed at Cambridge to furnish reinforcements to Colonel Prescott, and that some of its companies reached the Hill and fought in the final struggle. About one hundred men (they say) were engaged; two were killed, eight wounded, and two missing. This need no longer be a tradition, for upon the bronze arch in Charlestown, Massachusetts, among the regiments imperishably inscribed there who took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, we read, "Whitcomb's Regiment, Lancaster, Mass.; two killed, Haskell's Company."

One incident in the history of Asa Whitcomb, the soldier-patriot, stamps him as truly great. By a popular demand in 1774 for the resignation of all military commissions, the reorganization of the army began. Asa and John Whitcomb, after their resignations, were elected colonels. On the further reorganization of the army, Washington, owing to the many infirmities of Asa Whitcomb's age, left him out of command. His troops resented this and refused to serve under Colonel Brewer, who had been put at the head of his regiment, or under any other commander; whereupon Whitcomb reproved them for their lack of patriotism and offered to enlist as a private. Washington, on hearing this, restored him to his command and complimented him in special orders for his unselfishness, his zeal, and his patriotism. Whitcomb continued in the service about two years.

During the siege of Boston the Lancaster Regiment was brigaded with the Rhode Island troops under General Greene and stationed at Prospect Hill. It remained after the evacuation in garrison there until ordered to reinforce the army in New York. Asa Whitcomb commanded the detachment which fortified Long Island on the night of June 13, 1776. That he was Paymaster-General of the army during the siege of Boston, I must not omit to mention. As I stood upon Dorchester Heights a few years since I maliciously reveled in retrospect at the hasty evacuation of Boston and the retreat of Lord Howe and his redcoats upon "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning." Halifax was none the more and Boston none the less!

The Lancaster Regiment, under the command of Colonel Whitcomb, Josiah Whitney, lieutenant-colonel, and Ephraim Sawyer, major, reinforced the army in New York by a resolve of the General Court, and it participated in the battles about New York, and in those of Princeton, Trenton, Germantown, and Brandywine. (See order of Council, Massachusetts Archives, Boston.)

Asa Whitcomb was one of the richest men in the country at the breaking out of the Revolution, and such was his zeal that he pledged his whole fortune, and he gave with such lavish liberality to the cause that when the infirmities of age compelled his retirement from the army he was so impoverished that his pride prevented his return to his old friends

to Lancaster, and he died among strangers in Princeton, Massachusetts, in extreme poverty, on March 16, 1804. He was sustained by a conscious integrity and an exalted piety that never departed from him.

Truly, Asa Whitcomb was one of those patriots whose courage, ability, and self-denial made the Revolution a success.

How can I do other than commend the matrimonial venture of Colonel Whitcomb, for he married my mother's grand-aunt, Eunice Sawyer. It was in 1744, his twenty-fourth year. What could afford me more satisfaction than to be admitted into this patriotic Society collaterally, through Asa Whitcomb, if I were not already in lineally through Ephraim Sawyer? But the fiat has been issued "excluding collateral descendants;" so we, the Daughters, and you, the Sons, may not honor valor by collateral representation, though we may emulate his virtues by submitting loyally and gracefully to the will of the majority as he did. This is the fluid extract of all virtues. Not to do this is rank heresy; it is schism, utterly disorganizing and destructive in its results.

How resplendent is the record of the Bay State! Massachusetts led the van in this contest. Putnam left his plow in the furrow, mounted his horse, and hastened toward Cambridge. Two hundred and fifty-seven men from Lancaster, April 19, 1775, the day we celebrate, made a forced march to Cambridge, and some of them reached Lexington before the running fire ended. One-fourth of the male population of Massachusetts was kept in constant service. The names of six hundred men of Lancaster, that small town in the lovely valley of the Nashua River, which encircles the place like a silver girdle, are on the Revolutionary records. On January 1, 1776, the "New Continental Army" was organized, and on this date the "Union flag of thirteen States" was unfurled in the American camp at Cambridge. In Massachusetts it required one man in every seven to fill the quota; that for Lancaster was ninety-six. All volunteered, the draft not being resorted to.

The military service of my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, in the French and Indian wars had been to him practically a school at arms. He was in His Majesty's service as lieutenant under Sir J. Amherst at the captures of Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) and of Crown Point, and at

the subsequent conquest of Canada. His father fought in General Abercrombie's splendid army of fifteen thousand men at the unsuccessful storming of Ticonderoga three years previous, 1758.

At the outbreak of the Revolution Ephraim Sawyer promptly espoused the cause of freedom, raised a company of Minute Men, serving as second major in Colonel John Whitcomb's regiment. He was appointed major on May 23, 1775, in Colonel Asa Whitcomb's regiment of militia, and was at Bunker Hill, and at Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Brandywine, etc. He led his regiment at Dobb's Ferry as lieutenant-colonel, and was in the campaign against Burgoyne that led to his capture at Saratoga October 17, 1777, and fought in that battle.

On his way through Lake Champlain with Lord Amherst, in 1759, the boat under the command of my great-grandfather was wrecked in a severe gale on Grande Isle, and the bay where he found shelter has since been marked as Sawyer's Bay on the Coast Survey charts.

At the close of the Revolution Colonel Sawyer removed, with the wreck of his property, to this beautiful island, buying one hundred acres of land on Sawyer's Bay. He had a family of eleven; but one grandson survives, residing in Chicago, and named for General Greene. Ephraim Sawyer died in 1813, aged ninety-four. His body rests in the country churchyard beside that of his lovely and patriotic wife, Dolly Wilder Sawyer, waiting the summons of the last tattoo, while the plash of the waters laves its beautiful shores, and the grim mountains on either side stand like sentinels to sound the alarm, as when, in tones of thunder, Ethan Allen shouted the majestic words in the early dawn of May 10, 1776, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress, I demand the surrender of this fort." Let me here mention briefly the military services of my five grand-uncles, the sons of Ephraim Sawyer.

Captain Ephraim Sawyer, his eldest son, was at the siege of Boston under General Sullivan, participating in many engagements with his father about New York, including Long Island. He also fought in the battles of Germantown, Brandywine, Trenton, Princeton, etc.

James Sawyer, who at fourteen followed his father to Bunker Hill, was commissioned ensign February 22, 1781, in Michael

Jackson's Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. He was in Colonel Hamilton's Light Infantry at the storming of the redoubt at Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. I have passed over the six years of his services in the interim.

Lieutenant John Sawyer was adjutant of Governor Brook's Seventh Massachusetts Regiment. Ensign Josiah and Private Peter Sawyer were the two other sons who took part in the Revolution. At the surrender of Cornwallis, Lafayette, at the head of his division, observing that the British confined their admiration of the French army to the exclusion of his dashing Light Infantry—the apple of his eye and the very pride of his heart—ordered his music to strike up "Yankee Doodle." "Then," said General Lafayette, "they did look at us, but were not very well pleased."

There is a thrilling adventure and a charming romance, too, related of one of my early ancestors in Garnan's History of Canada and in Whitney's History of Worcester County, which I forbear relating, but it verifies the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Thomas Sawyer, my great ancestor, married Mary Prescott, of Lancaster, the daughter of John and Mary Platts Prescott, the progenitors of the Prescotts in America. It is with pardonable pride, therefore, that I can state that mingled "Prescott and Sawyer" blood flows in my veins. It is an anomaly that William H. Prescott, the historian, married Miss Linzee, the granddaughter of the man who fired the first shot against the Americans at Bunker Hill. Captain Linzee commanded the sloop of war "Falcon" that commanded the works on Bunker Hill. The swords then worn by Captain Prescott and Captain Linzee, the respective grandfathers of the historian and his wife, were crossed in a conspicuous place in their library in Boston during his lifetime.

It may be shocking to our sensibilities to come down from the crossed swords of contending nations to "Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow;" but I want to tell you that this very Mary, the original, was Mary Sawyer, and she was one of my ancestors. She lived in Somerville, Massachusetts. Later she became Mrs. Tyler. At her death, some

years since, the Hub ventilated anew the pathetic story of "Mary had a little lamb" in true New England style.

If we truly love this beautiful Society with enthusiasm and constancy as "Mary loved the lamb, you know," we shall ever find something that we may do to advance its interests. We must come out of ourselves, look above and beyond self, and advance like true soldiers and descendants of the Revolution, viz, be willing to afflict each other by dissertations of this sort. I am reminded of the sign of the first public library of Lancaster, Massachusetts, established in 1741. It was immense, if not voluminous; it was ecclesiastical, if not orthodox. It comprised a single volume of nine hundred pages. The title was "Samuel Willard's Complete Body of Divinity." It was purchased by the town. At the present date Lancaster has a library of which the town is indeed proud.

From this let us be encouraged to establish a Chapter library; let every volume be contributed; a book of entry opened. Yes; let us found the Library of the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, even though our first volume should not compass, like Samuel Willard's, the "Complete Body of Divinity."

May we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the lineal descendants of those who held not their lives dear to establish the principles of eternal justice and freedom; may we, the inheritors of this fair Republic, prove ourselves worthy of our inheritance; may we keep pure those principles which will vibrate in the life immortal when the earth itself shall be no more

Above all, let us rise superior to every fleeting cloud and bask in the eternal sunshine of a lofty patriotism. So shall we indeed best serve our day and generation.

MARY SAWYER FOOT.

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FORT McHENRY.

In 1661 an early settler, Charles Gorsuch, a member of the Society of Friends, patented fifty acres of land from the Crown of England, afterwards known as Whitstone Point, lying between the branches of the Patapsco River, at whose extremity Fort McHenry now stands. Mr. Gorsuch vacating, a patent was granted for the same land to James Carroll, who gave it the name "Whitstone."

In the latter part of 1775 the whole country was in a state of political excitement, and though perhaps but few individuals had the remotest idea of a total disruption of the ties that connected them with the mother country, yet all were ready to fly to the resort of arms in defense of their colonial rights, upon which Great Britain had been gradually making tyrannical encroachments. In this state of excitement it was natural that commercial enterprises, of which Baltimore had a goodly share, should be in a great measure suspended.

The mouth of the Chesapeake was watched by British ships of war, and merchantmen were doubtful whether their vessels, bent on the most peaceful and legitimate objects, would be respected. About this time the British sloop of war "Otter," under Captain Squires, made a demonstration in the Patapsco River with various boats, which produced great alarm in Baltimore. It was this alarm which gave rise to the necessity of throwing up batteries and fortifying Whitstone Point. A water battery was planned by Mr. James Alcock and speedily completed, and artillery, under the command of Captain Sam Smith, was placed at the post. This defense at this time was considered invincible.

During Washington's second administration, in the year 1794, this fort was enlarged and repaired by the State of Maryland, and soon after ceded by the State to the United States. It then received the name of Fort McHenry, in honor of Colonel James McHenry, of Maryland, who was at that time Secretary of War in Washington's Cabinet. At the opening of the war of 1812 this fort was further strengthened by the State and the garrison

greatly increased. After the capture of Washington by the British and the disgraceful burning of the Capitol by General Ross and his troops the army again embarked. The fleet under Admiral Cockburn sailed up the Chesapeake Bay to North Point. Here General Ross and his troops—a part of Wellington's "Invincibles"—disembarked and prepared for an advance against Baltimore, while the majority of the frigates sailed up the river in order to make an attack upon Fort McHenry.

Although interest was intense for the engagement at North Point, yet all national interest centered in the bombardment of Fort McHenry. On the night of September 12, 1814, the British war vessels, a fleet of sixteen ships, gathered around the fort in a circle and commenced the attack. The fort was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstead, of the United States artillery, his total force amounting to about one thousand effective men. The superior qualities of the British armament enabled them to keep at a great distance, and make the fort rather a target than an opponent, and their incessant firing continued all through the night. The little garrison at the fort replied occasionally to let the enemy know they had not surrendered. Having no means of reaching the British at the distance which they took care to keep, the fort's brave defenders were compelled to endure without reply an incessant bombardment of twenty-four hours, while their indignant defiance was manifested only by the waving of its flag, calmly floating in the breeze. Whenever the frigates did advance within reach of the American cannon they were promptly repulsed, sometimes with no little damage. Toward morning the British gave up the contest and shortly afterwards withdrew to the mouth of the river. Here the land forces rejoined them, and the last British army to attempt the subjugation of Maryland forever departed from its shores.

I cannot speak of Fort McHenry without recalling to your attention that most picturesque figure of the whole story, Francis Scott Key, a prisoner on the British war-ship, while the fate of the fort, of the city, perhaps of the country, hung in the balance.

All well know how he came to be in this position; how he sought the frigate, under a flag of truce, to effect the release of a captive friend, and how, although he was courteously treated,

it was deemed unadvisable to allow him to go back, having seen the enemy's preparations for the contemplated attack. The hard fate which had placed our Maryland gentleman in this position of suspense further mocked him by placing the ship of his confinement in sight of Fort McHenry during the bombardment, though it was not actively engaged.

Do not our hearts beat with sympathy for the patriot as he strains his eyes at sunset to see that the Stars and Stripes still wave over the fort—as he holds his breath in the dark hours of night to hear the boom of the cannon which tells him that the cause of freedom still holds out? But who can picture the anxious stress of that last hour before daylight, when the bombardment has ceased and a silence which may mean defeat reigns over the water!

Restlessly pacing the deck, his emotion can scarcely be repressed. He cannot speak of what he feels to those about him, but unconsciously he speaks to all time; for when, snatching a torn envelope from his pocket, he used the first rays of light in writing down that grand old song, "The Star Spangled Banner," he was preparing for himself a world-wide and enthusiastic audience.

As the glimmering light increased, the prisoner could descry the outline of the fort, with a flag still waving above it; but, oh, what flag? Was it freedom's dear symbol or the tyrannical banner of England?

Clearer and clearer grew the day's calm light, and when finally his country's flag was revealed, proving her proud victory, the patriot-poet ended the song that was to endure forever as a national anthem with the triumphant lines:

> 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! O, long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

MARIE J. MCCAY.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

JANUARY 3, 1777—JANUARY 3, 1894.

How many of us, patriotic as we may be, even begin to realize one tithe of the debt we owe to those soldiers of the American Revolution whose sufferings and whose noble sacrifices secured our liberty? Their patriotism was indeed exemplified in their lives, and right glorious should be their meed of praise. We were stirred by Dr. Hall's inspiring words last Wednesday, standing, as we did, on sacred, historical ground, "electric to the very pressure of our feet," and yet secure in the liberty that is our birthright. We do not know a single throb or pang such as our grandmothers felt when, oppressed and ground by England's king, they gave their husbands and sons to fight for freedom. There are some of the women in this Chapter who saw their dear ones go forth to war some thirty-odd years ago, and of these brave soldiers some never came home, and others, who fought to victory, returned with wounds which no time could heal. All the horrors and sufferings and privations of those days of our civil war are very real to some of you. But those men fought at no odds; they were equipped for battle with modern weapons of warfare; they had food and clothing; they had means of transportation from point to point; telegraph wires and the daily press gave to the waiting ones at home news from the field; the years of the nineteenth century had added to the refinements of war All the sufferings, terrible as they were, from the "fall of Sumter," in 1861, to the surrender of Lee, in 1865, would hardly exceed those of a single winter Revolutionary campaign; and while the men fought on the field the women were fighting too—with poverty, with danger of home invasion, and, above all, with the agony of suspense, which, through long months, knew no relief. Talk of bravery to-day! there is no one of us who can claim a right to call ourselves brave in comparison with the noble women of Revolutionary days, from whom we gladly and proudly claim descent. It is indeed fitting that we should study more faithfully the story of our past. No fiction can equal this history—with its

experiences and its romantic episodes. Through all the year are anniversaries of interest, and this afternoon we have met together in honor of a battle fought one hundred and seventeen years ago—the battle of Princeton—which was a crisis in our history.

It will be well, perhaps, to briefly review the historical events leading up to this battle of Princeton. At about this time fifty thousand well-disciplined British soldiers were on American soil, and but indifferently equipped against such forces were hardly more than twenty thousand soldiers on our side. Our men had few blankets, insufficient clothing; nearly a thousand were without shoes, and their steps might be traced from the marks of their bleeding feet upon the snow.

Encamped on the west bank of the Delaware River on Christmas Day of 1776, they knew that across the river at Trenton the Hessians were feasting and carousing, and Washington rightly judged they would be more open to attack than at another time. In the silence of the clouded night, amid the cakes of floating ice and in the face of a bitter wind, the Continental Army were taken across the river in small boats. Under their General's magnetic leadership, with his stirring words, "Fight like men!" ringing in their ears, they marched to victory. The surprise was complete; the British could make but little resistance, and laid down their arms: hundreds were taken prisoners, and their ammunition fell into the hands of our troops. It was the turning point in the Revolution.

Until January 2, 1777, Washington occupied Trenton. Then, hearing that the enemy with some four or five thousand men were marching down from Princeton, Washington prepared to defend the Trenton bridge over the Assanpink. It was near sunset as the columns approached. Upon the result of this battle rested the fate of American independence. The hearts of officers and men never faltered. From an eminence above the bridge they repulsed three desperate onslaughts, and at the last, in loss and confusion, the British gave up the attempt, and as night came on went into camp. It may not be out of place just here to look ahead from this date twelve years. The same Assanpink bridge was wreathed with a triumphal arch bearing the words, "The defender of the mothers will be the preserver of

the daughters." The matrons and girls of the town of Trenton, dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers, awaited the coming of Washington, then on his way to New York to be inaugurated as President, and as he passed along over the flowers they strewed before him, this chorus greeted him :

Welcome, mighty chief, once more ;
Welcome to this grateful shore.
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers ;
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

This triumph in 1789 was not dreamed of that winter night of January 2, 1777. Weary and worn, there could be as yet no rest for the men. Washington called a council and planned the surprise of Princeton. The guards were bade to pull down the fences and keep bright the fires. Men were put to work at an intrenchment over the road that the noise might deceive the British, while silently detachment after detachment marched away over the frozen roads to Princeton, ten miles away. When the morning of the 3d dawned, the fires smouldered in front of a deserted camp. The sunrise found our army near Princeton. It was a cold, bright morning, the frost whitening everything. The men had been fighting and marching for eighteen hours without rest, some even without food, and yet they forget fatigue; they were alive only to the glory of their cause. There was no shrinking from duty. General Washington with the main column marched to the right toward Princeton. General Mercer, with three hundred and fifty men, was sent to guard the bridge over Stony Creek, to prevent the approach of Lord Cornwallis from Trenton or the escape of fugitives from Princeton. Over this bridge the British Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, who had quartered at Princeton for the night, had just marched with a part of his three companies of dragoons. The flash of the sunlight on the arms of General Mercer's men as they skirted the side of a wood warned him of the approach of

the Americans. Promptly he recrossed the bridge, and both armies endeavored to reach the high ground just beyond. Our men were the first and opened fire; they were protected by a thicket fence. Colonel Mawhood's men, armed with artillery, responded with quick shots. General Mercer, whose "gallant gray" was shot under him, vainly tried to rally his men, who in the hand-to-hand fight were forced, after the third fire, to retreat.

General Mercer, one of the bravest and noblest of soldiers, was struck down by a musket. He fought bravely with his sword, but fell at last with twelve bayonet wounds and was left for dead; but afterwards was taken to the house of Mr. Clark, near by, where he was tenderly cared for until his death, nine days later. The story of this brave officer's sufferings is pathetic. General Washington wrote Lord Cornwallis, asking that he might have every attention and begging that his nephew, Lieutenant Lewis, might be with him. The requests were granted, but the wounds were fatal and he bravely died, offering with his last breath prayers for the success of the cause of American Independence.

It is said of him that when a new company of Virginia volunteers was to be formed that every applicant was so high in station that only positions as officers could be offered them. Finally a soldierly man marched up to the Speaker's chair, in the House of Burgesses, and handed up a paper upon which was written "Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country and the cause of liberty in any rank or station to which he may be appointed." This from a veteran soldier, bred to European warfare—from one who had fought with Washington in 1755 and was high in his esteem—was sufficient to arouse enthusiasm among all present. By acclamation he was placed in command of the Third Regiment of Virginia, and this man it was who fell at Princeton. Washington, hearing the sound of firing, marched at the head of a division to General Mercer's relief. The enemy, who had followed the retreating Americans to the edge of the declivity, suddenly came upon Washington and his men. This was the hour of trial. Then it was that Washington displayed his most heroic devotion. Bravely he urged on his men, riding forward himself in the very front of the ranks—

the target for every bullet. There was a roar of musketry. Colonel Fitzgerald drew his hat over his eyes; he could not bear to see his general and friend fall. There is a shout—it is the shout of victory—the smoke rolls away and the enemy's ranks are broken and fleeing, the American leader—"alive, unharmed, and without a wound"—waving his hat and cheering his comrades on to pursuit. Colonel Fitzgerald rode over dead and dying to the side of his chief, saying, "Thank God, Your Excellency is safe!" while the General's favorite aide, a gallant Irishman, gave vent to his feelings and wept for joy. "Washington, ever calm during scenes of excitement, grasped the hand of his aide and friend and then ordered, 'Away, my dear Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is our own!'"

This battle of Princeton, for the time it lasted—from fifteen to twenty minutes—was the most fatal to our officers of any during the whole Revolutionary War.

The bravery and discipline of the gallant British greatly impressed Washington, for at the height of the conflict he turned to his officers, saying—

> See how those noble fellows fight! Ah, gentlemen, when shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display a discipline equal to our enemies?

The routed British army retreated to Princeton, a mile or more away, and took refuge in the college and Presbyterian Church, which they had for some weeks occupied as barracks. Old Nassau Hall, still standing, for the fire in Princeton in 1802 spared its walls, was attacked by the Americans and taken. A musket ball penetrated the walls and destroyed the picture of George II. In the frame, left intact, a painting of Washington by the elder Peale now hangs. It was purchased by the trustees with the fifty guineas Washington gave them as indemnity for the injury done to the college. Of this battle of Princeton it would be interesting to give almost in full Washington's letter, written January 5, to the President of Congress. He writes, after telling of the fight at Assanpink bridge:

> Having by this time discovered that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark, and at twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton

ing and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left and might have stores. One thing I was certain of—that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat (which was of consequence, or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off), whilst we might by a fortunate stroke withdraw General Howe from Trenton and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton, about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and in killed, wounded, and prisoners must have lost five hundred men; upwards of one hundred of them were left dead on the field, and, with what I have with me and what were taken in the pursuit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy General Mercer, Colonels Hazlet and Potter, Captain Neal, of the artillery; Captain Fleming, who commanded the First Virginian Regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, who, with about twenty-five or thirty privates, were slain on the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many who were in pursuit of the enemy (who were chased three or four miles) are not yet come in. The rear of the enemy's army, lying at Maidenhead, not more than five or six miles from Princeton, was up with us before our pursuit was over, but as I had the precaution to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, about half a mile from the field of action, they were so long retarded there as to give us time to move off in good order for this place.

Of the destruction of this bridge we read elsewhere that Major John Kelly was sent with a detachment to destroy it. Tearing off the planks, they began sawing away the supporting logs, the British firing on the men as they worked. Major Kelly, refusing to ask service he would himself not render, stood on the last log, cutting it away. Several balls entered the wood by his side, and finally the log broke and he was thrown into the swollen stream. His men, thinking he was lost, fled. Major Kelly escaped from the water, but his wet and frozen clothing prevented his escape from the enemy, and he was taken prisoner. To continue with Washington's letter; he writes:

We took two brass field-pieces, but for want of horses could not bring them away. We also took some blankets, shoes, and a few other trifling articles, burned the hay and destroyed such other things as the shortness of time would admit. My original plan, when I set out from Trenton, was to push on to Brunswick, but the harassed state of our troops, many of them having had no rest for two nights and a day, and the danger of

losing the advantage we had gained by aiming at too much induced me, by the advice of my officers, to relinquish the attempt: but, in my judgment, six or eight hundred fresh troops upon a forced march would have destroyed all their stores and magazines, taken (as we have since learned) their military chest, containing £70,000, and put an end to the war. The enemy, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, were so much alarmed at the apprehension of this that they marched immediately to Brunswick without halting, except at the bridges (for I also took up those on Millstone on the different routes to Brunswick), and got there before day.

From the best information I have received, General Howe has left no men either at Trenton or Princeton. The truth of this I am endeavoring to ascertain that I may regulate my movements accordingly. The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this State; but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice, however, to add that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship than I expected militia, especially citizens, would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavor to put them under the best cover I can. Hitherto we have been without any, and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill-clad in other respects. I have the honor to be, etc.

And here, at the close of January 3, 1894, we, descendants of those brave men of Revolutionary days, who fought for the liberty which is the crown of our glorious land, meet together and offer our words of praise and admiration for the heroic deeds of the officers and soldiers at that Battle of Princeton, fought one hundred and seventeen years ago to-day. Although we know of only one among our number who claims descent from a hero of this day, still all our ancestors were one with them in purpose and desire. All alike were laboring to put down oppression and set the people free; and on the graves of even the humblest we lay our wreaths in memory of that bravery and suffering which, conquering with the arm of Right, grants us the privilege of meeting here to-day as Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARY SCOTT BOYD,
Historian Quassaick Chapter, D. A. R.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE immediate causes that preceded the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently the War of the Revolution, were the passage by the English Parliament of a number of acts destructive of colonial liberty. These were resisted by the Colonies. The subject of this unjust legislation was the inevitable question of taxation. That Parliament had the power to tax America few in England at that time seemed to doubt. The connection between England and her Colonies was essentially vague and undefined. Parliament had always assumed the right to regulate the external commerce of the Colonies, and even to prevent the growth of their domestic manufactures.

The conclusion of the French and Indian wars marked the beginning of a new controversy with America. In this brilliant contest just ended, in which England had made great exertions, though she had added extensive territories to her domain, it was at a proportionate increase of the public debt. To find the means of defraying this great debt was necessarily the first object of the government. Naturally, from their point of view, the rich American colonies should contribute to this liquidation. In the beginning of the year 1764 the first step was taken by the British government toward carrying out this policy by imposing duties upon certain articles of merchandise imported into the colonial ports. Notice was also given of imposing certain stamp duties, with a like purpose of revenue. The knowledge of these proceedings excited in America universal alarm, and respectful but decided remonstrances were sent to England from several of the Colonies. The Colonies denied the right of the British Parliament to tax them under their granted charters.

In spite of these remonstrances and those of the advocates of the validity of the position of the Colonies on this question of taxation in Parliament, the now celebrated Stamp Act, in 1765, was brought forward by the British ministers and pressed through that body. The storm was gathering. The attempt to enforce the Stamp Act met with so general and determined a resistance that the stamp officers in all the Colonies were compelled to re-

sign; nonimportation agreements were generally adopted, and even proceedings in the courts of law gave way to arbitration to avoid the use of the stamps. Society was almost at a standstill. Even marriage licenses were subject to the tax.

The protests of the Colonies became so threatening that before long these obnoxious laws were repealed; but the seed had been sown, soon to mature. The Colonies had been menaced, and, although England had yielded, the manner in which it had been done had not conciliated them. The controversy had the effect of making the struggle one of principle, and of preparing the colonists to resist any farther encroachment of the home government in taxation. The next few years passed quietly. In 1774 the British ministers again took up the subject of colonial taxation, and, to punish the colonists for their contumacy in refusing to permit the landing of a cargo of tea that had been sent to Boston loaded with a heavy duty, passed two acts. One of these acts was to close the port of Boston and remove the custom-house to Salem; the other placed the executive power, hitherto in the General Court, in the English government. From the enacting of the Boston Port Bill the Revolution dates. While ostensibly aimed against a single port, the injustice aroused the whole country with a spirit of indignation. The 1st of June, when the law went into force, was observed as a public fast day, and in many of the churches divine service was held to implore that the evils of civil war might be averted, and that the people should have one mind and one heart to oppose every invasion of their rights and liberties by the English government.

To oppose the new dangers it was resolved to convene a congress of delegates from the several Colonies. From this it was but a natural sequence to the resolution of June 7, 1776, declaring the independence of the United Colonies. From this resolution sprang the Declaration of Independence, which was unanimously adopted on July 4, 1776.

MARY BERTRAM WOODWORTH.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL RESISTANCE TO THE BRITISH STAMP ACT.

[Paper read at the November meeting of Frederick Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Frederick, Maryland.]

DURING my late visit to the beautiful White City—that city which stood fair as a dream upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and has so soon, alas! gone to be with all that has been—my attention was attracted by a large painting which hung in the department of Canada, in the Fine Arts Building. The catalogue gives the title "The Founding of Maryland, March 27, 1634;" the artist, H. Sandham, Boston, Massachusetts. Why it should hang in Canada I do not know; but I am sure every Marylander will understand and sympathize in the feelings with which I regarded it. There is shown the lovely little stream—the St. Marys River—flowing quietly on between green banks lined with stately trees. We fancy we can almost recognize the historic mulberry (a fragment of which, doubtless, all saw in our State Building at Jackson Park) under which the first mass was celebrated on these shores on Lady Day, the Feast of the Annunciation, 1634. In the distance the Ark and the Dove ride peacefully at anchor upon the broad bosom of the Potomac; nearer, hiding behind bushes or crouching on the ground, appear groups of startled natives, staring with wonder and alarm at the strange visitors who have so suddenly come among them. In the foreground, surrounded by his escort of "twenty gentlemen," stands the majestic figure of Leonard Calvert, first royal Governor of this fair land, to which his brother, the Proprietary, in the exuberance of his loyal and grateful heart, had given, at His Gracious Majesty's own request, the name of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, and called it Mary's Land, for "Mary" was the name her royal husband best liked and ever used himself for the wife he so loved and honored.

As I gaze upon the canvas and note each detail, I ask myself, "Can that roll carried in Governor Calvert's right hand be the charter granted by King Charles the First to his true and lov-

ing subject, Cecilius Calvert, second Baron of Baltimore and first Lord Proprietary of Maryland?" That wonderful charter! Never were such powers and privileges granted by a sovereign, and voluntarily granted, as were contained in it. First and greatest of all, absolute freedom of conscience and perfect liberty in religious worship—no proscription or persecution for opinion's sake—was guaranteed by its provisions. And these rights, remember, were granted by an Anglican monarch, that pure and gentle king, who went to the block himself rather than abate one jot or tittle he conceived due his church and crown; who, willing to give up his own life for conscience sake and his convictions, yet guaranteed, by that wonderful state paper, to his subjects of this province perfect freedom in religion. And to a faithful heart did the king commit this great trust. Governor Leonard Calvert was a Roman Catholic; his maxim was "Peace to all, proscription to none;" and Davis tells us, "Religious liberty was a vital part of the earliest common law of the province."

This charter erected Maryland into a palatinate, equivalent to a principality, and conferred upon the Lord Proprietary the power, "with the assent of the freemen of the province," to make all laws for their own government, to declare martial law, levy tolls and duties, establish courts of justice, appoint judges, magistrates, etc., and all the payment required was two Indian arrowheads yearly paid at Windsor Palace!" All rights of English subjects were theirs, and the King bound himself and his successors to lay no taxes, customs, subsidies, or contributions whatever upon the people of the province, and in case of any such demand being made the charter expressly declared that this clause might "be pleaded as a discharge in full." Surely I do not err when I claim that such powers had never before been granted subjects nor such freedom enjoyed. Thus, on that far-off summer day, June 20, 1632, by virtue of her charter, Maryland obtained the right to be what she has since continued—a self-governed community, with the destinies of her citizens in their own hands. "Often attacked and at times held in abeyance, her charter was never revoked and was only cast off when the arbitrary power of England had violated its pledges and the people of Maryland, having outgrown their minority, were ready to take the sovereignty into their own hands."

"Maryland," says Chalmers, "has always enjoyed the unrivaled honor of being the first colony which was erected into a province of the English Empire and governed regularly by laws enacted in a provincial assembly." Mark the distinction between a "colony" and a "province." A "province" is a section of an empire and a part of it, possessing, subordinate to the empire, a certain independence of jurisdiction. From the beginning Maryland had her assemblies, who determined for themselves what laws should govern them, refusing to accept those they did not approve. Thus Maryland was practically free from the first, though she gladly owned and willingly paid her allegiance to her King, proud to be a liege subject of the King of England.

In the Acts of the Maryland Assembly of 1748, at chapter 15 will be found "An act to divide Prince George's County and to erect a new one, to be called Frederick County." Frederick: "Rich in peace." Such is the signification of the name, and surely no one who has looked upon the broad, fertile valleys and calm and gentle mountains which make up the surface of our county, presenting a succession of extensive and exquisite views of rich and highly cultivated fields and beautiful landscapes, but will agree that the name was singularly well chosen, albeit it was given by the Lord Proprietary in honor of his friend and prince, Frederick, Prince of Wales, after whom also his young son was called.

The first settlements in the new county were made by the English and Scotch, who came up from Lower Maryland; many others came from the British Isles direct, while still others, already in Pennsylvania and New York, attracted by the agricultural richness of the section—the county stands third in the United States for agricultural wealth—came down with their families and settled in the new county. Many of these were Germans, some natives of Alsace and Lorraine, who were attracted to our county, as were so many to the State at large, by the freedom of conscience guaranteed to all her citizens.

Some of the new settlers were evidently men of means; they took up large tracts of land from the Proprietary and established themselves and their families in vast manors and estates. So our county grew and prospered, a community of intelligent,

industrious, God-fearing, law-abiding people, trained in a knowledge of their duties and their rights under their charter—men whose sons knew too well what were their rights to tamely submit to the encroachments of the British Crown. Exemption from taxation by England was not only established by the express words of the charter, but had been the uninterrupted practice from the first settlement. When, therefore, at the close of Great Britain's war with France she attempted to fill her exhausted treasury by levying taxes upon her American colonies, Maryland not excepted, universal indignation was aroused, and when, in the spring of 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, the spirit of resistance awoke which never slept again.

William Pitt, the great, far-seeing statesman, strenuously opposed the tyrannical measure; he "scorned to take an unjust and ungenerous advantage of the colonies." Others were not so wise; they had the power, or thought they had, and so the act was passed:

> Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

The Stamp Act was passed on the 22d day of March, 1765. On the 19th day of November of the same year the Frederick County court met for its regular session. The court at that time was composed of twelve members. If we may judge of the personnel of that court by the men who have been elevated to the bench since the days of our independence, and surely we may, they were the very flower of the community; men conspicuous for intelligence, education, and integrity; substantial citizens; men who had all to lose; not hot heads, not agitators, not irresponsible adventurers. These men, born and nurtured among the free hills of Western Maryland—at that time Frederick County comprised the whole of Western Maryland—drinking in the love of constitutional liberty with every breath of her mountain air, accustomed to think for themselves, met for the discharge of the duties of their office. The act provided that "all bills, bonds, leases, notes, ship's papers, insurance policies, and all legal documents to be valid in the courts must be written on stamped paper." What an alternative! Either the hated stamps must be used or all the business of the county must come to a standstill. What responsibility for these judges!

But they were equal to it. It is the province of the legislative body to enact the laws, of the executive to enforce them, of the judicial to define them—that is, to pronounce what are legally constitutional laws—and so make them operative. A law passed by a body which has not the law-making power is not a law and cannot be enforced. In the twentieth section of the charter of Maryland the King of England had renounced any right he might ever have possessed to make any law by which Maryland could be taxed, having "pledged and bound himself and his heirs and successors forever that at no time would they impose or cause to be imposed any impositions, customs, or other taxations, quotas, or contributions whatsoever upon the residents or inhabiters of the province aforesaid for their goods, lands, and tenements within the said province." "All incomes from taxes which were imposed by the Proprietary and the people were for the use of the Proprietary and the good government of the province;" none, you will observe, for the benefit of Great Britain. So it was clearly against all legal right that England sought to tax us; but her power in the land was supreme; she was strong, we were weak; she passed the act and ordered its enforcement. All over the country excitement and indignation prevailed; protests and memorials poured into the British ministry; but in vain. They turned deaf ears. This was eleven years before the Declaration of Independence. There was as yet no thought of concerted action and resistance to British authority; but while Franklin and others remonstrated and presented petitions, this Frederick County tribunal acted for itself.

FREDERICK COUNTY, *ss.*:

Anno Domini 1765. At a county court of the Right Honorable Frederick, absolute Lord and Proprietary of the Province of Maryland and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore, &c., held in Frederick Town, in and for said county, on the third Tuesday and nineteenth day of November, in the fifteenth year of his said Lordship's dominion, &c.

Present: The Worshipful Thomas Beatty, Peter Bainbridge, William Luckett, Charles Jones, David Lynn, Thomas Price, James Dickson, William Blair, Samuel Beall, Josiah Beall, Andrew Huegh, and Joseph Smith, gentlemen, justices of his said Lordship's commission in and for the said county aforesaid, lawfully authorized and assigned. George Murdock, gentleman, sheriff. John Darnall, clerk.

This court met and consulted; on the fifth day of its session the following order was passed and recorded:

By Frederick County November court, anno Domini 1765, ordered that the following resolutions and opinion be recorded:

Upon application of Michael Ashford Dowdson, bail of James Veatch, at the suit of a certain Stephen West, to surrender the said James Veatch in discharge of himself, which the court ordered to be done and an entry of the surrender to be made accordingly; which John Darnall, clerk of the court, refused to make; and having also refused to issue any process out of his office or to make the necessary entries of the court proceedings, alleging that he conceives there was an act of Parliament imposing stamp duties on all legal proceedings, and therefore that he cannot safely proceed in exercising his office without proper stamps—

It is the *unanimous* resolution and opinion of this court that all the business thereof shall and ought to be transacted in the usual and accustomed manner, without any inconvenience or delay to be occasioned from the want of stamped paper, parchment, or vellum, and that all proceedings shall be valid and effectual *without* the use of stamps, and they enjoin and order all sheriffs, clerks, counsellors, attorneys, and all officers of the court to proceed in their several avocations as usual

There was no uncertain note here, all was clear and plain; but the clerk was still timorous. He realized the tremendous issue involved and feared to obey the order of the court, so the court ordered that—

John Darnall, clerk of this court, be committed to the custody of the sheriff of this county for a contempt of the authority of this court, he having refused to comply with the aforesaid order of this court relative to the execution of his office in issuing process and making the necessary entries of the court's proceedings, and that he stand committed for the above offence until he complies with the above-mentioned order.

It is difficult for us of this day, having lived always in the full enjoyment of freedom under the law and protection by the law, to realize the enormous resolution required to take this determined stand; and, remember, it was not the act of any one man or of two or three, but of twelve men. The order is unanimous, clear-sighted, and courageous. They surely had the courage of their convictions, and courage their course required. Each man knew well he lay himself open to the charge of treason; knew his head might pay the price of his utterance; but not one swerved; though shameful death might be theirs they would not go to their graves dishonored. They knew Great Britain had no right to tax their State, and they dared [illegible]

and maintain their rights; and so they repudiated the act and ignored its provisions. Calmly, deliberately, and openly they acted; though the county was filled with king's officers, eager and ready to arrest in the king's name, these judges, having decided upon this course, sought not to screen themselves. There is no shirking of responsibility; each name is written in full upon the records of the court; there they are for all time. Surely each name should be engraven in letters of gold upon some indestructible page, or, better still, in each patriotic heart and memory!

Poor John Darnall! Between his fear of the king's officers and his determined superiors, he fared badly. However, he purged himself of contempt, and the record reads:

> John Darnall having submitted to obey the order of this court in regard to the due execution of his office, the sheriff is ordered to release him out of custody, he paying charges.

And so the authority of the Frederick County court was vindicated, and its business went on without the use of stamped paper.

We hear of these men again. In the long, troubled years that followed they were active and prominent in the patriot cause—"Sons of Liberty," members of committees, members of councils, and then in the forefront of the little army that wrested from that great and powerful nation over the seas the liberty with which we are to-day blessed.

May it be the pious task, as it is the duty, of the Daughters of the American Revolution to clear away the accumulations and the oblivions of years and to bring to light and honor the names and deeds of those heroes who have been partially forgotten; for when that order was passed the first blow for constitutional liberty in this land was struck—and it was struck by the Frederick County judiciary!

BETTY HARRISON MAULSBY RITCHIE.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

OLD GLORY—FAIREST OF FLAGS.

It is safe to say that in no city of this Union was the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of liberty more universally observed than in the Capital of the United States.

In no other city does the old flag represent more to its citizens; and every heart beat with patriotic pride on the morning of June 14 to see, not only on every public building and every schoolhouse, but on business houses and residences, our flag floating in the breeze.

Men and women wore tiny flags over their hearts, and hundreds of children joyously bore the Stars and Stripes to school.

Patriotic exercises were held in many of the school buildings, and the old lesson of love of country was stamped with a new inspiration.

The 14th of June, 1777, fell on Saturday. On that day a resolution was passed by the American Congress which reads as follows:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

It is this official act in memory of which the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution have made efforts to have observed. Each recurring 14th of June will see the emblem of liberty in other towns and hamlets floating from the house-tops until Old Glory shall send its signal from the rising sun down to the sunset sea, and every heart in this free land unite in this sentiment:

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau and the full moon rise over Mont

flame; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, DOBBS FERRY.

On the spot where Washington and the Count de Rochambeau planned the final campaign which brought independence to our country the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution gathered on June 14 to lay the foundation stone of a monument in memory of those events and of those who participated in them.

Here was planned the campaign against Yorktown and here is where the first salute to the flag of the United States was fired by a British man-of-war.

About 2,000 people were present while Chauncey M. Depew, President of the Sons of the American Revolution, laid the foundation stone for the monument.

The monument will stand in a semicircular plot by the roadside, near the quaint old Livingston mansion, which is pointed out as Washington's headquarters. It is to be a plain granite shaft, ten feet in height, and having upon its outward face this inscription:

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

Here, August 14, 1781, Washington planned the Yorktown campaign, which brought to a triumphant end the war for American independence.

Here, May 6, 1783, Washington and Sir Guy Carleton arranged for the evacuation of American soil by the British, and opposite this point, May 8, 1783, a British sloop-of-war fired seventeen guns in honor of the American Commander-in-chief, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

Erected June 14, 1894, by the New York State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

After the band had played the national anthem and a salute from the men-of-war had echoed over the water, the company moved to the porch of the mansion and the literary exercises took place. There were an invocation by Archdeacon Tiffany, an address of welcome by Hon. D. O. Bradley, chairman of the

citizens, which was responded to by Colonel John C. Calhoun; a speech presenting the plot of ground by Dr. Hasbrouck, and its acceptance by Mr. Depew. Then Vice-President Stevenson spoke as follows:

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S REMARKS.

I can hope to add but little to the interest of this great occasion by any words I may utter. This day and this hour belong to history. We stand, indeed, upon historic ground. Here on the banks of the majestic Hudson we lay the corner-stone of a monument which will commemorate great events of the Revolution. This monument will mark the spot where the respective commanders of the British and American armies arranged amicable terms at the close of the great struggle for the withdrawal of all hostile troops from our borders. At that self-same hour, upon the opposite bank of the Hudson, a British sloop-of-war fired seventeen guns in honor of the great American chieftain. More than that, it was the first official recognition, by military salute, by one of the greatest to the latest born sovereign nation.

The monument, whose corner-stone we lay at this hour, will mark the spot where occurred one of the greatest events of our colonial struggle. Washington, abandoning all hope of a successful attack upon the city of New York, upon the identical spot where we have now assembled, on the 14th day of August, 1781, planned the southern campaign, whose objective point was the peninsula of Virginia, the fruits of which were the surrender of Cornwallis to the American and French armies at Yorktown, the establishment of colonial independence, and the introduction of the Government of the United States into the family of nations.

What wonderful results have followed the conference at this spot between Washington and the French admiral one hundred and thirteen years ago.

This is, indeed, Mr. President, the fitting day for the observance of the interesting ceremonies you have inaugurated. The 14th day of June—the anniversary of the adoption by the Colonial Congress of the Stars and Stripes as our national symbol—is the appropriate day for the laying of the corner-stone of a monument which is to commemorate events which are so closely linked with our struggle for independence and which make up so important a part of the warp and woof of our revolutionary history.

It is well that to the descendants of the heroes of our colonial struggle has been committed the patriotic task of erecting this monument. The important service of this hour is not the least of the patriotic services which have brought luster to the honored "Sons of the American Revolution."

The members of this society, whose blood is that of Revolutionary heroes, are charged with the grateful task of garnering up for history the glorious deeds of illustrious sires. It is theirs to keep brightly burning

the fires upon our patriotic altars; to inculcate the sacred love of country; to teach our American youth that upon this world's theater have never appeared grander or manlier men than Washington and his compeers, and that the highest title they can wear is that of American citizen.

It was a beautiful service that the Daughters of the Mercy Warren Chapter instituted on Memorial Day. It was the decoration of the neglected and forgotten graves of Revolutionary heroes, whose very headstones were weary of the thankless task of telling the simple story of those who lie beneath the sod, and had lain down the burden broken, cracked, disintegrated by the heat and frosts of a century's years. Nature, in her effort to add her tribute to their memory, by many decorations all her own, made the task of restoration even more difficult. The descendants of these men, whose very names are almost forgotten—that sacrificed all that they might not leave their Daughters and Sons without a country—have marked these graves, and on Memorial Day a delegation of four of the Daughters and four of the Sons took laurel wreaths, tied with buff and blue ribbons (Colonial colors), and decorated the graves of twenty-one Revolutionary soldiers.

A wreath of purple beech, tied with buff and blue ribbons, with streams of red, white, and blue, was placed by the Mercy Warren Chapter on the Soldiers' Monument in Court square.

The Springfield Republican published a full account of the ceremonies, together with the names of those participating, and also many incidents, "quaint and sad," of the old historic days. Will not other Chapters emulate the gracious service inaugurated by the Mercy Warren Chapter?

A FULL account of the planting of the Liberty Tree in San Francisco (with an illustration) by the Sequoia Chapter will appear in the August number.

ANCESTRY.

MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE,

CHARTER MEMBER D. A. R.

Among the threescore ladies who met on the morning of the anniversary of Washington's birthday, 189–, in Sherry's parlors, New York City, and organized the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and so became charter members of the National Society, was Mrs. George A. Lawrence, of New York City, a direct descendant of three Revolutionary soldiers and of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Lawrence (born Charlotte Louise Cooley) was the daughter of Randolph Morgan Cooley and Maria Louise Stevenson. Randolph Morgan Cooley, her father, was a merchant of New York City, in the San Francisco shipping trade, who had the distinction of losing a ship by the depredations of the "Alabama" (afterwards paid for, with the rest, by Great Britain). Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson, a "forty-niner" and commandant of the New York regiment which first reached California in that crucial year, sailing around the cape one thousand strong. Randolph Morgan Cooley was the son of John Bliss Cooley and Persis Morgan, his wife, who was the daughter of Major Abner Morgan, of the Fourth Regiment Massachusetts Line, Continental troops, of the Army of Canada, which joined General Gates and participated in the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. After the surrender Colonel Porter, commanding the Fourth Regiment of the Massachusetts Line, was selected to escort General Burgoyne as a prisoner of war to Boston, and Major Morgan was left in command of the regiment, which afterwards marched to join Washington's immediate command in the Jerseys. Major Abner Morgan's wife, Persis, was the daughter of Sergeant David Morgan, of Captain Joseph Hoar's company of Colonel Gideon Burt's regiment of the Massachusetts Line, in the Revolutionary Army.

MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE,

Charter Member Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Lawrence is thus the great-granddaughter of two veterans of the Revolution through her grandmother alone.

Her paternal grandfather, John Bliss Cooley, was the grandson of Colonel Jonathan Bliss, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, who served with distinction in the Army of the Revolution, and thus Mrs. Lawrence is the great-great-granddaughter of an officer in the Revolution.

Again, Mrs. Lawrence's mother (born Maria Louise Stevenson) was Caroline Ryder, daughter of Mrs. Joseph T. Ryder, who was a daughter of Roger Sherman, a member of the Continental Congress from Connecticut from 1775 to 1789 and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

Mrs. Lawrence is delicate in person and features, low-voiced and gentle in manners, and is adored by a large circle of acquaintances and by her children, of whom she has five—a son, Randolph Morgan Lawrence, and four daughters.

Mrs. Lawrence resides during the summer months at her country home, Westfield, New Jersey, which is a short and delightful drive from the old battle-field of Springfield, where her ancestor, Major Morgan, was with General Greene on the eventful morning of the 23d day of June, 1780, when General Kuyphausen's Hessians came over from Staten Island five thousand strong to destroy Washington's stores at Morristown, but failed to obtain General Greene's permission to get further than Springfield.

FAITH ROBINSON TRUMBULL.

Faith Robinson was the daughter of the Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, and the great-granddaughter of the famous John Robinson, who stood at the head of the first Pilgrim emigration to the New World. She was born in 1718. She was married December 9, 1735, to Jonathan Trumbull, who, in 1769, became Governor of the Connecticut Colony. At the time of her marriage she was a bright, charming girl of seventeen years of age. Their first child, a son, born in 1737, was baptized Joseph, and died during the Revolutionary contest, while in the service. Another son, David, was

born in 1751, and he also served as commissary for the army of the Revolution under his brother Joseph.

John Trumbull was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and died at New York City, November 10, 1843. He graduated from Harvard College when only seventeen years of age and soon after joined the Provincial Army, where he served honorably as aide-de-camp to Washington. In 1780 he went to London for instructions in painting. This son of Faith Trumbull was destined to become through his pencil the world-renowned historiographer of the great events and characters, civil and military, of the struggle in which he himself bore a conspicuous part. He executed the four paintings placed in the Capitol at Washington, commemorative of the most important events of the American Revolution: (1) The Declaration of Independence; (2) Surrender of the British to the American Forces at Saratoga; (3) The Surrender of the British to the American Forces at Yorktown; and (4) The Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis.

Faith Trumbull was eminent for her decision of character and for her patriotism. To this Revolutionary struggle, in harmony with her husband, she devoted herself with unflagging enthusiasm. It was a cause she earnestly loved, and she was ever busy arousing charities and superintending contributions for the suffering soldiers; stimulating associations among her own sex to provide them with clothing, and sending them the encouragement of kind words and grateful compliments.

After the Sunday service, contributions were often taken for the army. Upon one such occasion, in Lebanon meeting-house, Madam Trumbull rose from her seat near her husband, threw from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak (a present to her from the Commander-in-chief of the French allied army, Count Rochambeau himself), and, advancing, laid it on the altar as her offering to those who, in the midst of every want and suffering, were fighting bravely for freedom. This cloak was afterwards cut into narrow strips and used to decorate the uniforms of the soldiers. The act was one of peculiar generosity. It shed an instant luster on her patriotism, and her example was contagious. From all parts of the house donations were

...e showered and many baskets were filled to overflowing, the contents being carefully packed and sent to the army. One boy brought a pair of boots; a small girl, a shawl; another boy, a cheese; a young lady took a ring from her ear and contributed that.

Faith Trumbull died at the age of sixty-two years, from a dropsical affection, which for some time had impaired her health. She was buried in the family vault at Lebanon, Connecticut. The following is her epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of Madam Faith Trumbull, the amiable lady of Governor Trumbull. Born at Duxbury, Mass., A. D. 1718. Happy and beloved in her connubial state, she lived a virtuous, charitable, and Christian life at Lebanon, in Connecticut, and died, lamented by numerous friends, A. D. 1780, aged 62 years.

STEPHEN GANO.

In the April, 1893, number of THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE an article upon John Gano was published, being extracts from his life or journal, written for his children. Before me lies a manuscript, yellow with age, written by Stephen Gano, son of John Gano. This manuscript is a narrative of stirring events which occurred during his life, and was written for his children, and a granddaughter of one of those children is proud and glad to rewrite the story for other daughters of other heroes:

PROVIDENCE, *April 11, 1825.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Having been requested to give you a narrative of my life, upon reflection I have concluded to do so. This subject has occurred to my mind at different times, while a powerful obstacle has arisen in the fear that no real good would result from such a sketch, as it would only develop what would more or less enter into any man's history. However, I now comply from a desire to gratify the feelings of dear and affectionate children, with the hope that some portion of my varied and checkered life may be the means of exciting your confidence in a gracious and wise Providence, which has hitherto supplied and supported me. I am a regular descendant of the Huguenots or Protestants of France. I was born in the city of New York on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1762. My honored father was the pastor of the only Baptist Church in the city at that time, in which he continued to remain until A. D. 1780,

excepting the time of the Revolutionary struggle, when he accepted appointment as chaplain in the American Army, which station he filled with reputation until the termination of the contest.

* * * * *

Being sent to school quite young, I continued with little or no interruption until the age of thirteen, and, so far as one can judge of his own proficiency, sustained a mediocrity. My dear father directed my early studies toward a college life, but the troubles of the war and other intervening causes prevented my going through a regular classical course, and at the early age of thirteen years I was placed with my maternal uncle (Dr. Stiles) for the purpose of a medical education, my father accompanying me to my new abode, Cranberry, New Jersey. On the way we called on my father's mother, who was eminently pious and had reached more than fourscore years. On first seeing me, she bade me kneel beside her, and, gently placing her aged hand on my youthful head, she offered up a fervent petition for my salvation. I cannot but hope that this and other prayers have been answered. Having entered upon a new scene of duty and in a new situation, I was as closely occupied as my juvenile mind would permit. My uncle was an able physician and was very strict in enforcing such instructions as were important in the profession I had chosen. I continued my medical studies until nearly seventeen years of age.

The Revolutionary War had existed from the time of commencing the study of physic, and my father had been appointed chaplain in the Army, and was stationed at Fort Montgomery, where he remained until the fort was taken by storm. Webb and Hall, Dubosque and Clinton, with Washington, were friends my father duly appreciated, and highly did they esteem him for his warm and zealous adherence to the righteous cause of American freedom.

No wonder, then, that my young heart beat high with the flame of Liberty! Anxiously longing to participate in the direful struggles of my country, I visited my mother. In the neighborhood some young men were forming themselves into a volunteer company, and with her permission I joined them. Being absent some little time to make needful arrangements, I found, on my return home, a mother's own hands had provided the young surgeon's necessary equipments, and as she buckled on my regimentals she said, "My son, may God preserve your life and your patriotism; the one may fall a sacrifice in retaking and preserving the home of your childhood, but never let me hear that you have forfeited the birthright of a freeman!" And without a tear she saw me depart, bidding me trust in God and be valiant! Such was the heroism of mothers in those dark days.

In the evening we marched for Danbury and the next morning saw the town in flames. Here a scattering and desultory engagement took place, and here, for the first time, I saw a battle. In June, 1779, I was sev-

...ed by the surgeon-general and received an appointment in Colonel ...'s regiment as surgeon's mate, and before the year expired the ... charge of the regiment was committed to my care, during which ... I experienced great exposures and privations. In one of our ...rches we might have been traced by the blood on the snow from our ... A large supply of shoes and other needful clothing met us in Philadelphia, having been provided in France by General Lafayette. My situation was doubly trying—alike, with the officers and men, we all suffered; but my trials were enhanced by daily calls to witness the want of suitable nourishment and medicine for the sick and wounded.

In August, 1780, I resigned and went to Philadelphia and entered on board the privateer schooner "L'Insurgent," and in the course of two or three weeks was driven on the Jersey shore by the British frigate. I lost everything but what I had on my back. From thence I walked forty miles and fell in with a Captain Mariner, and went with him again to Philadelphia, and entered on board of a whale vessel, coasting along the Jersey shore until driven by a British boat into Brunswick. Then again I went to Philadelphia and entered as a surgeon on board of a new brig, called the "St. Patrick," commanded by Decatur, for whom I have ever cherished a peculiar regard. A braver man never trod the deck of any vessel. He was the father of our late Commodore Decatur. We sailed on a letter of marque to St. Domingo, and on our return passage were chased by a Bermudian and run on a reef of rocks, which unhung our rudder and we were taken. Finding escape impossible, we managed to cut away her leaders and nailed our flag to the mast, and long after we were captured our Stars and Stripes floated over her deck. After our brave and desperate resistance, when we were taken, nature so demanded rest that I rolled myself in a blanket on the deck and laid myself beside a quiet sleeper, as I supposed, and knew not till I awoke that a dead body had been my companion.

Thirty-four of us were put on shore at Turk's Island without provisions, to perish with hunger, and there, from fatigue, famine, and exposure some died. I became sick and so low that my companions tied a bandage about my loins for support. Finding some conches, they made a fire and roasted them; they then raised my fainting head from the sand beach and fed me with some portion of the liquor, revived exhausted nature, saying, "Live, Gano! take this and live, and we will beat the British yet!" Feeding mostly on conches, we were enabled to preserve life to endure greater trials, and after some days seized upon a boat, called a "man-of-war's barge," with a deck just raised. In her we ran down to Cape Français. Upon landing without any means, I begged a morsel of bread from door to door for several hours, until at length a female gave me half a loaf. This I shared with some of my less successful companions. May my children never forget this when the poor and needy ask bread! The next day I was obliged to work as a common sailor, loading a vessel with salt. We remained here some ten days.

when I got a passage in an armed brig bound for Philadelphia. When out four days I was taken again and carried into New Providence, where I was put on board a prison-ship. Here my sufferings from hunger, chains, and cruelty cannot be told.

As an evidence of these galling chains and the cruelty with which they were used my great-grandfather bore a scar around his ankle, with a deep indentation just above the ankle-joint, to the day of his death; and when bathing his feet he used to remark, as he placed his finger in the sunken scar:

I was chained with a fellow-prisoner, and we were driven together to work like oxen. Long after my release I feared my ankle would never heal.

The narrative continues:

Our provisions were nauseous and tainted, and we had but a scanty supply even of them. A black fellow from New York who had known my father's family, hearing my name called, came to the hold and asked, "Is it Massa Johnny or Massa Stephen?" He brought me daily some part of his allowance and a pipe and tobacco, telling me its sickness would allay hunger. In the early part of December I was exchanged. As we were preparing for an exchange of prisoners, a noble young Irishman, who had fought bravely for his adopted country, despairingly said, "Oh, Doctor, my speech will betray my birthplace; I shall be pressed and most likely be flogged to death before night!" I replied, "Keep up bravely; stand next to me when we are called on deck, and say, 'My father is a stocking-weaver in Germantown,' etc."

They first questioned me. I provokingly said, "And what will ye give to know?" thus continuing to answer until I found the officer sufficiently irritated; then, bracing myself in an attitude of defiance, looking him full in the face, said: "My name is Gano; my birthplace New York, where my father was pastor of the only Baptist church until his people were driven from the city by the British, when he became chaplain in our Yankee army. French blood runs in my veins. My mother's milk nourished the spirit of a freeman, and my medical education enables me to know how to treat a captured and wounded enemy."

By this time my stocking-weaver's son's prompt and respectful replies gave him the "go by," though joy and gratitude blanched his cheek and served to weaken limbs that had firmly faced the roaring cannon. I very soon measurably recovered my strength, but never recovered my hair, which had been unusually full and black. An entire baldness since then has compelled me ever to use a wig.

Again I returned to Philadelphia, about the middle of January, perfectly destitute, when a wealthy aged lady, a particular friend of my parents, insisted upon my going to her house, and generously provided

. . . with money and apparel. Thus by the latter end of February I was . . . ed to join my father's family, to their no small astonishment, they . . . ving heard that I was among those who had died on a desolate island . . . starvation.

My mother never believed the report. When she heard it she said, "I do not believe that Stephen is dead. When I gave my son to his country I gave him to my God. After his departure I felt an assurance that God had accepted the gift for His own service." Though months rolled away before my return, she was never known to despond. Our meeting was one of great joy and thankfulness. Remaining home some time, with recruited health, I entered on the practice of physic in Orangetown, then called Tappan, New York. In 1782 I married Miss Cornelia Vavasour, only child of Captain Josiah Vavasour.

I continued——

Here the narrative ends.

In the year 1783 my great-grandfather decided to enter the ministry and was ordained by the First Baptist Church of New York, of which his father was pastor.

He was called in 1793 to take charge of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island, where he remained until his death, in 1828, a successful pastorate of thirty-five years. An able jurist has said:

When we consider Dr. Gano's early and surprising developments, having an extensive and very successful medical practice from his seventeenth to his twenty-third year, and his latest still successful efforts in the sacred profession of his better choice, after forty years of active ministration at God's holy altar, we may not feel surprised that the precocious boy only matured the man of no common capacity and acquirements, while his truthfulness, from early life until its close, marked the stamp of his moral worth upon all his intercourse with society; and it was not a solitary expression in courts of justice, where Gano was known by different persons, to vouch for a given statement by saying, "It is as true as if Dr. Gano had said it."

His letters written to his "dear children" are very interesting, and show that love for his God, love for his family, and love for his native land was the ruling motive of his life.

In a letter written in January, 1808, he says:

Your visit to the tomb of the great and illustrious Washington must have filled your mind with indescribable emotions. As I passed it last spring on the Potomac to Alexandria, I recalled many ancient scenes. Should war be the fate of this country, may we have a second like him to lead a people so highly favored of heaven to honor and happiness.

An extract from his funeral sermon, preached on August 2, 1828, by the Rev. Daniel Sharp, of Boston, says:

He was ever ready at the call of the sons and daughters of affliction, although they might be friendless and poor and dwelling in the obscure retreats of vice and wretchedness. When the pestilence that walketh in darkness and rageth at noonday made desolate many of your dwellings it can never be forgotten by some of you that he not only administered medicine to the poor, who were diseased, but personally tended them when, through fear, they were forsaken by their neighbors and friends. While living he received the blessing of many who were ready to perish, and now that he is dead we will treasure up the memory of his virtues as a precious legacy designed for our good.

CORNELIA VAVASOUR WASHBURN.

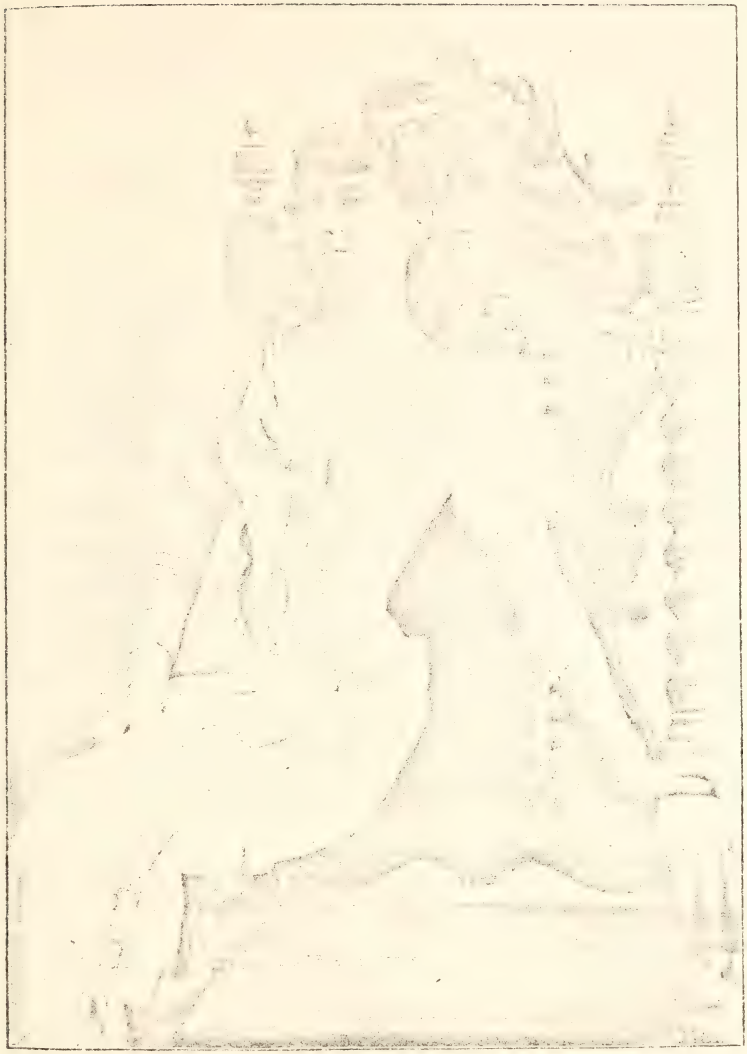
MRS. GEORGIA H. STOCKTON HATCHER,

REGENT OF THE GENERAL DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, OF LAFAYETTE, INDIANA,

Whose portrait appears on the opposite page, was born in that city July 11, 1864, and is of New Jersey Revolutionary stock. In 1883 she graduated from the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which is the oldest institution of the kind in this country, the school having been turned into a soldiers' hospital during the Revolution.

In 1889 she became the wife of Mr. Robert Stockwell Hatcher, of Lafayette, and after a long residence in France and other European countries, returned to her native city.

Mrs. Hatcher was commissioned as Chapter Regent by the National Board June 1, 1893, and on April 21, 1894, she organized the General de Lafayette Chapter, at Lafayette, Indiana, which is in a flourishing condition, with a membership of twenty-seven enthusiastic Daughters.



MRS. GEORGIA H. STOCKTON HATCHER,

REGENT GENEAL DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

Old Letters and History of Firesides.

JOURNAL OF SARAH WINSLOW DEMING, 1775.

TO NIECE SALLY COVERLY.

The following journal was written by Mrs. John Deming, of Boston, the daughter of John Winslow and Sarah Pierce. Mrs. Deming was born August 22, 1722, and died March 10, 1788:

My Dear Niece:

I engaged to give you & by you your papa and mamma some account of my peregrinations with the reasons thereof. The *cause* is too well known to need a word upon it.

I was very unquiet from the moment I was informed that *more troops* were coming to Boston. 'Tis true that those who had wintered there had not given us *much molestation*, but an *additional strength* I dreaded, and determined if possible to get out of their reach, and to take with me as much of my little interest as I could. Your uncle Deming was very far from being of my mind, from which has proceeded those difficulties which peculiarly related to myself—but I now say not a word of this to him; we are joint sufferers, and no doubt it is God's will it should be so.

Many a time have I thought that could I be out of Boston, together with my family and my friends, I could be content with the meanest fare and slenderest accomodation. Out of Boston, out of Boston at almost any rate—away as far as possible from the infection of small pox & the din of drums & martial musick, as it is called, and horrors of war—but my distress is not to be described—I attempt not to describe it.

On Saterday, the 15th April p. m., I had a visit from Mr. Barron. I never saw him with such a countenance.

The Monday following, April 17, I was told that all the boats belonging to the men of war were launched on Saterday night

while the town inhabitants were sleeping, except some faithful watchmen who gave the intelligence. In the evening Mr. Deming wrote to Mr. Withington of Dorchester to come over with his carts the very first fair day (the evening of *this* day promising rain on the next, which accordingly fell in plenty) to carry off our best goods.

On Tuesday evening, 18 April, we were informed that the companies above mentioned were in motion, that the men of war boats were rowed round to Charlestown ferry, Barton's Point and bottom of ye common, that the soldiers were run thro the streets on tip toe (the moon not having risen) in the dark of ye evening; that there were a number of handcuffs in one of the boats, which were taken at the long wharf, & that two days' provision had been cooked for 'em on board one of the transport ships lying in ye harbor. That whatever other business they might have, the main was to take possession of the bodies of Mess. Adams & Hancock whom they & we knew where they were lodged. We had no doubt of the truth of all this, and that expresses were sent forth both over the Neck & Charlestown ferry to give our friends timely notice that they might escape. N. B.—I did not git to bed this night till after 12 o'clock, nor to sleep till long after that, and then my sleep was much broken as it had been for many nights before.

Early on Wednesday, the fatal 19th April, before I had quited my chamber, one after another came running to tell me that the king's troops had fired upon & killed 8 of our neighbors at Lexington in their way to Concord.

All the intelligence of this day was dreadful. Almost every countenance expressing anxiety and distress: but description fails here. I went to bed about 12 o. c. this night, having taken but little food thro the day, having resolved to quit the town before the next setting sun, should life and limbs be spared me. Towards morning I fell into a profound sleep, from which I was waked by Mr. Deming, between 6 and 7 o. c. informing me that I was Gen. Gage's prisoner all egress & regress being cut off between the town and the country. Here again description fails. No words can paint my distress. I feel it at this instant (just eight weeks after) so sensibly that I must pause before I proceed.

This was Thursday, 20th April. About 9 o. c. a. m. I was told the way over the Neck was opened for foot passengers but no carriage was permitted to cross the lines. I then determined to try if *my feet* would support me thro, tho I trembled to such a degree that I could scarce keep my feet in my own chamber, had taken no sustenance for the day & very sick at my stomach. I tyed up a few things in my handkerchief, put on my cloak & was just setting out upon my march with Sally & Lucinda [Sallie her niece, Lucinda her slave servant] when I was told that carriages were allowed to pass. By this time I was so faint that I was obliged to sit down. Mr. Scollay, Mrs. Sweetser and who else I remember not, advised me to stay where I was, reconing Boston the safest place for me, but I had no faith in their opinion. I had been told that Boston would be an Alceldama as soon as the fresh troops arrived, which Mr. Barron had told me were expected every minute. I therefore besought Mr. Deming to get a carriage for me. I had then heard that carriages were permitted to pass and carry me off with my frighted girls, and set me down anywhere out of Boston. He went out forth and over awhile & returned and told me there was not a carriage or another to be got for love or money: ah can any one that has not felt it know my sensation? Surely no. Mr. D. threw himself into the easy chair & said he had not strength enough to move another step. I expected to see Sally fall into hysterick fitts every minute, Lucinda holding herself up by any thing she could grasp. I bid her however git us some elixir drops & when we had taken it in a little wine mixed with water which happened to be boiling I prayed Mr. D. once more to let us try to get off on foot. He said he would presently & see me out but positively he would come back again. There is no describing my sensations. *This moment* I thot the *crisis*, the *very crisis*. I had not walked out at the top of the Court since last October. I went down and out to the edge of the street where I saw and spoke with several friends near as unhappy as myself, in a few moments the light of a chaise, which I engaged to take me off when it returned from Roxbury where it was going with women and children, this somewhat lightened me. Before this chaise returned Mr. Deming engaged another & while we were waiting I might have packed up many necessaries but nobody had any busines

that day—there was a constant coming and going; each hardered the other: some new piece of soldier barbarity that had been perpetrated the day before, was in quick—— [Here ends the narrative.—ED.]

THE REMEMBRANCER.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON 1777.

PHILADELPHIA, *August 21st*, 1776.

Last Saturday, George Morgan arrived here from the westward. Whilst at one of the Shawanese towns on the Scioto, he received intelligence of three of the Six Nation warriors having passed by there with two prisoners taken sixteen days before from Virginia. Mr. Morgan followed, and got to their town before them, and prevented the usual punishment of the prisoners upon their entry, and insisted upon their being immediately given up, unless they intended this breach of peace as a declaration of war. All the head men of the Six Nations, Shawanese, and Delawares were called together, and behaved very friendly. The prisoners were given up to Mr. Morgan. They were twin sons of Mr. McConnel, late of Pennsylvania, who removed last winter to Lees Town, on Kentuke River.

Mr. Morgan brought them to Pittsburgh, and gave them to their uncle in Westmoreland County. Since this affair a small party of the Shawanese returning from the Cherokee Country, scalped two persons near Big-stone Lick. A treaty is to be held at Pittsburgh with the Western nations the beginning of October.

NOTE.—This was very characteristic of Colonel Morgan. He had more influence with the Indians than any one in Pennsylvania.

Contributed by— MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON,
Historian of the Pittsburg Chapter, D. A. R.

WASHINGTON, *Aug't 23d*, 1845.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:

I received your valued letter from the hand of my kind Mrs. Washington and soon after took my pen to greet you with thanks for it, but the heat admonished me to wait a cooler moment when I might be better able to express my feelings on its

portrait, but as yet it has "been a vain waiting at the water-edge."

I hope you found your dear daughter in good health—as well as that estimable son, whom you hastened to meet. How delighted I should have been to have seen them and you, at the same time. I have had the pleasure to see Mrs. Washington look better than before her short illness—you must not therefore be uneasy about her. Her excellent husband knows how to preserve her health, and his own too—this is what I hope from the bottom of my heart. Accept this little note my own dear friend as a harbinger of a better one

From your constant D. P. MADISON.

To Mrs. R. B. LEE, *Prince William, Va.*

As old letters from historical personages appear to be of interest to the readers of the Magazine, I inclose two from a number written by Mr. and Mrs. Madison to my grandfather, Richard Forrest. The one from Mrs. Madison refers to the birth of my mother, Mary Forrest, who married Fleet Surgeon John A. Kearney, U. S. N. KATE KEARNEY HENRY.

26 SEPT'R, 1807.

I most sincerely congratulate you my dear friend on the acquisition you have announced to me this morning. May the Horoscope of your young daughter be the most happy, may the bright aspect of her destiny be cronicled in unerring lines. Adieu, kiss the Parent and child for one who sighs to see them.

I inclose you one more packet for Mr. M. I cannot doubt but the others have reached him safely thro your hands, we expect to set out on the 1st day of Oct. and it will take us 4 days to complete the journey.

Truly yours, DOLLY MADISON.

Mr. RICHARD FORREST.

TO MRS. FORREST.

'Twere fair to thee I send
The offering humble of a tender friend
With many pious wishes for thy house
From husband, children to the little mouse.

D. M.

MONTPELIER, *Sept.* 23, 1828.

DEAR SIR:

I received your favor of the 5th when I was prevented from acknowledging it by a bilious attack, which has left me but little fitted even yet, for the use of the pen. The letter you enclosed from Mr. Rich holds out an interesting opportunity for valuable acquisitions to learned Libraries, but I fear the scanty resources of our university will deprive it of a share in them. Maryland it seems is more fortunate in her corn crop than the greater part of Virga where the drought has been intense. The Tobo crop tho not as short as your estimate of that in Maryland, suffered so much in the outset from the same causes, and from the want of rain thro the whole season, that it will make a poor figure in the market. In this particular neighborhood if the frost spares us for ten days, and the weather be otherwise favorable, we shall be *comparatively* well off.

You say nothing of your health, I hope our mineral fountains, and mountain climate, did for it all that was necessary, and that you will not forget the road to a remedy should you again need it. I beg you to present me in the best terms & with my best wishes to Mrs. Forrest & the young ladies in which Mrs. Madison cordially unites, and to receive for yourself my continued esteem, and friendly respects.

JAMES MADISON.

RICHARD FORREST, Esq.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE enters upon its third year with this number, July, 1894. It is to-day the only Magazine in this country which is exclusively devoted to American History. It is not a reproduction of the "Magazine of American History," but the same result will be accomplished.

It seemed almost a national loss when the publication of that Magazine ceased, and we feel sure that the public will be gratified to know that the readers of history will find a fountain to draw from in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

This Magazine will be in the future historical, genealogical, and biographical in scope as it has been in the past, including traditions, old manuscripts and letters, and notes and queries.

A department of "What we are Doing" will keep every Chapter in touch and cognizant of all the good work that is going on.

That of "Questions and Answers" will be the medium of much useful information.

In fact, we hope to leave nothing undone that will broaden our knowledge of the history of our country.

Particularly do we trust this will appeal to all members of patriotic Societies, and that the "Sons," "Dames," and "Daughters" will unite in the support of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Historic reading to-day is largely taking the place of fiction. When the Life of Peter the Great was printed a few years ago as a serial in Harper's Magazine it was the first history published by them since that of Napoleon, twenty years before. This change is also noted in the historical societies springing up all over the land. All this shows the trend of public thought and the change in the taste of the people in the last decade.

Let us urge to all lovers of home and country that they let not one jot or tittle that will add to the history and the glory of our country be lost, but send it to the Editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, that its pages shall glow with gems of as yet unpublished history, and individual research be rewarded by helping to place on record all acts of bravery and valor by our

patriotic ancestors, who were instrumental in founding and building up this the greatest Nation of the earth.

We will not falter in our undertaking to conduct this Magazine when assured we have with us the patriotic, earnest Daughters of the American Revolution.

THIS SOCIETY can well congratulate itself upon its good fortune in securing the aid of so able a corps of Associate Editors.

Miss Jane Meade Welch needs no introduction to the readers of United States history. Her lectures upon historical matters have made her name a household word, and what she will give to the readers of the Magazine will be for the upbuilding of our Society by broadening its intelligence upon themes that favor the making of a great Republic.

Margaret Sidney (Mrs. D. Lothrop) has been well known in the literary world for many years. The rock-ribbed coast of New England has never given forth uncertain sounds in patriotism, and "Stone-Wayside," the home of Hawthorne, through the pen of this graceful occupant and writer, will keep New England's record green. She draws deeply from wells of inspiration through the very atmosphere she breathes, and the pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY will hold her chalice to the lips of its readers.

Kate Foote, whose letters from Washington to the New York Independent have kept its readers in touch with Congress and enlightened upon all the topics of the day, political, social, or historical, will dip her pen occasionally into the fountains of forgotten history and introduce to us old friends in a new dress until even the Constitution and Declaration of Independence will be made attractive in new attire.

WILL NOT every member of the Society help those who are trying to help them in carrying forward this Magazine by securing at least one subscriber and one advertisement?

IF YOU wish information on any historical questions, write to the Magazine.

IF INFORMATION is wanted relating to the Board or the Society at Large, send your queries to the Magazine.

CHAPTERS.

CINCINNATI CHAPTER, at their last monthly meeting, held May 7, 1894, received the following communication:

I ask the privilege of presenting to the Chapter, in commemoration of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga May 10, 1775, a gavel made from a piece of magnolia wood broken from the last tree planted by General George Washington at Mount Vernon.—MARGARET C. MOREHEAD.

Mrs. Brent Arnold, Regent of the Chapter, responded as follows:

Mrs. M. C. Morehead, again you have honored the Cincinnati Chapter by presenting it with a beautiful gift, another evidence of your generosity and patriotism. This exquisite gavel, made from a branch of the magnolia tree planted by Washington at his beloved Mount Vernon, will ever be prized by us as a token of your interest and for the sentiment which attaches to it. In accepting it the eloquent tribute paid to the character of Washington as a magistrate by President Andrew Jackson, at the dedication of the first monument to Mary Washington, seems most appropriate to quote:

"He possessed unerring judgment (if that term can be applied to human nature), great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject, and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution which nothing could change but a conviction of error."

May the Daughters who wield this gavel when presiding over the meetings of this Chapter strive to emulate these noble qualities, and hold as a bright exemplar the character of Washington, the greatest of America's patriots.

On motion, the above note of presentation, together with Mrs. Arnold's address of acceptance, was ordered forwarded to THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE with a description of the gavel appended.

During a severe storm a portion of the last tree (a magnolia) planted by George Washington at Mount Vernon was blown down. Mrs. H. B. Morehead, Corresponding Secretary of the Cincinnati Chapter, at once wrote to know if she could secure

enough of the wood for a gavel, and our beautiful gavel is the result of her forethought and generosity. It is highly polished, beautifully finished, mounted with solid silver, and inscribed as follows: "Presented to the Cincinnati Chapter, D. A. R., by Margaret C. Morehead, May 10th, 1894."—HARRIET FISHER GREVE, *Historian*.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—A preliminary meeting of those interested in forming a Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held June 16 at the home of the Chapter Regent, Mrs. James Hicks, Piqua, Ohio.

The ladies had been invited to meet Mrs. Brent Arnold, the Regent of the Cincinnati Chapter.

Mrs. Arnold gave a most interesting talk on the object of the Society and the work that has already been accomplished.

She also told us of the work of the Cincinnati Chapter. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one. Thirty ladies were present, and, with the house beautifully decorated with flags, the patriotic music with which we were welcomed, and the delightful talk of Mrs. Arnold, all felt great enthusiasm and pride to be enrolled as members of such an organization.

A large Chapter will be the result of this meeting.

After the talk refreshments were served, and the morning was an altogether profitable and enjoyable occasion.

The ladies present were Mesdames Morse, Grafflin, Pursell, Whitlock, Barber, Machir, McKinney, Frame, Geyer, Statler, Stuart, and Patterson; Mrs. Thomas, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Morris, of Cleveland; Mrs. Jordan, of Chicago; Mrs. Kiplinger; the Misses Barber, Grafflin, Battelle, Hall, Wood, Snyder, Munger, and Miss Martha Norton, of Montgomery, Alabama.—SECRETARY *pro tem*.

ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER, *of Groton and Stonington*.—The regular meeting of April 5 was postponed until April 12, on account of the sudden death of one of its charter members, when a large company gathered in the beautiful rooms of the Bill Memorial Library, under the shadow of the Groton monument. The Regent, Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb, presided,

and alluded feelingly to the sad loss which had come to this Chapter since its last meeting by the death on April 2 of Mrs. Lucy Denison Bill. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of our great sorrow and esteem for the one who has gone from us, but whose unselfish thought for others and whose quiet deeds of kindness will long remain a pleasant memory to all who were privileged to be her friends. The Regent gave a very delightful report of the recent National Congress at Washington, bringing before us, briefly but clearly, the most important and interesting events of its meetings. Mrs. C. B. Whitman, with a few bright words, presented to Mrs. Slocomb a gavel made from a piece of one of the oak rafters in Mother Bailey's house, not only to be used by the Regent in her capacity of presiding officer, but to be retained by her as a souvenir of the loving regard and appreciation of this Chapter. Although a complete surprise, Mrs. Slocomb responded with ready and graceful words of thanks. Fourteen new names were added to the constantly increasing list of members, and the meeting adjourned to assemble a week later in the pleasant home of one of our Stonington members, Mrs. Franklin B. Noyes. At this meeting reports were read from the different officers and an interesting sketch of the life of Anna Warren Bailey, written by the Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Baker. Several committees were appointed and the names of seven new applicants proposed. Since its formation, last September, this Chapter has grown at a phenomenal pace, and nothing dampens the ardor and enthusiasm of its members. Not even the dense fog that swept in from the sea, separating this old town from the rest of the world by its impenetrable gray walls, could in the least detract from this very interesting and enjoyable meeting.—JULIA OWEN AVERY, *Secretary*.

RUTH HART CHAPTER. *Meriden, Connecticut.*—One of the very pleasant and interesting gatherings of this Chapter was the reception given by Mrs. B. C. Kennard, the treasurer, at her pleasant home on Broad street. It was in honor of Mrs. Betsy Parker Jerralds, honorary member of the Chapter, on her eighty-seventh birthday anniversary, which occurred on May 1.

Mrs. Kennard was assisted in receiving by the Regent, Mrs. L. E. Coe, and the Vice-Regent, Mrs. G. C. Merriam. After the introductions a very enjoyable musical programme was rendered, including a duet, "Our Western Land," and closing with the national song, "America," after which a dainty repast was served.

Nearly every member of the Chapter responded to the invitation and Mrs. Jerralds was the recipient of many happy wishes during the afternoon, while the ladies received many pleasant words from their honored and aged member.

Mrs. Jerralds is the daughter of Stephen Parker, who enlisted in the army when but sixteen years of age. Many incidents connected with his life are vividly remembered by his daughter. He was present at the execution of Major André, and, as Mrs. Jerralds says:

His face would glow with pride when he told us of the three young men who captured him, and, though they were poor, would not release him for any bribe and sell their country and their honor for gold.

Continuing, Mrs. Jerralds said:

The name of George Washington was always sacred on his lips, and he never tired of telling us of his brave and good deeds. He often repeated the old poem entitled "A New Song," the first verse of which runs—

Old England forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
She aimed at us a mighty blow,
But God was our defender.

At one time, when my father's regiment had been two days without food, it was learned that a boat-load of turnips had arrived by the Hudson River. He was selected as the most trustworthy to go and purchase a part of this tempting food. Arriving at the banks of the Hudson, his purchase was soon made, but so hungrily did he look upon his precious store that the owner of the load presented him with two small ones, and often have I heard him say that never in his life had anything tasted so sweet to him as those two raw turnips.

My mother, who was Rebecca Ray, was living with her mother in New Haven when the British entered there. Their house was plundered of everything valuable, and the gold beads were stripped from her mother's neck and the silver buckles from her shoes, while a British officer stood with a drawn sword threatening her life if she made any resistance.

Mrs. Jerralds was born in Cheshire, in 1807, where her younger days were spent. Before her marriage to Thomas Jer-

fields, a minister of the New England Conference, she was teacher in one of the schools of Meriden. She has one brother living, the Hon. Charles Parker, Meriden's first mayor, who is now eighty-five years of age and a member of the local branch Sons of the American Revolution.

At the reception given in her honor she was presented by the Chapter with a gold official emblem of the Society.—JESSIE MAY SCHENCK, *Historian*.

THE AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, CHAPTER held, at the residence of Mrs. George G. MacWharter, Regent, April 19, a meeting commemorative of the Battle of Lexington. The Chapter bell, a miniature of the great Liberty bell, was received at this meeting, and was rung by thirteen strokes for the first time to celebrate the first battle of the great Revolution that brought into being this Republic. The interest of the meeting was accentuated by the reading of an original paper on the battle of Lexington, different historical accounts of the battle, and last, but not least, Longfellow's poem, "Paul Revere's Ride."—SARAH D. A. MACWHARTER, *Regent*.

BRISTOL CHAPTER.—April 9 the members of the Bristol Chapter answered to the roll-call at half past three p. m., Miss A. B. Manchester presiding.

Letters in reply to a request for further information were read from a committee of the Sons of the American Revolution in Providence, Rhode Island, and in response a list of Revolutionary soldiers buried in this town was ordered prepared.

What should be the character and object of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE was then discussed at some length. It was resolved that, as the Magazine has been conducted satisfactorily this past year, in the opinion of the Bristol Chapter, they would like to see it continued in the same manner.

Miss Alice Louise Gardner read a paper upon "Revolutionary Women." She spoke of the women in the care and protection of their homes and in the peculiar trials of that day from slender resources and from attacks by the Indians. While denied the prominence given to their husbands and sons in the field, yet by wit and strategem, by self-denial and prudence combined, they

helped on wonderfully the patriot cause. Clever spies and good fighters, they made their impression upon the troublous times.

Miss Gardner gave many incidents of heroic deeds by the women of the Revolution, and prefaced her paper by the reading of a poem from an old newspaper, upon "The Invasion of Warren by the British in 1778."

GASPEE CHAPTER.—Patriots' Day was celebrated by the Gaspee Chapter by holding its regular meeting this morning at eleven o'clock, at the Rhode Island Historical rooms. In the absence of the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, Mrs. O. H. Washburn, Jr., presided. The roll was called and minutes of the last meeting read by the secretary, Miss Anne W. Stockbridge. A resolution was introduced to appropriate a certain sum of money to decorate the graves of Lafayette and Rochambeau, in Paris, in accordance with a request from Mrs. A. Livingston Mason.

A clause was introduced, to be inserted in the Constitution, creating the office of Historian, and Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker was elected to the office and also placed upon the Executive Committee. Mrs. Barker acknowledged the honor conferred upon her, and assured the Chapter that she appreciated it all the more because it was a complete surprise to her.

Miss Wheeler extended an invitation to the Chapter to visit her at her home in June. The invitation was accepted, upon motion of Miss Doyle, with cordial thanks. The reports of Miss Stockbridge and Mrs. D. Russell Brown, as delegates to the Third Continental Congress, was presented, and were very interesting to the members.

Miss Amelia S. Knight, State Regent, was present and gave the Chapter many valuable remarks upon the various subjects discussed.

An exceedingly appropriate and interesting paper for Patriots' Day was read by Mrs. James F. Robbins, a cousin of Miss Wheeler. Sketches were read by Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Martin, and Miss Stockbridge.

OWING to want of space, several notices of Chapter work have been unavoidably crowded out of this number. They will appear next month.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH W. COURTNEY.

At the anniversary meeting of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the residence of Mrs. James B. Oliver, Shields Station, Monday afternoon, June 11, the Registrar reported the death of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Courtney, a member of the Chapter and a descendant of Ensign Ward (also of Major Ward), who was in charge of the party engaged in building the first fort at the Forks of the Ohio—to hold that position for the British, when surprised by the French under Contrecœur, April 17, 1754, and obliged to surrender.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution express their profound sorrow for the death of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Courtney, a member of the Chapter, and tender to the bereaved family their sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the minute book of the Chapter and a copy of it sent to the family of Mrs. Courtney.

CHARLOTTE THRALL CHAFFEE.

The members of Ann Story Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, have been called to mourn the loss of their beloved associate, Mrs. Frederic Chaffee. The Chapter feels it to be right and fitting to commemorate in a few words in our official magazine a character which nature and grace and the discipline of life had so beautifully developed into a

> Perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, to command.

Mrs. Charlotte Thrall Chaffee was the descendant of two Revolutionary soldiers, Captain Nathan Gove and Captain Samuel Thrall. Her father, Reuben R. Thrall, died a few years ago at the age of ninety-two, being at the time of his death the oldest lawyer in active practice in the United States. His eldest

daughter, Charlotte, was born in 1832, in Rutland, and married to Frederic Chaffee in 1850. She survived her husband by some years and died April 9, 1894.

Her life was an uneventful one, spent in her native town, made up of the ordinary joys and sorrows of a daughter, wife, and mother, and yet so spent as to be a constant benefaction and joy to all who came within the circle of her influence.

> Nor did she ever learn to know
> That aught were easier than to bless.

Seldom are strength of character, soundness of judgment, and firmness of purpose united with so much charity, tolerance, and humility.

> On her lips was the law of kindness,
> And in her heart the law of love.

Through her whole life a devout and faithful member of the Episcopal Church, her sympathies knew no bounds of church or creed, and the whole community mourn her loss.

EMILY HOPKINSON SMITH,

Honorary Member of Martha Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, District of Columbia, was born May 21, 1804, and died January 7, 1894, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years seven months and seventeen days.

Her parents lived in Northampton County, Virginia, which was also her home until after the war, when she removed to Baltimore. Having lost her property by the war, she was received into the Louise Home, being one of its first inmates, and there remained until her death.

Her father, Isaac Smith, was son of that Isaac Smith who was a Delegate to the Convention held in Williamsburg, Virginia, August, 1774, which pledged itself not to trade with Great Britain; above all, not to use that detestable article, Tea, which had given the sister Colony of Massachusetts so much trouble. Through her father she was a lineal descendant of Sir George Yeardley, Governor of Virginia; of Lieutenant-Colonel John West, one of the family of the Lords De la Warr, and of Major-General John Custis, of "Arlington," and Colonel John Custis, of "Wilsonia;" also a descendant of Colonel Ed-

mund Scarborough, Surveyor-General of Virginia in 1663, and relative of Judge Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of War, who was killed on the Princeton, as well as other distinguished families.

Her mother, Maria Hopkinson, was a daughter of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who greatly aided the Revolution by his pen, having been noted as a satirist and poet. Among his writings was "The Battle of the Kegs." His brother, Joseph Hopkinson, was the author of "Hail Columbia." Their father was Judge Thomas Hopkinson, who came over from England, and died in Philadelphia in 1751. He was judge of the Admiralty Court and a member of the Provincial Council. Francis Hopkinson married Ann Borden, of Bordentown, New Jersey.

Miss Emily Smith was a remarkable woman, of great intelligence and force of character, who kept abreast of the times and in touch with all intellectual development. She was a consistent and earnest Christian and churchwoman and a firm believer in the teachings of the Bible. Her mind was clear and her faculties unimpaired up to the last moment.

As she related to her nieces, when she was a young girl she visited her grandmother at Bordentown and met Joseph Bonaparte quite frequently, was well acquainted with all the household of the exiled monarch, and danced with Prince Murat. She rode in the first railway car in the country, the one that ran between Baltimore and Ellicott City, and sent a message over the first telegraph wire.

Her reminiscences would have made an interesting book, and it is much to be regretted that she never wrote them for publication. It is undoubtedly well with her, but her death is a great loss to the Chapter and the Society.

ELIZABETH S. VREDENBURGH.

Died February 11, 1894, Elizabeth Hale Gilman, wife of John S. Vredenburgh, daughter of Benjamin Ives Gilman and Mary Elizabeth Miles, granddaughter of Benjamin Ives Gilman and Hannah Robbins, great-granddaughter of Joseph Gilman and Rebecca Ives, charter member of the Pequot Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Southport, Connecticut.

She inherited the patriotic blood of the families of Prince, Hinckley, Hale, Ives, Bethune, Robbins, and Gilman, all of which were prominent among the Puritan pioneers of America. Descended through a line of educated ancestors, she herself was highly educated. A devoted Christian, she was especially remarkable for her sympathy; a longing desire for the happiness of others, which produced in her a rare spirit of self-abnegation. These qualities beautifully developed all through her happy married life in Springfield and Chicago, Illinois. She loved "to waste her life for others." She went about doing good. Can we venture to say that we "mourn her loss," when we believe that the training and development of the life here have fitted her for fuller and more effective work in that

> Dear and blessed country,
> The home of God's elect?

MARY AUGUSTA SHERWOOD.

Mrs. Mary Augusta Hyde, widow of Edwin Sherwood, senior charter member of the Pequot Chapter of Southport, Connecticut, entered into rest January 5, 1894, in the eightieth year of her pilgrimage. Mrs. Sherwood's interest in the objects and aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution was spontaneous and enthusiastic, as well became the daughter and granddaughter of Joseph Hyde and Dr. Ebenezer Jesup.

For many years confined to her bed and suffering greatly from an exhausting disease, her mind and heart were nourished and enlarged by the exercise of a quick and all-embracing sympathy.

She always knew what movements were made in the social and especially in the religious progress of the world, and there are some to whom the thought of that sunny chamber brings a picture of its pale, cheerful occupant putting her thin, white hand under the pillow for her purse even before the request for aid was shaped. It is characteristic of her and of the care which surrounded her that the bills, so cordially and generously given, were always crisp and new. One who knew her well and went home before her, said, in answer to a comment upon her wonderful, brave endurance and cheerfulness, "There

three generations of faith and prayer behind her." To her, as to them, the love of country and home and desire for their welfare was part of the religion which was her life.

One of her latest gifts was to the Pequot Chapter for its stationery outfit. When one whose years have long passed the Psalmist's limit is released, those who are left behind, putting away the sense of personal loss and grief of parting, must rejoice that she has the blessedness of those who rest from their labors, whose works do follow them.

OFFICIAL.

MAY 9, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Gannett, Dr. McGee, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Washington, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Keim, Miss Miller, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Crabbe, State Regent of Washington State. Mrs. Johnson, member of the Advisory Board, was also present.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Heth was called to the Chair.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of May 3, 4, and 5, which were accepted

The nomination of Mrs. Edward Goodfellow as Recording Secretary-General was confirmed, and she was presented to the Board and welcomed by the same.

The Registrars presented the names of thirty-four applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society, which were accepted.

Mrs. Mann reported that she had issued ten permits for badges.

The Regent for the District presented an application for the formation of a new Chapter to be formed in the District, to be called "The Army and Navy Chapter," Mrs. Hager as Regent.

Miss Desha stated that there are certain records of the War Department which, if not bound, will undoubtedly be destroyed, the same being of great value to the Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution; she therefore moved that the Daughters of the Ameri-

...n Revolution join with the Sons of the Revolution and have these records preserved. Motion carried.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the Corresponding Secretary-General inform the Sons of the action of the Board. Motion carried.

Upon motion of Miss Miller, $50 was appropriated to be expended in the purchase of books for the Library.

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization presented the names of Mrs. Mary E. Bartlett Barnes, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, as Regent of that Territory, and Mrs. Mary D. Wasson, of Great Falls, as State Regent of Montana. She also offered the following report:

"Since February 24, when I was elected to this office, fourteen State Regents have been appointed; nine of these States had no Regents; in three of them—Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa—the Regents were appointed to fill vacancies; in two of them—North Carolina and Oregon—the Regents were not elected at the Congress and have been confirmed by the Board since that time. Thirty-seven Chapter Regents have been confirmed. I have written two hundred letters and fifty postal cards." The report was accepted.

A letter from Miss McAllister, of New York, relative to forming a new Chapter in New York, was presented to the Board. Mrs. Dickins made the following motion:

"That the National Board direct the Vice-President in Charge of Organization to inform the State Regent of New York that the National Board does not consider it has the right to deny the application of twelve members to form a Chapter, and, when such Chapter is formed and makes application, the Board will confirm the elected Regent." Motion carried.

The Treasurer-General presented her report, which was accepted.

She submitted a letter from the Treasurer of the Continental Chapter, requesting the return of one-half of the life membership fee of Miss Louise Solger Codwise.

Mrs. Dickins moved "That the Treasurer-General be instructed to inform the Treasurer of the Chapter that when members join Chapters when they are already members of the National Society the half dues cannot be returned, especially in the case of life membership, as all life membership fees are invested in the Permanent Fund." Motion carried.

The Recording Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Wysong in regard to charter members, which the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to answer.

A letter was read from Mrs. Georgia H. S. Hatchen, of Lafayette, Indiana, relative to admitting the two granddaughters of Lafayette as honorary members of her Chapters. The Corresponding Secretary-General was authorized to respond.

Miss Desha presented a resolution which she desired to have referred to the Finance Committee, to be acted upon at the next meeting.

Dr. McGee moved that Mrs. Henry, Regent of the District, ascertain how many members constitute the Chapter of Continentals recently formed in this city, in order to know the amount of annual fees due from them to the Society. Motion carried.

Mrs. C. C. Snyder declined the nomination as Vice-President General.

A number of volumes of "A Century of Presidents" was presented to the National Society by Mrs. Mary L. Peter, of Buffalo, New York.

Mrs. Brackett moved that the election of the Executive Committee take place. The result of the ballot was as follows: Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Heth, and Miss Washington were elected.

Mrs. Gannett was nominated as Vice-President General.

Mrs. Keim nominated Miss Susan S. Clark, of Connecticut, as a member of the Advisory Board. Mrs. P. C. Cheney was nominated as Chairman of the Advisory Board.

The Board then adjourned till Friday, May 11, 1894.

MAY 11, 1894.

The adjourned meeting of the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Clark, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Miller, Dr. McGee, Miss Washington, Miss Mallet, and Miss Dorsey. Miss Susan Clarke, of Connecticut, member of the Advisory Board, was also present.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Clark was called to the Chair.

The Registrars presented the names of eleven applicants as eligible to membership.

Mrs. Geer, Vice-President in Charge of Organization, presented the names of Mrs. Henry C. Myers, as newly elected Regent for the Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, of Memphis, Tennessee. Mrs. Buchana, the present Regent, having resigned, and Mrs. George C. Ball appointed Chapter Regent for Birmingham, Alabama. The report was accepted.

The Corresponding Secretary-General presented her report, which was accepted.

The Finance Committee reported that "The Finance Committee declines to recommend to the National Board any change in the payment of dues, believing that such a recommendation would be contrary to the Constitution." (Signed) Miranda Tullock, Chairman; Alice M. Clark, Secretary. The report was accepted.

A communication was received from Mrs. Walworth in regard to the cover of the May and June numbers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Dr. McGee moved that the Corresponding Secretary-General be authorized to instruct the printer to have the June number issued as soon as possible, and, as Mrs. Walworth has not resigned as Editor, her name shall remain on the cover. Motion carried.

The report of the Magazine Committee was presented and the general form of the same was accepted. It was then discussed in sections, and, after correction, the Chairman was authorized to have the same printed, and that, with a constitution and a circular issued by the Printing Committee, be sent under the same cover to each member of the Society, the envelopes for the same to be addressed at the price of $1.50 per thousand.

It was moved and carried that all checks for subscriptions for the Magazine shall be made payable to the Business Manager of the Magazine, at 1416 F street, merely, the name of the Manager not being necessary.

It was moved and carried that any Daughter of the American Revolution authorized to act as agent for the Magazine may retain twenty cents as commission on each new subscription.

Miss Dorsey moved that all Daughters be offered 10 per cent on all new advertisements.

Mrs. Brackett, on behalf of the Dolly Madison Chapter, extended to the National Board an invitation to celebrate the birthday of Dolly Madison on the 22d of May, 1894, at Chevy Chase. The invitation was appreciated and accepted.

Miss Desha offered the following amendment to the By-Laws, of which notice had been given at a previous meeting:

"ARTICLE XVIII. Any member conducting herself, either at the Chapter meetings or elsewhere, in a way calculated to disturb the harmony of the Society or to impair its good name or prosperity or to injure the reputation of any member thereof may, after thorough investigation, be reprimanded, suspended, or expelled, as the National Board may decide." Amendment accepted.

The Board then adjourned.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General.

THURSDAY, *June* 7, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Desha, Miss Washington, acting State Regent of New Jersey; Miss Mallett, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Crabbe, State Regent for Washington; Dr. McGee, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wilbur, Miss Dorsey. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Foot, members of the Advisory Board, and Mrs. Lemman were also present.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of May 9 and 11, which were accepted as corrected.

The Corresponding Secretary-General presented, for the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters, the names of the following ladies appointed as Regents of Chapters and States: Mrs. Francis P. Burrows as State Regent for Michigan; Mrs. M. M. Parmer as State Regent of Nebraska. Mrs. Mathes, State Regent of Tennessee, presents the name of Ellen D. Carter as Chapter Regent of Elizabethton, Tennessee; Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, State Regent of Georgia, presents the

name of Mrs. W. O. Tuggle as Chapter Regent at La Grange, Georgia; Mrs. R. C. Neely as Chapter Regent of Waynesboro, Georgia. Mrs. Wm. M. Stryker, acting State Regent of New Jersey, presents the name of Mrs. Mary Scudder Jameison as Chapter Regent at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Miss Alice Key Blunt, State Regent of Maryland, resigned her position. Her resignation was accepted with regret.

Before her resignation, the Regent of Maryland inquired by letter if the Regents of States are members of local Board of Chapters. The Corresponding Secretary-General was instructed to inform her and others making the same inquiry that State Regents have no more authority in Chapters than any other member.

Chapters have been organized at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Sing Sing, New York; at Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, named "Valley Forge," and at Newport, Kentucky. The report was accepted.

The Registrars-General presented the names of 554 applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society, which were accepted.

Statement of the Treasurer-General.

Balance for May 4, 1894		$3,217 39
Received fees and dues		1,408 00
Magazine		58 65
Life membership		50 00
Charters		20 00
Rosettes		66 00
Harrison portrait		50
Paid Capital Publishing Company	$1,076 52	
Postage and office expenses	382 35	
Roberts, printing certificates, circulars, and stationery	511 50	
Rent of office, two months	86 50	
Dues returned	18 00	
Portrait of Mrs. Harrison	50	
Permanent fund	185 65	
Disbursements	$2,261 02	
Balance June 7, 1894	2,716 27	
	$4,977 29	$4,977 29

1894.				
May 4.	By amount to credit to permanent fund			$1,641 07
May 24.	To purchase (with concurrence of Finance Committee) 6 per cent. note of J. O. Johnson, June 8, 1893, secured by deed of trust on south grounds of Columbian University, guarantee by A. S. & T. Co.	$1,500 00		
	To accrued interest from December 8, 1893, to May 24, 1894	41 75		
	To cost of guarantee, A. S. & T. Co.	15 00		
		$1,556 75		
June 4.	To balance cash on hand to June 4, 1894	87 32		
		$1,644 07		$1,644 07

MIRANDA TULLOCK.

The Corresponding Secretary presented the following report for the month ending May 1, 1894:

Application blanks issued	2,692
Constitutions	3,958
Letters written	106
Postals written	21
Rosettes sold, 115, at 30 cents each	$34 50

Mrs. Goodfellow offered the following resolution, which was accepted: "That Chapters be advised to have a Committee of Safety to decide on admitting to Chapter membership those who are already members of the National Society."

Letters were read from Mrs. Lockwood, accepting the position of Editor of the Magazine; from Mrs. Foster, of Indiana, and Mrs. Kerfoot, of Illinois, accepting positions on Committee on National Hymn, and from Mrs. Stanford, declining to serve on Committee on Colonial Home.

The Corresponding Secretary presented to the National Society, on behalf of the Marquis de Lafayette Chapter, three medals, which were accepted with thanks.

Invitations were extended to the Society to be present at the celebration of the Battle of "Fallen Timbers" at Toledo, Ohio; also a celebration to be held June 14 at Dobbs Ferry, New York. Both invitations were accepted with thanks.

Letters received from Mrs. Bacon, of South Carolina; Miss Hetty I. Stiles, and Miss L. S. Codwise (on behalf of the Con-

(Central Chapter) relative to Mrs. Morgan being made a charter member.

It was moved and carried that the Corresponding Secretary answer inquiries in regard to this matter by explaining that Mrs. Morgan's name had been omitted in making up the roll of charter members, although she was then a member of the Society.

Letter was read from Mrs. Green, of Massachusetts, objecting to Board of Management petitioning Congress to appropriate money for monuments. The Regent of Massachusetts was informed that the Board had not petitioned Congress for money, but had joined other patriotic associations in requesting Congress to favorably consider a bill already presented to that body by Senator Gorman, on behalf of the people of Maryland, to commemorate the Maryland Line.

The President-General presented the additional names:

On the Colonial Hall Committee: Mrs. William Wirt Henry, Virginia, in place of Mrs. Leland Stanford, resigned.

Committee on National Hymn: Mrs. Burdett, Vermont; Mrs. Maddox, California; Mrs. Churchman, Delaware.

Committee on University, United States: Mrs. Shippen, New Jersey; Mrs. Bacon, South Carolina.

The Board then adjourned till June 8, 1894.

FRIDAY, *June* 8, 1894.

The adjourned meeting of the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Brackett, Miss Desha, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Washington, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Henry, Miss Miller, Mrs. Goodfellow. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Foot, members of the Advisory Board, were also present.

Prayer was offered by the President-General.

The Recording Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Walworth, inclosing receipts for two thousand dollars paid to Mr. Huntington for Mrs. Harrison's portrait, leaving five hundred dollars to be paid, two hundred of which had been paid.

Mrs. Clark offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the National Board of Management recommend that all members of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, observe the fourteenth day of June of each year as "Flag Day," displaying the national emblem upon their homes.

Resolution adopted and Corresponding Secretary instructed to publish this in daily papers.

A book, entitled "Poems of the Revolution," was presented by Miss Julia Clinton Jones to the National Society. Accepted with thanks.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Pryor, of New York, in regard to forming a Chapter in that city. The Board instructed the Corresponding Secretary to refer Mrs. Pryor to the minutes of May 9th, which contain a resolution on this subject, offered by Mrs. Dickins.

The nomination of Mrs. Gannett as Vice-President General, made at a previous meeting, was confirmed.

The matter of the Business Manager of the Magazine was discussed. The appointment was left with Mrs. Lockwood.

Miss Desha was nominated to assume the entire business management of the office. Motion laid on the table.

Mrs. Lockwood stated that it was necessary to have a proof-reader for the Magazine, and she could secure the services of the same for $5 per month. The Treasurer was authorized to settle this bill monthly and all office expenses monthly without the signatures of other officers.

The following resolution was offered by Mrs. Henry and accepted: That the Editor of the Magazine be allowed $50 each month for the payment of business management and such other clerical assistance as she finds necessary.

It was moved and carried that all business be left in the hands of the Executive Committee during the summer, having only called meetings of said Committee.

Mrs. Ritchie, of Maryland, offered the following resolution:

Whereas the grave of General Smallwood is unmarked and will, unless it receives prompt attention, soon become undistinguishable, and as the Constitution declares the objects of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to be "to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, by the acquisition

protection of historic spots and the erection of monuments" (Art. I, clause I, Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution), therefore—

Resolved, That the President-General be requested to appoint a Committee to visit the grave of General Smallwood and determine what measures shall be taken to mark it in a manner befitting his historic services to the cause of American Independence.

Resolution accepted.

The President-General appointed the following Committee: Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Henry, Miss Dorsey, and Miss Desha.

Mrs. Clarke presented to the Society, on behalf of Mr. R. E. C. Stearn, a portrait of his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Rand Carter. The portrait was accepted with thanks and referred to the Revolutionary Relics Committee.

The President-General requested Miss Washington to act as Chairman of that Committee during the absence of Mrs. Blount.

It was moved and carried that the Executive Committee be empowered to approve the minutes of the present meeting.

The President-General complimented the Board upon the splendid work done by its officers since the Congress.

The Board then adjourned. JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General.

The Board held a special called meeting.

The minutes of the meeting will be published after approval at the next meeting of the Board.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following list of books has been donated to the Library of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution:

Story of Mary Washington, by Marion Harland.

Song of America and Columbus, by Kinahan Cornwallis.

Conquest of Mexico and Peru, by Cornwallis.

Story of an Old Farm, by Andrew D. Mellick, Jr.

History of French Painting, by Mrs. C. H. Stranahan.

German Allied Troops in American War for Independence, by J. G. Rosengarten.

Christopher Gist's Journals, by William M. Darlington.

Rachel Du Mont, by Mary Westbrook.

Our Roll of Honor; or, Poems of the Revolution, by Julia Clinton Jones.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED FEBRUARY, 1894.

Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith	55 00

MAY, 1894.

A Friend of the Fund	25 00
Manchester Chapter, New Hampshire	25 00
Oneida Chapter, Utica, New York	20 00
Mrs. Elmes, New York	1 00
Mrs. D. M. Cooley, Dubuque, Iowa	5 00
Moline Chapter, Illinois	5 00
Mrs. A. J. Palmer, Portland, Maine	1 00
Mrs. Wilcox, Springfield, Massachusetts	50

JUNE, 1894.

Mrs. Baxter, Cheyenne, Wyoming	2 00
Mrs. H. L. Green, Boston, Massachusetts	3 00
Mrs. Samuel Eliot, Boston, Massachusetts	1 00
Mrs. J. H. Morrison, Boston, Massachusetts	1 00
Fairfield Chapter, Connecticut	4 00
Boudinot Chapter, Elizabeth, New Jersey	15 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,
Treasurer.

LINEAGE BOOKS.

The Lineage Books will be in no sense a biography. They merely are to keep a record of the genealogy of each member. The Historians were instructed to follow the exact line given in the application papers. This rule has been adhered to. It will be impossible to return each member's papers for additions or corrections, as that would hold the work back a long time and cause much trouble by the fact that the Lineage Books and application papers through which they were admitted to membership would not agree.

ERRATA.

ON page 258 (March number) the name of Miss Sarah C. Bernard is omitted as treasurer of Wiltwyck Chapter, Kingston, New York: also, on page 594 (May number), the vote on "lineal," in Wiltwyck Chapter, should read "31 to 7" instead of "31 to 30."

DOROTHEA SPOTTSWOOD HENRY.

BORN AUGUST 2, 1778.

THE DAUGHTER OF PATRICK HENRY.

American Monthly Magazine

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LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

LAFAYETTE is one of the few heroes who rise above national prejudice and vanities, and is esteemed for what he is, independently of the accidents of birth and clime. In the early days of chivalry Lafayette was a name synonymous with everything magnanimous and heroic.

At the battle of Minden, in 1758, a young and valiant Frenchman sacrificed his life. He was the first Marquis de Lafayette. At this time his son, Marie-Jean-Paul-Roch-Yves-Gilbert de Motier Lafayette, lay in his cradle, an infant seven months old.

His father's death thus occurring at the time of his infancy left him solely in the care of his mother, a woman of rare attainments. He was passionately fond of study, and at an early age his mind gave indications of its power. When he was about twelve years old he entered Louis le Grande College at Paris, where he pursued his studies with great zeal for a time, but his high rank and the immense wealth which he inherited after the death of his mother and grandfather gained him the attention of royalty, and the gayety of the French court drew him away from his studies. He was a great favorite at the court and became a page to Queen Marie Antoinette. He was fond of society, but his soul from earliest boyhood was fired with the themes of human well-being and despotic cruelty.

At the age of sixteen Lafayette married a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, his wife being two years his junior.

It was about this time that the Declaration of Independence was signed in America and the colonists began the struggle for freedom and a final separation from the mother country.

Men of high rank and standing espoused America's cause and came to aid her, Lafayette being prominent among them. It was he who said in a letter to the President of Congress:

The moment I heard of America I loved her; the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her, at any time or in any part of the world, will be among the happiest ones of my life.

Although he was a favorite with King Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, and did much to influence them in behalf of America, they did not approve of his plans for aiding her. However, he procured a vessel at his own expense, and, with several other brave companions, came to America, where they landed, at Charleston, South Carolina, the 14th day of June, 1777.

A letter to his wife describes Charleston as being one of the "best built, handsomest, and most agreeable cities" he had ever seen, and he considered the American women very pretty, and was charmed with the "extreme neatness of their appearance."

After some delay he left Charleston for Philadelphia. The party started out by carriage, but the journey was very wearisome, as the roads were bad and the weather unfavorable. He writes to his wife:

You know that I set out in a brilliant manner in a carriage, and I must now tell you that we are all on horseback, having broken the carriage according to my usual praiseworthy custom, and I hope soon to write to you that we have arrived on foot. The journey is somewhat fatiguing, but although several of my comrades have suffered a great deal, I have scarcely myself been conscious of fatigue. The farther I advance to the north, the better pleased I am with the country and its inhabitants. There is no attention or kindness that I do not receive, although many scarcely know who I am.

This was in many respects an inauspicious time for Lafayette to appear before Congress offering his services to this country, for that body had received so many offers of this kind from foreigners who were mere adventurers that they hesitated, and told him there was little hope of his request being granted. But his hopes were not entirely crushed by this cold reception, for with unfailing patriotism he seized his pen and wrote the following words to Congress:

After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors: one is to serve at my own expense, the other is to serve as a volunteer.

The character of this offer greatly astonished the members of

Congress and they immediately learned his worth, and accordingly passed the following preamble and resolution July 31, 1777:

Whereas the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal in the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections and, at his own expense, come over to offer his services to the United States without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:

Resolved, That his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connections, he have the rank and commission of a major general in the Army of the United States.

The first meeting between Washington and Lafayette was at a dinner party given in Philadelphia. In spite of the difference in their ages a strong friendship immediately sprang up between them. Washington invited Lafayette to make the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief his home at all times, but suggested that he could not offer him the luxuries of court or perhaps the comforts he had been used to, but since he had become an American soldier he doubtless would submit to their privations.

Lafayette's rank of major-general was purely honorary until after he had defeated the four hundred Hessians with a mere handful of men at Gloucester, and had fought so nobly by the side of Washington at the battle of Brandywine. Then Congress realized that we had a major-general in every sense of the word fighting for us, and no ordinary private, and immediately appointed him to the command of a division in the Continental Army.

It should be mentioned to his honor that he had already been entirely devoted to the cause of freedom and was subject to the rebuffs of the nation for whose sake he was an exile from princely affluence and domestic joy.

The Army had now taken up its winter quarters at Valley Forge, where they suffered greatly for the want of food and proper clothing. We are told that Lafayette fared no better than the soldiers, and it is a great relief to learn, what historians usually fail to record, that he relieved the suffering soldiers.

He fought at the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, and at the battle of Rhode Island, August 29 of that same year.

It was after the retreat of Rhode Island that Lafayette was stationed in Bristol, being sent here with the charge of Warren,

Bristol, and the Eastern Shore, making the Reynolds house his headquarters while there.

About this time news reached Lafayette that the French ministry were planning an attack upon England, on account of which he felt that his duty lay there, and he accordingly obtained a leave of absence from Congress. It was the same noble and unselfish motive as that which led him to come to America. He left with great reluctance, yet he felt it his duty to help his own country in time of trouble.

While he was making preparations for his departure he was taken ill with a fever which threatened to be fatal. The whole Army was very anxious about him, and it was with the keenest pleasure that the news of his recovery was received.

Congress voted to present him with a cane, which was sent him soon after his arrival in France. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, with designs representing the battles of Gloucester and Monmouth and the retreat of Rhode Island. It was presented to the Marquis by a grandson of Benjamin Franklin, with a letter by Benjamin Franklin himself, bearing these words:

> By the help of the exquisite artists France affords, I find it easy to express everything but the sense we have of your worth and our obligations to you.

Lafayette's ardor for the American cause did not cease while he was in France. So enthusiastic were his efforts in her behalf that the prime minister of France remarked, "He would unfurnish the palace of Versailles to clothe the American Army!" At which Lafayette replied, "I would!"

He finally received the glad news that the King had decided to aid the American cause, and when spring came would send to us six vessels and six thousand troops of infantry.

March 19, 1780, brought Lafayette himself to America, eager to tell his adopted father, Washington, what the King had promised. There was a universal holiday in Boston on the day of his arrival, but immediately after he was confronted with the destitute condition of our army, for which he at once gave one hundred guineas, in Madame Lafayette's name, as a relief fund.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the Revolution, it has been said, was due largely to La-

Greene's plans and stratagems. His fame was never tarnished by a single military blunder.

Great was the enthusiasm which greeted Lafayette on his second arrival home, December, 1781. Royal salons courted his presence, and highborn dames and gallant cavaliers vied to do him homage. Even sovereigns deigned to note with especial honor his return.

In August, 1824, Lafayette was invited by President Monroe to visit America as the Nation's guest. His private secretary and his son, George Washington Lafayette, were his companions. It was forty years since he had taken his sad leave of Washington, whom he had visited at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon three years after the war.

Little idea had the Nation's guest of the deep enthusiasm and joy with which he was to be welcomed in America. Crowds of people gathered at the City Hall in New York to catch a glimpse of him. He was greatly moved by the demonstration, and the tears fell down his face as he beheld those who had fought by his side on the battlefield.

The next place he visited was Providence, where a grand dinner was given in his honor. A sentiment given by Hon. Tristam Burgess was as follows:

Might the potentates of Europe but behold this republican spectacle in America they would then feel that the blaze of loyalty cannot warm like the ardor of patriotism, and realize how much less dear to the heart is the exacted homage of subjects than the spontaneous gratitude of free men. Our eyes and our hearts are turned to the same illustrious individual while we say:

All hail!
To the companion of Washington;
The fellow-soldier of Greene and Hamilton;
The friend of Freedom;
The citizen of Europe;
The guest of the United States:
General Lafayette!

Providence was filled with associations for Lafayette, for here such a warm welcome was given him during the war. He was always considered the life of the circle, and the houses of the best families were heartily thrown open to him, such as the Bowens, the Nightingales, the Browns, Fosters, Corliss, Jones,

Tillinghast, Madame Dexter, and others. He also found pleasure in visiting the pleasant home of William Field, of Field's Point, and the Garrison House, Cranston.

An old lady, who died some time ago, remembered distinctly having seen Washington, Lafayette, and other officers dancing at a ball given at the Garrison House, with swords dangling at their sides. The ladies present had powdered hair and wore spangled dresses.

His trip from Providence to Boston was a brilliant one. Crowds of people filled the streets from Roxbury to Boston Common. As they entered the Common the procession was stopped and a little girl was lifted into his carriage. After saying a few words she placed a laurel wreath upon his head, all of which affected Lafayette deeply, and he kissed the child and made a reply in language suitable for her years.

A collation was served in the Governor's dining marquee, which was 176 by 60 feet, where there were six tables 170 feet long, upon which were set 1,600 plates. His reception in Boston is thought by some to have been the finest which he had in this country.

However, as he passed through New York once more, before starting up the Hudson, a grand fête was given there in his honor, the following account of which was given in the "New York Evening Post" of 1824:

We hazard nothing in saying it was the most magnificent fête given under cover in the world. It was a festival that realizes all that we read of in Persian tales or Arabian Nights, which dazzled the eye and bewildered the imagination, and which produced so many powerful combinations by magnificent preparations as to set description almost at defiance. We never saw ladies more brilliantly dressed; everything that fashion and elegance could devise was used on the occasion. Their headdresses were principally of flowers, with ornamented combs, and some with plumes of ostrich feathers. White and black lace dresses over satin were mostly worn, with a profusion of steel ornaments, and neck chains of gold and silver, suspended to which were beautiful gold and silver badge medals, bearing a likeness of Lafayette, manufactured for the occasion.

The gentlemen had suspended from the buttonholes of their coats a similar likeness, and, with the ladies, had the same stamped on their gloves. A belt or sash, with the likeness of the General, and entwined with a chaplet of roses, also formed part of the dress of the ladies. Foreigners who were present admitted that they had never seen any-

being equal to this fête in the several countries from which they came—the blaze of light and beauty, the decorations of the military officers, the combinations of rich colors which met the eye at every glance, the brilliant circle of fashion in the galleries—everything in the range of sight being inexpressibly beautiful, and doing great credit and honor to the managers and all engaged in this novel spectacle. The guests numbered several thousand, but there was abundant room for the dancing, which commenced at an early hour and was kept up until about three o'clock in the morning.

The day after this celebration the steamer "James Kent" took Lafayette and party aboard at Castle Garden, where they started for Albany. Lafayette took great pleasure in pointing out to his son the places of interest along the way, such as the spot where Major André was arrested and Stony Point, where "Mad Anthony Wayne" captured the British.

As they came near West Point the air was rent with the cheers of the people. Colonel Thayer and the cadets received them and served a dinner in their honor in the mess-room, where many toasts were made to the General. They had suspended over his head an eagle grasping in its talons the word "Yorktown" and holding in its beak "September 6, 1777."

Old Fort Putnam, where Lafayette had been stationed during the Revolution, was visited by the party. The old Robinson house was seen at a distance, where Lafayette with Generals Knox and Washington were dining with Mrs. Arnold when the news of Arnold's treason reached them. Later on, when they were approaching Newburgh Point, Lafayette said to one of his party, Colonel Nicholas Fish, "Nick, do you remember when we used to ride down that hill with the Newburgh girls on an ox-sled?" The Colonel did remember the incident, and reminded Lafayette that some of those Newburgh girls had married distinguished men and were now venerable matrons.

Thus all along the way, at the different towns and hamlets, Lafayette was received with this same enthusiasm.

He next stopped at Albany, then at Troy, where he was received very prettily at the Troy Female Seminary by the principal and her pupils. The steps of the school ascended from either side, and on their front was placed an arch trimmed with evergreens, bearing the appropriate words:

> We owe our schools to freedom;
> Freedom to Lafayette.

The principal received Lafayette at the entrance of the seminary, and her pupils, who stood just within, sang the following verses, composed by herself:

And art thou, then, dear Hero come?
And do our eyes behold the man
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us ere yet our life began?
For us and for our native land
Thy youthful valor dared the war;
And now, in winter of thine age,
Thou 'st come and left thy loved ones far.

Then deep and dear thy welcome be;
Nor think thy daughters far from thee.
Columbia's daughters, lo, we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend!

No! 'twas the love of human kind;
It was the sacred cause of man;
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the Eternal Mind!
He shed his blood for all mankind.

After the song Lafayette was presented with a copy of it, printed on embossed paper, with a blue border. He afterwards asked for other copies that his daughters might have them. It is said that nothing had affected him more since his arrival in America.

He now began his journey southward toward Virginia. At Bergen he was the recipient of a gold-mounted cane, which was made from an apple tree under which Washington and himself had dined one day when they were passing through that place. "Lafayette" was written on the head of the cane, and around it the words—

Shaded the hero and his friend, Washington, in 1779. Presented by the corporation of Bergen in 1824.

In Philadelphia all the town was astir. A cutting from the "Clarion" or "Bristol County Advertiser" of 1824 gives the following:

General John Davis, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, who was a distinguished man in the war and an intimate of General Lafayette, has for a long time past been laboring under a paralytic stroke so severe in its

fects as to deprive him of speech. A few days since one of his family told him of the arrival of General Lafayette in this country; he immediately, as nature's last effort, exclaimed, "Is he here?" and the tears trickled down this aged patriot's cheeks; he was unable to utter more.

There was great eagerness to receive their Nation's guest in the best manner possible. An enormous civic arch was placed across the street in front of the State House, beautifully illuminated with various colored lamps. The expense for horses used on that occasion amounted to ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

At a dinner given of Lafayette in Philadelphia, when his son, George Washington Lafayette, was asked to respond to a toast, he put his hand to his heart and, struggling with his feeble command of English, said, "I am so happy to be the son of my father!" words which touched the hearts of the people more than the most fluent language.

The journey through Virginia was one of peculiar pleasure, it being the State in which he first took command in the Army.

At Mount Vernon he was presented with a gold ring, inclosing hair of Washington and his wife, by George Washington Parke Custis.

Lafayette was present at Yorktown when the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis took place. There, on the site of the redoubt where he had stood forty-three years before, he received those who had stood by his side and fought. A breakfast was served there that day under "the veritable tent of Washington," which added much to the impressiveness of the occasion. His headquarters at this time were the mansion of Governor Nelson.

At a fête given in his honor wax candles were used for illumination which had then been recently found in a chest left there by Cornwallis. Several of these were given to Lafayette, who took them to France and placed them in his museum at La Grange.

The citizens of Richmond celebrated Lafayette's coming by inviting a large number of Revolutionary veterans to receive their fellow-soldier as he entered the city. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe were present on that occasion.

This grand tour, which had taken our guest through "every State and nearly every city in the Union," ended in Washington, where the greetings of the people were as enthusiastic as they were the day he landed here.

It was voted by Congress to give him $200,000 as part payment for his services in this country. Forty years had passed since he had been in America, and he could now see what a growth the Republic had made.

Upon his birthday, which was the 6th day of October, at the eastern steps of the White House, President John Quincy Adams, in the presence of the officers of the Government and a vast concourse of ladies and gentlemen, bade the Nation's guest a final farewell in one of the most touching and eloquent addresses that had been delivered to him in all his travels through the United States. After this Lafayette made the following reply:

> God bless you, sir, and all who surround us! God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.

He embarked on the new frigate-ship "Brandywine," which had been named in his honor, her mast "bearing the Stripes and the Stars, her bosom to contain the person of our guest."

Before he was twenty-one years old he had devoted himself and his fortune to the American Colonies in their unequal conflict with the Mother Country for independence. After fighting gallantly by the side of Washington, he returned to France with the only reward he desired or valued—the gratitude of a free people.

He died May 20, 1834. His death caused sorrow in every heart; but nowhere more than in the United States. He was a man of whom it may be said, "Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

> I've marked his ardent, daring eye,
> In warrior's camp and battle cry,
> 'Midst clashing steel and murderous strife
> Of man to sever man from life.
>
> I've mark'd his sympathetic tear
> To fallen foes, and I revere

That sterling worth and nobleness
That help'd us in our sore distress.

If e'er's a boon to nation given,
Or mortal man from highest Heaven,
That boon is ours, and lingers yet—
Our country's glory—Lafayette.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS SKINNER.

TWO REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

THE following is a brief account of two soldiers of the Revolution, written not because they were distinguished or great, but just because they were examples of the spirit and tone of the common people, for the time has passed away forever when History concerned herself only with the heroic deeds of kings and knights and lords, and we realize that we can best understand any great struggle by the record of the popular sentiment; by the sacrifices the common people were willing to make for it. Of the two portraits in this sketch, one is that of a farmer, a true son of the soil, the other a mechanic in what was then the first town of importance in Massachusetts. Unlike in all other circumstances, yet animated by the same spirit of patriotism, with "unfailing loyalty they gave all they had to give to the cause of their country's independence."

Samuel Lawrence was the son of Captain Amos Lawrence, and descended from John Lawrence, who came over from England about 1630. John settled originally in Watertown near Boston, but afterwards removed to Groton, about thirty miles inland, and was one of the original proprietors. Some of his descendants of the eighth generation are still living there. Samuel was born April 24, 1754. He was consequently just twenty-one at the commencement of the War of Independence. The news of the Concord fight reached Groton about ten o'clock on the morning of the eventful 19th of April. Samuel was a corporal in one of the Groton companies of Minute Men, and as he was plowing his father's field in the sweet April sunshine, his neighbor, Governor Oliver Prescott, rode up, shouting,

"Samuel, the British are coming; notify your men!" Leaving the plow and mounting the general's horse, Samuel made a circuit of seven miles, calling on all the men of his company, and returned to his father's house in fifty minutes. The company met at the church, where a brief religious service was held, arms and ammunition were distributed, and at one o'clock the two Groton companies and the Pepperell company were on the road and marched with all possible dispatch to Concord and Lexington. They were, however, too late to take part in the battle, and so marched on to Cambridge, where were the headquarters of the American Army, and that night, which marked the commencement of the siege of Boston, the Middlesex companies were on duty guarding the roads which led to the town. And now the militia from far and near flocked to Cambridge. Most of the farmers, hastening from the fields, brought nothing with them but their guns and the clothes they had on. It was, therefore, a welcome sight when, as soon as he could collect a wagonload of provisions, Captain Amos Lawrence drove to the lines with welcome stores for his son and neighbors. The Middlesex regiment was commissioned May 26, and he was orderly to its commander, Colonel Prescott. The regiment took an active part in the battle of Bunker Hill. Ensign Lawrence was near Dr. Joseph Warren when he was shot. Captain Farwell, of his company, was severely wounded, and he himself received a wound in the arm, while a bullet passed through his hat. Had he been a little taller it would have passed through his brain. Ensign, afterwards Adjutant, and then Major Lawrence, remained in the Army for more than three years, his regiment being in active service all the time in Massachusetts and New York, where he was on General Sullivan's staff; in New London, and, finally, at the battle of Rhode Island, during which time he was at home for only two brief furloughs. The first of these was in July, 1777, when, the regiment being again in Cambridge, he asked and obtained leave to go home for a few days for the express purpose of marrying Miss Susanna Parker, to whom he had been engaged for more than two years. The marriage took place at this time in compliance with the advice of Major Lawrence's mother, who said that if anything happened to Sam, Susan had better be his widow than his for-

born damsel—not a very cheerful reason for a wedding; nor was the ceremony concluded before the ringing of the bell gave the alarm calling all the soldiers to arms. Hardly were the young couple pronounced man and wife when they were separated, and within an hour the bridegroom was on his march again to Cambridge. The alarm proved to have been unnecessary, and his colonel granted the young soldier leave to return for a few days to provide for his bride's comfortable sojourn in his father's house. He was allowed another short furlough at the end of the year, the regiment being in winter quarters in Rhode Island. In September, 1778, immediately after the battle of Rhode Island, the last battle fought on New England soil, Major Lawrence resigned his commission and left the Army, returning home to his native town. Here he lived for nearly fifty years, rearing a large family, exercising a boundless hospitality (his daughters said they might as well keep a tavern), interested in every undertaking for the growth and welfare of the town, and one of the trustees of the Groton (now Lawrence) Academy. It is a curious illustration of the way in which his military life was merged in that of a civilian that he was never called "Major," but always "Deacon" Lawrence, having been made a deacon of the church at the age of twenty-nine. The brief romance of his early life seemed to have quite faded with the light of common day, and yet not wholly so, for with his Groton comrades he formed a club where the veterans met to recall the stirring events of their youth; and as at the close of a wintry day we have seen the eastern hills all glowing with crimson splendor from the rays of the setting sun, so one last gleam gilded the last days of the good man's life. On the 27th of June, 1825, the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid. General Lafayette, the idol of the American Army, was present by special invitation, having crossed the ocean in a vessel sent by the American Government to bring him, and Daniel Webster pronounced the oration. Seated before him were the veterans who had "toiled" all night and fought all day fifty years before, and among them Major, now Deacon, Lawrence. Into every human life comes at some time, sooner or later, one drop at least of peace and unmixed happiness, and when Mr. Webster in the course of his oration (one of the three finest that

he ever delivered) addressed these old soldiers, "And you, venerable men," and they rose by a common impulse to their feet, they tasted that perfect draught. It was too much bliss for the hero of this sketch, for he received the next day a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered, though he lived for nearly two years.

TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

The two subjects of this sketch were complete contrasts to each other in every respect except their fervent loyalty to the cause of independence. Major Lawrence was short, blue-eyed, with fair hair and fresh English complexion, of true Saxon stock for generations in England before John Lawrence came to America. Colonel Timothy Bigelow was over six feet in height, with dark complexion, aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes—a man whose force of character would have won for him position and influence wherever he might have been placed. So far from country, from an ancestry whose tombstones can still be found in the peaceful church-yards of England, the name of Bigelow is unknown in that country, nor is it known from what name it is derived. It was originally spelled Biglow. There is also some suspicion of Indian admixture in the blood. Be that as it may, Timothy Bigelow was a blacksmith in the town of Worcester. At the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle he was a married man with five children. The day after what was called the "Boston tea party," the throwing of the tea into Boston Harbor, a messenger sent to spread the news through the inland towns rode up to the forge to have his horse's shoe attended to, and told the news to the blacksmith. The latter shod the horse, then walked into the house, and taking from his wife's pantry her precious chest of tea, threw it into the wide kitchen fireplace, and, lest the flames should spare any morsel of the accursed thing, stamped with the heel of his boot the broken chest as it fell apart into the glowing embers, and stood and watched it till the last particle was consumed. His wife, daughter, and black servant beheld the sacrifice, and not one dare remonstrate. Not that he was a domestic tyrant; far from it. He was a loving and tender husband and father, as his letters prove, but he was a man whose intense earnestness of

purpose always made his will law. From that time he, with others, engaged in raising troops and preparing for the coming struggle for independence. He was one of the little band who, under Arnold, penetrated the pathless forests of Maine and besieged Quebec at the end of the year 1775. It was a daring undertaking, and the little army underwent terrible hardships from exposure, cold, and starvation. Arnold, whose bravery at least was never questioned, concentrated his small force through wildernesses hitherto impenetrable by any white men. They swam across the Kennebec, and Major Bigelow ascended a hitherto unknown mountain in order to find a trail (it still bears the name Mount Bigelow). Their hardships were terrible. As a child I used to listen with terror to my grandmother's account of how they cut the leather from the tops of their boots and, boiling it in water, drank what one might call leather tea. It took them two months to arrive before the fortress of Quebec, and their numbers were thinned by the desertion on the road of one of the three divisions of the army. The expedition failed—Montgomery, the commander of part of the troops which had come by another route, was killed, Arnold was wounded, and Major Bigelow was taken prisoner. He remained a prisoner of war till he was exchanged the next summer. He returned home to his family, but was soon again in the field, this time with the rank of colonel and in command of the First Massachusetts Regiment. This regiment was engaged in all the most important battles of the Revolution; among others, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Saratoga, and Yorktown. General Washington said, in reviewing this regiment, "This is discipline indeed," which we may well believe when we remember how its colonel exercised his authority in the domestic camp in the matter of the tea-chest. It is related that during that sad and gloomy winter at Valley Forge, when the American Army was suffering from every hardship—no pay, no provisions, no protection from the bitter weather—a number of officers assembled one evening in Colonel Bigelow's tent to discuss the question whether they could or ought to hold out longer against such overwhelming odds. Some said boldly that if Congress could not clothe or feed them, they were under no obligation to leave their families to starve and freeze for a

hopeless cause. When all who wished had spoken, Colonel Bigelow arose and said:

> I have listened to all the remarks of discontent offered here this evening, but as for me I have long since come to the conclusion to stand by the American cause, come what will; I have enlisted for life. I have cheerfully left my home and family. All the friends I have are the friends of my country. I expect to suffer with cold, hunger, fatigue, and, if need be, I shall lay down my life for the liberty of these colonies.

He did not see his family at all during these years, but there are a few of his letters to his wife still preserved. One is in answer to a question of hers as to whether it would not be best for her, since money was so sorely needed, to accept an offer for the purchase of her black slave Pompey; his answer was:

> No; let him go free if you cannot keep him and if he does not desire to stay with you, but it shall never be said that I sold a fellow-man while I was fighting for liberty.

That was, however, a common feeling in Massachusetts. Many towns voted the freedom of the slaves within their limits, and the General Court decreed pardon of all slaves.

In 1780 Massachusetts with her dependency, Maine, was the only State in the Union where there were no slaves at the close of the War of Independence, and it was long years before any of the other States followed her example.

At the close of the war Colonel Bigelow returned home; he had an appointment for a while at West Point, and then in the arsenal at Springfield, but he did not retain either for any length of time. There was no Pension Bureau in those days, but in acknowledgment of his services Congress gave Colonel Bigelow a tract of land in Vermont. To the small village in this tract he gave the name of Montpelier, being induced to do so by his regard for the French officers, who assured him that, in its situation and the salubrity of its climate, the plan greatly resembled the French town of Montpelier; but, alas! to give it a name was his only lasting connection with the present capital of Vermont. The records do not show to whom or when he parted with it, but he probably sold it to pay the debts incurred in the education of his children, and to lavish hospitality, especially to his old companions in arms. Broken in health and fortune, he died in Worcester in 1790, in the fifty-first year of

his age, enjoying to the last the idolizing affection of his children and the grateful veneration of his fellow-townsmen. When a monument to Colonel Bigelow's memory was placed in the park at Worcester by one of his descendants, in 1861, there was present at the ceremony of unveiling a venerable man, Hon. Levi Lincoln, who could remember in his boyhood seeing Colonel Bigelow walk the streets of Worcester, and being taught with his school-fellows to always take off his hat and bow to Parson Bancroft and Colonel Bigelow as the two most venerated characters in the town.

This sketch was written to record some of the deeds and to illustrate the sentiments of the common people in the days of the Revolution. Long may it be the glory of America that courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice are common virtues among her common people.

E. SEAVER,
Historian of Ann Story Chapter, Rutland, Vt.

REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

ON the 16th of May, 1775, "a meeting of the inhabitants of that part of Augusta County, Virginia, that lies on the west side of the Laurel Hill" * was held at Pittsburg, at which the following gentlemen were chosen a committee for the district:

George Croghan, John Campbell, Edward Ward, Thomas Smallman, John Cameron, John McCullough, William Gee, George Valandingham, John Gibson, Dorsey Penticost, Edward Cook, William Crawford, Devereux Smith, John Anderson, David Rodgers, Jacob Vanmetre, Henry Enoch, James Ennis, George Wilson, William Vance, David Shepherd, William Elliot, Richmond Willis, Samuel Sample, John Ormsby, Richard McMaher, John Neville, and John Sweringen.

These "met in committee and resolved that John Campbell, John Ormsby, Edward Ward, Thomas Smallman, Samuel Sample, John Anderson, and Devereux Smith, or any four of them, be a standing committee and have full power to meet at such

* American Archives, fourth series, vol. ii, pp. 612–615; History of Augusta County, J. Lewis Peyton, pp. 206–208, and others.

times as they shall judge necessary, and in case of any emergency to call the committee of this district together, and shall be vested with the same power and authority as the other standing committee and committees of correspondence are in the other counties within this colony." They unanimously passed strong Whig resolutions, commending "the spirited behavior of their brethren in New England," which they resolved to encourage their neighborhood to emulate, and resolved to take action looking to the immediate arming and disciplining of the militia in accordance with the recommendation of the colonial convention held at Richmond on the 20th of March previous, and to the collecting of two shillings and six pence by their members from each of their constituents in order to purchase one pound of gunpowder and one pound of lead, flint, and cartridge paper for each tithable person. They earnestly requested the committees of Frederick, Augusta, and Hampshire to secure for the use of their destitute country a quantity of ammunition they had reason to believe was destined for this place for the purpose of government, and they ordered the standing committee to secure for volunteer companies such arms and ammunition as were not employed in actual service or were not private property.

This memorable meeting was held scarcely four weeks after the battle of Lexington and before the inhabitants of this section of country had been subject to any palpable act of oppression, and while they were involved in actual hostility with the Indians and had been for some time almost on the verge of civil war among themselves. Witness the memorial to Governor John Penn from the inhabitants of Pittsburg, June 14, 1774, imploring better protection against the Indians, and the other memorial of June 25, 1774, in regard to the tyrannical proceedings of Dr. Connolly, the agent of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, was held at "Hanna's Town" on the same day as the meeting at Pittsburg, at which similar resolutions were passed. Those present, among whom was Arthur St. Clair, were doubtless all Pennsylvanians. Of those at the meeting at Pittsburg, Devereux Smith and John Ormsby, with others, were devoted adherents of the Penns. When Lord Dunmore visited Pitts-

burg he endeavored to win John Ormsby over to his cause; failing in which he found a ready tool in the before-mentioned "villainous doctor," as my ancestor termed him,* whose reward was an immense grant of land at "the Falls of Ohio," on part of which the city of Louisville now stands.

OLIVER ORMSBY PAGE,
Member S. A. R.

PATRIOTISM.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
There is a spot, of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks supremely blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend—
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Ah! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

IT bodes well for the stability and fortune of a nation when the spirit of patriotism predominates; and as we contemplate the magnificent progress of civilization and increasing culture throughout the world, we are impressed with the prevailing sentiment in favor of peace between all nations. Public wars are becoming more repulsive, extreme violence of opinions are subsiding, the people of different countries are beginning to realize and appreciate each other's respective rights and privileges, and justice, system, and order are being restored.

Early history demonstrates that society has ever been on the progressive order, and all the great revolutions of the past have been produced by a failure of existing institutions to keep pace with the advancement of society. The great Charter, the first assembling of Parliament, the Petition of Right, and the great

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*The Olden Time, Neville B. Craig, vol. ii, p. 93 et seq.; "Connolly's Plot," by John Ormsby.

measure, the Revolution, are all illustrations of progress, stages in the progress of society.

It has been said that when one raises his voice against things that are, and wishes a change, that he is raising a clamor against existing institutions and the laws of the land, while it may be only against the abuse of them all. The noted Mr. Burke, who was no undervaluer of the wisdom of our ancestors and no friend to popular excitement, has wisely said: "Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor, for it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire-bell than to perish amidst the flames in our bed." And unless history is deceitful, unless the heroes and martyrs who fought and bled were impostors, the conscientious Pilgrims and the sea-tossed "Mayflower" delusions, there is no cause so bound up with religion as the cause of political liberty and the rights of man.

Our ancestors being oppressed by the tyranny of the English, and justly aroused to mighty indignation, with a determination of independence planted themselves in a then strange, uncultivated, inhospitable country, exposing themselves to all the hardships to which human nature is liable, as well as to the most fearful of savage foes, the Indian. For the sake of liberty, our forefathers met all those hardships heroically, and even with pleasure, compared with what they suffered in their own country at the hands of those who should have been their friends; and our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Such as we are now we have been from the beginning—simple, conscientious, intelligent, abundantly endowed with self-respect, and a corresponding growth of power; and as we contemplate how richly we have been favored by the gifts of Providence, established in all the blessings of civil society, preëminent in arts, the press, religion, and knowledge free, how our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance.

Pride in the descent of brave men and honest women is a natural and praiseworthy feeling and not allied to that of belonging to a superior class of beings. The privilege of being American citizens is the same, whether the ancestor figured as the most distinguished general or the humblest private in the ranks; and it is with purely the spirit of patriotism that the

Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are rescuing from neglect and oblivion the time-worn documents in which are registered the fireside tales of the sufferings, sacrifices, endurance, and devotion of the heroic men and women of '76 as they labored side by side in the great cause of liberty, that they may be properly recorded and added to the history of America.

And from the example of our forefathers may we, endowed with similar principles and virtues, aspire to the performance of an honored part on "life's illustrious stage." We may claim noble ancestors; they may realize renowned descendants.

Then, as the spirit of patriotism is becoming more manifest, and as intelligence and reciprocal good-will are binding the continents more closely together, may public spirit and love of country resound from heart to heart.

N. D. N.

ETHAN ALLEN.

PAUSING for a moment in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, and looking at the statues of men considered great enough by the several States to be placed in that Temple of Fame, I was struck with the size (which seemed to dwarf those around it) of the statue of the subject of this sketch. Naturally the thought arose in my mind, "Who was Ethan Allen? What had he done that he should be placed here as representing all that was noblest among the men of Vermont?" There had been many leaders of the patriots of the Revolution, and among them Ethan Allen bore comparatively a secondary part. When a youth I had read in my text-books of the surrender of Ticonderoga "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" but why place him here, amid the "salt of the earth," when Greene, Lincoln, Gates, Putnam, Mercer, Marion, and a host of other Revolutionary heroes were omitted? This led me to an investigation of his life and character, and what I discovered will be herein briefly set forth.

Ethan Allen was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1737, and but little is known of his early history. In 1772 he emigrated to Bennington, Vermont, and it is from this time on that we begin to hear of him as the fearless leader of the boys

of the Green Mountain State. There were difficulties between New York and New Hampshire as to which owned the vast body of land known then as the New Hampshire grants, for the Governors of these two Colonies had each sold patents for the same lands to different parties. Litigation followed; the cause was tried in the court held at Albany, and judgment was given in favor of the New York patents, most of which had been sold to speculators. These parties endeavored to force the settlers (the New Hampshire grantees) into rebuying their lands, or, failing in this, attempted to eject them as trespassers. It was during this controversy that Ethan Allen became known as the leader of the "settler" party. When New York purchasers sent surveyors down to Vermont the settlers drove them out, warning them not to return, and they laid a hundred lashes with beech rods on the back of a justice of the peace named Hough and drove him from the "grant" for petitioning the Legislature of New York to declare Allen and his adherents outlaws. Allen and his followers were denounced as felons, and a reward of twenty pounds offered for their apprehension, which was afterwards increased, in the case of Allen, to one hundred pounds. This, however, had no effect on Allen, nor had the further sentence, decreeing that upon apprehension he should "be put to death, as other felons, without benefit of clergy." Allen laughed at all this, saying, "How will the fools manage to hang a Green Mountain boy before they catch him?"

Several years were taken up in this controversy, and matters had become serious and were approaching a crisis when events of greater moment were sprung upon the Colonies and a common cause once more reunited the people against a common enemy. The smaller quarrel was overshadowed and eclipsed by a greater one. Oppression and tyranny on the one hand and armed resistance to it on the other were now the topic of the hour. At length the news of the battle of Lexington announced that the storm of revolution had burst, and Vermont, now recognized as an independent government, boldly marched to the front in the contest for liberty, with Ethan Allen as her standard-bearer.

Within a week from the date of the battle of Lexington a

plan was formulated and set on foot for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point and the seizure of its cannon for the use of the Provincial Army at Boston. A thousand dollars was loaned from the treasury of the Colony and a committee went through the frontier towns raising men for the project. Colonel Easton brought fifty men to Bennington, and Ethan Allen, at the head of his Green Mountain boys, joined them here. From Bennington the combined force moved to Castleton, which was reached on the evening of May 7. A council of war was held at this place; Ethan Allen was chosen as commander, and "James Easton and Seth Warner second and third in command." The force, now consisting of over two hundred men, was marched to Shoreham, on the bank of the lake opposite Fort Ticonderoga. Here were encountered the first difficulties, there being but few boats to be had, and when morning broke only eighty-three men had been carried across. What was to be done? If the fort were to be taken at all it must be surprised before daylight; so Allen resolved to march upon the fort with the force then landed and not wait for the rear guard to cross. First making a short speech to his command, in which he told them they had come forth to fight in liberty's cause, and offering any who were unwilling to go forward a chance to retire (to which no one responded), he ordered an advance, and in silence the little band marched up the heights to the fort. They passed the sentinels, one of whom wounded an officer slightly in the head, and soon were inside the fort, where, after forming, they gave vent to loud huzzahs! The surprise was complete. The garrison were asleep, and as they started up from their slumbers were made prisoners, while Allen, mounting the steps to the room of Captain Delaplaice, commanded him in stentorian tones to surrender or the garrison would be sacrificed.

"By what authority do you presume to make such a demand?" asked the commandant.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen.

Captain Delaplaice attempted to reply, but his speech was cut short by Allen, who, with uplifted sword, reiterated the demand for immediate surrender, and Delaplaice, seeing no hope in fur-

ther parley, ordered his men to parade without arms and surrendered the garrison, while Allen and his Green Mountain boys took possession of the captured fort. By this important capture an immense quantity of cannon, small arms, ammunition, and stores was secured for the use of the Provincial Army.

A few days after this capture Allen sent Captain Warner with a detachment of men to Crown Point to demand the surrender of that post. Captain Baker, then on his way to Ticonderoga, reached Crown Point just in time to assist Warner in taking possession.

Shortly before Allen set out for Ticonderoga the Colony of Massachusetts had commissioned Benedict Arnold to raise a body of men for the same purpose. Upon his arrival at Bennington, finding Allen in charge of an organized body of men whose avowed object was the taking of the fort, he attempted to assume command under his Massachusetts commission, but the Green Mountain boys would not submit to see Allen supplanted, and Arnold yielded to the majority and marched with the body as a volunteer, and stood at Allen's side when he demanded the surrender of the fort. After the surrender, however, he again endeavored to take the command, but the men would not obey his orders, and he was again obliged to yield to Allen as the ranking officer.

Ethan Allen, not content with lying idle at Ticonderoga, and full of enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, now entered into a scheme with Benedict Arnold for the seizure of the garrison at St. Johns and the capture of an armed vessel that lay there. The vessel was captured, but reinforcements arrived from Montreal and Allen was driven back to his boats. He remained after this at Ticonderoga as commandant, while Arnold held Crown Point. Allen's active mind continually led him into planning new adventures for the success of the patriot cause, and he addressed, in June, 1775, a long letter to the Continental Congress, asking permission to take two or three thousand men and invade Canada, confidently asserting his power to take this province, closing the letter with the statement that with fifteen hundred men he could take Montreal. This letter met with but little favor, however, as the Congress had already discountenanced any invasion of Canada. Three months later an ex-

expedition was sent into Canada, where, however, alarmed at the tone of Ethan Allen's letter to Congress, the British were prepared for them, and the expedition met with disaster; but had they followed Allen's advice at the time it was given there is little doubt that the invasion would have been successful.

Colonel Hinman, with a regiment of Connecticut troops, now arrived at Ticonderoga and relieved Ethan Allen from his command, and the majority of his men returned to their homes, their time having expired, while Allen, in company with Major Seth Warner, went to the Continental Congress to procure pay for the soldiers who had served under them. They succeeded in getting the money, and, at the same time, they were granted permission to raise a new regiment in the New Hampshire grants. Through some cause not explained, Ethan Allen did not become connected with this regiment, and shortly afterwards joined General Schuyler as a volunteer, and that officer sent him on a mission to Canada to ascertain the temper of the Canadians on the question of uniting with the Colonies in throwing off their allegiance to British rule and achieving independence for themselves. He bore an address from General Schuyler, then at Isle aux Noix, to the people of Canada, which was intended to convince them that the invasion was not against the rights of Canadian citizens, but against British tyranny exclusively. Ethan Allen was eight days on this journey, during which he found many adherents to the patriot cause, and the citizens furnished him with an armed escort on this dangerous mission. However, he failed utterly in arousing sufficient enthusiasm among the Canadians, and returned to General Schuyler's army at Isle aux Noix. From here he was sent back to raise a regiment of Canadians, if possible, with which to reinforce General Montgomery (in command of the Canada Expedition), who was then besieging the garrison at St. Johns. A week afterwards he wrote to General Montgomery, saying he had raised a force of one hundred and fifty men, and in a few days would have five hundred men with which to join him. On his way to join Montgomery, however, he fell in with Major Brown, who was in command of an advance party of Americans and Canadians. Brown represented Montreal as being in a defenseless condition, and induced Allen to enter into a scheme to

take that city by surprise, and a plan was formulated by which a simultaneous attack was to be made by the two parties at opposite points. Allen crossed the river on the night of September 24, and waited for dawn to break. He had a force of but thirty Americans and eighty Canadians. Brown did not appear, and Allen conceived the mad attempt of taking the city, and actually made the assault. Naturally he found the task of taking a city a vastly different matter from the surprise of Ticonderoga. His force was speedily dispersed and he was taken prisoner. This rash act showed that the regiment which Warner and he had raised by authority of the Continental Congress had acted wisely in choosing Warner as their leader, for his impatience of control had deprived the Colonies of his really valuable services and inflicted upon himself great discomfort. To be a prisoner of war in those days was no slight matter. After being captured he was conducted to the presence of Colonel Prescott, in Montreal. "Are you the Allen that surprised Ticonderoga?" asked Prescott. "I am," said Allen. Then Prescott burst into a passion and threatened him with the halter at Tyburn, and ordered him sent, bound hand and foot, on board the British sloop-of-war "Gaspee." In reply to a letter from Allen asking to be treated as a prisoner of war, Prescott's only reply was a continuation of the brutality meted out to the worst of criminals. During several months he was transferred from one vessel to another, where he was treated with either cruelty or kindness, according to the disposition of the commanding officer, and at length was taken to England, where he was looked upon with a great degree of interest. The fame of his capture of Ticonderoga had preceded him, and many came to visit the distinguished prisoner. Though a prisoner, he never ceased to advocate the claims of the Colonies or to grow eloquent upon the themes of their wrongs and the cause of liberty.

He was afterwards sent to Halifax, from there to Long Island, and finally to New York, where he was placed in custody of the infamous Cunningham, who crowded his prisoners so that they had to turn in bed by platoons at the word of command. He was finally exchanged for a British colonel and released after a confinement of two years and seven months. After his release, broken down in health and spirits, he started toward his Green

Mountain home, reporting to Washington at Valley Forge on his way. His welcome home was an ovation—cannons were fired in his honor and demonstrations of joy were universal. Congress voted him a commission as brevet colonel in the Patriot Army and gave him the pay of that rank during the time he was a prisoner. At the next general election he was chosen a member of the Vermont State Legislature, and at the close of the war he devoted his attention to agriculture, and died in 1789 from a stroke of apoplexy. Glazier, in "Heroes of Three Wars," in speaking of Ethan Allen, says:

> We are not given an account of the closing chapters in the life of this disciple of liberty, but his example while living is radiant with the glow of heroism. "Few have suffered more in the cause of freedom; few have borne their sufferings with a firmer constancy or a loftier spirit." He went forward fearlessly in the cause of right, through whatever dangers threatened, with a sublime courage which compels our deepest admiration. His personal presence was commanding in the extreme, and he carried about him a consciousness of nobility, a kind of high-born pride in his own worth and character, which embodied the highest form of self-respect. His figure, when arrayed in the Continental dress of the times, showed to excellent advantage, and with his armor buckled on and his sword clanking at his heels he looked every inch the commander. Vermont owes more to the clear, powerful brain and strong right arm of Ethan Allen for the foundation of her State in liberty and equity than to any other man or to any other one influence. Such names as his well deserve the lasting remembrance which a grateful posterity accords them.

E. J. RUSSELL.

THE HUGUENOT IN THE REVOLUTION.

NANTES AND TRENTON HARBINGERS OF FREEDOM TO A STRUGGLING WORLD.

THE theory of mediæval Europe was intolerance; of modern Europe, toleration; and this last in great part owes its origin to the courage, ingenuity, patience, and wisdom of the Huguenots.

Not to Switzerland or Germany belongs the honor of having been first to sound the earliest tocsin of civil and religious freedom. It was the voice of the heroic Le Fevre, of Etoples, France, which three centuries ago gave the signal of the rising of this morning star of liberty. Civil and religious liberty are branches of the same stem, and Nantes and Trenton, the edict

and the battle, are two great epochs which emanated from the long-sustained contest for the rights of individual freedom. In their system, for the first time, liberty and law were firmly interlocked, and from their blood America received her Faneuil, her Bowdoin, her Laurens, her Jay, and her Marion.

A little over sixty years ago to-day, in the neighborhood of Freehold, there expired one of the brighest lights of the Revolution, and that light, Philip Freneau, the Huguenot poet, the friend and associate of James Madison, a hero of that battle we this day commemorate. As a poet, Freneau was brilliant and vivacious; his voice was that of a clarion thrilling above the blasts of a storm, stirring and rousing the flagging energies of the people. Like a meteor he burst into notice with a blaze of light which had rarely glared upon the world before, and held aloft the cause of freedom as none have held it since. His poetry and sayings constituted the watchwords of the times, exhilarating the brave and kindling in the breast of the weak and the abject a heart and courage to dare all things in the cause of human freedom. In 1780 he was made prisoner and went through the horrors of the British prison-ship.

Well do we all know of the services of General Elias Boudinot, the tenth President of the Continental Congress, who on the breaking out of the war attached himself devotedly to the cause and thus remained, holding many honorable and important positions on Washington's staff. He was one of the convention in 1774 which took the control of the Government out of the hands of Governor Franklin. He was appointed by Congress commissary-general of prisoners, and executed well and loyally the duties intrusted to him.

Precluded by his commission from active field service, his assistance was not less great than was that of those who were brought hand to hand in the conflict with our enemies. The honored counciler of Washington, trusted by his friends and by the world revered, brightly he shone among the illustrious characters of the times. His younger brother, Elisha, was also a tried patriot. While secretary of the Committee of Safety, at which time a reward was offered by the British for his head, his house was raided by the Hessians, and the family portraits to this day bear the marks of their bayonet thrusts.

Another illustrious Huguenot character from the State was John Gano, the hero of Chatterton Hill. Born in Hopewell, New Jersey, in 1727, he was reared to the ministry and entered the ranks of the Federal Army as a surgeon. At Chatterton Hill, on the successful attempt of the British to cross the Bronx, Gano, though acting as a surgeon at the time, found himself at the front and in the very thickest of the fray. Determined not to dampen the ardor of the soldiers or incur the imputation of cowardice by withdrawing to the rear, he maintained his position, fighting as the rest under a heavy fire. He was with Washington in his Jersey campaign, but remained only six weeks, since he had accepted, on the solicitation of his friend, Colonel Du Bois, the office of chaplain to General Clinton's New York Brigade, then stationed at Fort Montgomery. He accompanied General Sullivan on his voyage down the Susquehanna, of which expedition he has left a very graphic description. At the close of the war he returned to his flock, but he found it very much reduced and widely scattered. But prosperity follows upon the footsteps of the faithful, and success again crowned his efforts.

Though of a different class the services and less distinguished, I must not fail to mention the Ryerson family, which has given many worthy citizens to the State. Thomas Ryerson made for himself a most enviable career in the war. He entered as ensign in Captain Brearley's Company, Second Battalion, First Establishment, on November 20, 1775. In July of the following year he became second lieutenant in Captain Scott's Company, and in November he was transferred to Captain Shute's Company, Second Battalion, Second Establishment, shortly after which he was made a prisoner of war in a skirmish and returned February 5 of the following year. There were three other commissioned officers belonging to this family in New Jersey's quota of troops placed at the disposition of the Confederation, besides four privates.

The "New York Journal" of February 9, 1775, defines a Tory as a "thing whose head is in England and its body in America, with a neck that ought to be stretched." I regret to say that there were two such among the Huguenots of the State, but I am happy to say that there were only two; and

when I compare this moiety of them with the great number, both Dutch and Puritan, who went over to the British, I cannot but rejoice.

In conclusion I would wish to speak of the services of one who was the ancestor of the originator of this Society, Captain Sheppard Kollock, founder of the "New Jersey Journal," which was the official medium of Washington. Captain Kollock was an artillery officer of great distinction, figuring conspicuously in every conflict in which his company participated. He aided in placing the chain across the Hudson at West Point, and on that memorable Christmas night, 1776, when Washington crossed the Delaware and pushed his way over the slippery, sleety roads toward Trenton, Captain Kollock was in command of a company of artillery, which was one of the most active of the little army. Too much praise cannot be given either to its officers or its soldiers. By their active and spirited behavior they soon put an honorable issue to that day. On the evacuation of New York, at the personal request of Washington, Captain Kollock established a loyal paper in that city, which became the official organ of the cause of American Independence. With the assistance of his friend, General Henry Knox, he planned and brought into existence the Society of the Cincinnati. Feeling heavily the burden incident to the publishing of the two papers, one in New York and one in New Jersey, he gave up the former and retired to Elizabeth, where he continued to edit the "New Jersey Journal." Such was the life of Captain Kollock, replete with usefulness and energy. It may almost be considered a typical life of the Huguenot—a life in which courage is blended with energy, ingenuity with loyalty to the cause of human freedom, and magnanimity with a lofty intelligence. Thus they live and thus they work, objects of emulation to all. They had fought years before in the cause of liberty in France; their Trenton had been the edict of Nantes, each a victory and each equally great.

In contemplating the lives of these unselfish patriots I am led to recall the lines written in an old cemetery of your city, over the grave of another Huguenot officer of the Revolution, John Fouchereaud Grimke: "He was firm, yet liberal; singularly punctual and just; as a companion, cheerful, intelli-

gent, and polished: as a son, tender; as a husband and father, provident and affectionate: as a Christian, diligent, fervent, and modest. Humble and resigned in spirit, he lived as knowing there is a time to die."

GOODWIFE WAITE'S STORY.

The following story was written for the "Springfield Republican" by Sarah B. Thayer. While the writer carefully relates the historical facts as they occurred, she yet charmingly weaves them into a story which makes the characters seem very real to us, though separated by an interval of more than two centuries.

Goodwife Waite was one of those true heroines of the colonial times whom we desire to hold in remembrance, especially as we personally esteem it an honor to trace direct descent from her.

With a desire that others may enjoy the recital, we have requested its republication in these pages.

C. MARIA SHEPARD,
Secretary of Bristol Chapter.

Forth from a dim and far-away past comes the shadowy presence of Goodwife Waite. She lived long ago, in those woful days that tried men's souls, when men had need to be strong and brave, and women full of courage and patient endurance. She left behind no tangible token to serve as a link between us of to-day and that eventful past of which we know so little and would fain know so much. No piece of furniture or faded sampler, no bit of lace or ancient embroidery, can be found among her numerous descendants. But we scarce need such reminders, as the brief and touching record concerning her, as quoted from our local historian, gives the outlines of her sad and eventful experience:

Among the captives were Goodwife Waite and her three children, Martha, Mary, and Sarah. Another child, named Canada, was born to her in captivity. She, with others of her friends and neighbors, were taken, a forlorn and sorrowful company, to Sorel, Canada. Efforts to rescue them were immediately made. Benjamin Waite and his neighbor, Stephen Jennings, whose wife and two children were among the captives, obtaining a commission from the Governor of Massachusetts, proceeded by the way of Albany and Lake George to Chambler, Canada, arriving there late in December. By the payment of £200 ransom the captives that survived were all collected in one place. They reached Albany the coming spring, May 22, 1678. From Albany, Benjamin Waite sent the following letter to Hatfield:

To my loving friends and kindred at Hatfield:

These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, for my charges

are very great and heavy; and therefore any that have any love to condition, let it move them to come and help us in this strait. Three the captives are murdered—old Goodman Plympton, Samuel Foot's daughter, and Samuel Russell. All the rest are alive and well and now Albany. I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth great haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor meet you at Kinderhook; it may be at Housatonic. We must come softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them; stay not night nor day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for me.

Your loving kinsman, BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany, written from mine own hand. As I have been affected to yours, all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten the matter, and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies.

This touching epistle produced the desired effect, as men and horses met the captives at Kinderhook. Of the almost triumphal procession home, the reuniting of sundered families, the tearful memories of the dead, mingling with the joy of the saved—all this must be left for the imagination to paint.

The historian still farther adds:

Taken in connection with the rescue of the captives by that heroic old Indian fighter, Benjamin Waite, makes this one of the most thrilling stories of that early period.

If there was a hero par excellence in the Connecticut valley in that first period, it was Benjamin Waite, who was at last killed by the Indians in the famous Meadow fight at Deerfield, in 1704. The Indians knew and feared him. He was a scout and guide with Captain Turner, in the two days Falls fight, the year before his family were taken captive, and it was a refinement of the Indians' revenge to go out of their way to burn his buildings, take his young wife and three little girls into captivity and leave him desolate.

The attack on the town of Hatfield, the home of Goodwife Waite, was made September 19, 1677, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, by less than fifty Indians, who had, previous to this war of 1666-'7, lived in the near vicinity of the fair Hatfield and Northampton plantations, on friendly terms with the inhabitants.

To add one word of mine to the above simple story may appear like "gilding refined gold or painting the lily;" but in this brief, concise statement one reads so much between the lines, and it seems fitting that the writer, whose home is on the exact site of Benjamin Waite's burned house and barn, should attempt to give another interpretation of the same narrative.

I often think of Goodwife Waite as I stand in my door on sunny mornings watching the silent flow of the "ye great River Quanuatticut," a few rods from my home. Goodwife Waite, from her guarded windows looked abroad over the same fair prospect, the shining river and the wooded slopes of Mount Warner on the opposite shore. But her troubled

eyes noted not the loveliness of earth and sky. She sought only for signs of a terrible enemy that might at any hour be lurking nigh. Were I a believer in spirits, gentle and pure as a heroine must be after her severe earthly discipline, I should affirm that she sometimes walks with me in summer twilights, as I linger in my garden, breathing in the fragrance of pinks and mignonette; and could she voice her thought, it would be to congratulate me on living in better days, with none to molest and make afraid.

The Waites were in no manner isolated. The Kings, Fields, Jennings, and Braceys were their near neighbors. Mr. Kellogg, whose wife and child were killed and buildings burned on that "day of woe," lived farther down the street, on the spot where now stands the beautiful village academy, founded, as was also Smith College in Northampton, by a direct descendant of Canada Waite, the child born under such adverse circumstances in distant Sorel.

Canada Waite, in after years, married Joseph Smith, whose father, John Smith, was killed by the Indians in the Hatfield Meadow fight, in 1676, and of him Mather writes:

> Among the slain that day was a precious young man named Smith, leaving behind a family of young children. That place (Hadley) has lost many in losing that one man. It speaketh sadly to the rising generation when such are called away.

There were no sewing societies in those far-away days, where a woman might free her mind and relate her adventures; neither were there summer schools or literary circles, where one like Goodwife Waite, of "most excellent parts" and "goodlie speech," might read a paper to thrill and hold spellbound her audience. It was a shame for a woman to speak in public. But Goodwife Waite had a woman's tongue in her head, and I am certain that she had plenty of auditors in her lowly home, after its rebuilding, where with little Canada on her knee she often rehearsed her story to her neighbors, after the following fashion:

THE STORY.

I was out in the yard with my children on that dreadful morning, looking up and down the river and into the woods for signs of the foe. Although my husband, to put at naught my fears, had told me that the war was over, and that we need have no fear of sudden invasion—in spite of this assurance, I was filled with a vague sense of terror and alarm that I could not shake off. I kept the children near me, as I gathered the last fruits from our neglected clearing.

While thus employed, the children playing and gathering flowers from the edge of the wood, I heard the sound of firearms farther down the street, and immediately the dreadful war-whoop; and while I caught up my children and ran toward the house I saw a band of Indians coming directly up the road, murdering and burning everything before them.

I expected no mercy, for Goodman Waite had always been a willing Indian fighter; so I gathered my babies to my arms, lifted my heart to God, and gave my children back to him. But of a merciful God our lives were spared. We were put under guard, along with many of my neighbors, as you know, and I saw my home given over to the flames and all my pleasant places laid waste. I thought of the pleasant land I might never see again, of the goodly river mine eyes might never more behold. But most of all I thought of my husband, desolate and despairing, as we turned our backs on our burning homes and murdered neighbors and passed up Deerfield Lane, over the hills, and commenced our fearful journey northward.

We marched to Deerfield that same day, where a few people were preparing to rebuild their houses; of these the Indians killed one and captured four. The next day we crossed the river and stopped a few miles above Squawkeag, where the Indians built a long wigwam and remained three weeks. During this stay the Indians proceeded to Wachusett and brought in about eighty sorrowful women and children.

Some time in October we moved up the river, crossing the country to Lake Champlain, and arrived in Canada in winter weather. The autumn days were often wet and chill, the nights cold and frosty. Our clothing was worn, our poor feet often bare and wounded. I grieved most for the children, who could not be comforted. We marched through thick woods and tangled thickets; we waded icy streams and scaled snowy mountains. We were hungry and cold and desolate. God's ear seemed deaf to our prayers for deliverance.

Mrs. Foot's little child pined and became such a hindrance that it was killed before her eyes, in spite of her agonized entreaties. We comforted the poor stricken mother as best we might, and urged the remaining children to keep up good courage, and helped them over the rough ways as we were permitted. After long and dreadful days we reached Sorel in keen wintry weather. The sad hopeless, weeks that followed I do not like to recall. It seems like a bad dream, now that it is overpast.

Suddenly, one day late in December, I stood face to face with my husband. Oh, the joy of that meeting! God had been good. Deliverance had come.

We remained in Canada all the winter. In January my little Canada was born. She is a goodly child, and the Indian women took to her kindly, and in their fashion were good to me. The beautiful spring days came on slowly; but at length, on a fair morning, we turned our backs on the strange land of our captivity, and with my whole family—thank God! none were missing—we commenced our journey homeward.

Of our sojourn in Albany, of the letters written home by my husband and Quentin Stockwell of Deerfield, and of speedy relief being given us, you already know. It was a glad journey from Albany to our home. Our hearts sang for joy as we neared Hatfield. Never had its green meadows seemed fairer than on that pleasant May morning when

were so joyfully welcomed back to our fair plantation. I am a very grateful woman. Our home is rebuilt, our fields resown. My little girls are strong and well in spite of their fearful hardships. Little Canada thrives. She is a child of much promise. I would that I might know what the future has in store for her. I hope much good, and that she and my other girls may be spared the terrors and fears that have been the portion of so many of us through these dreadful years of anxiety and alarm.

I trust, in any case, whether come days of war or peace, that both we and our children shall be strong to endure, and that, as our minister said last Lord's day, future generations shall call us blessed, and shall rise up to say: "Behold what their hands have wrought."

Goodwife Waite lived her eventful life, and, in touching scripture language, "fell on sleep" two centuries ago; and when she was laid to rest in quiet Hatfield graveyard her friends and neighbors no doubt said of her, "She has come to the end of a troubled life in great peace."

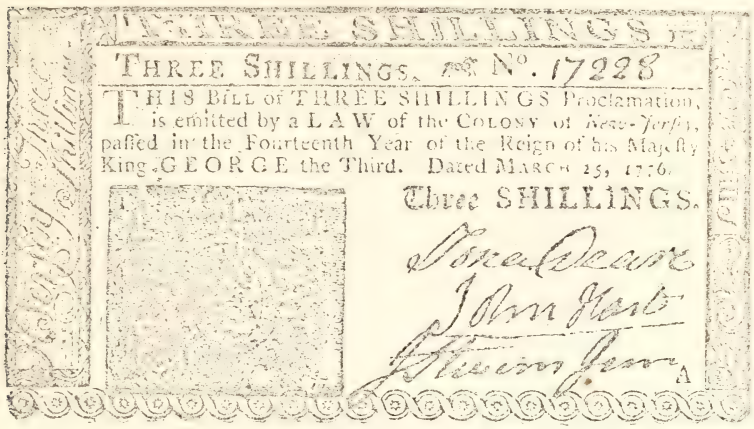
But it was not the end. In spirit and influence she and her valiant husband, and a great host whose names and deeds are unrecorded, who "endured hardness" because of "fightings without and fightings within" to secure to us a goodly heritage, will live forever. To children and children's children Goodwife Waite transmitted her many virtues; and to-day a "noble charity," from which flows a myriad of beneficent streams, and a woman's college nobly endowed, and uplifting to heaven its stately walls from enduring foundations, exist because she "and such as she have lived and died."

CURRENCY NOTES AS TEACHERS OF HISTORY.

Numerous varieties of the old Colonial and Revolutionary bank notes issued by the various American Commonwealths are still abundant and obtainable from collectors and dealers in our larger cities at a cost averaging but a few cents apiece; yet it is not generally known that these same little and apparently worthless bills form most interesting records, both historically and biographically, concerning our Revolutionary period.

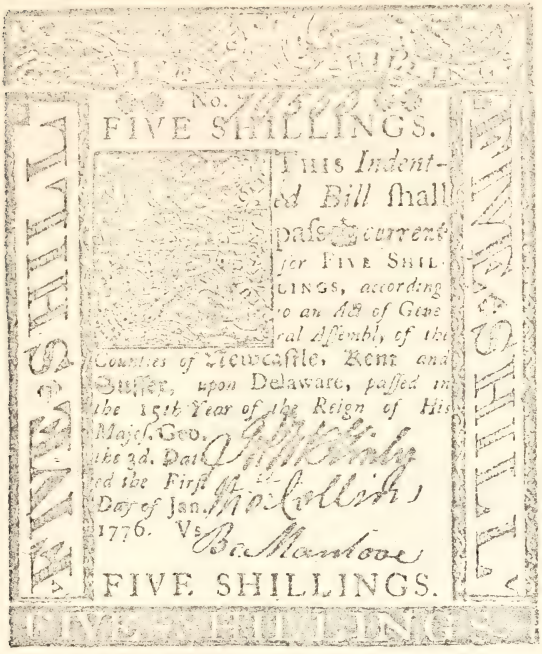
Having minutely examined a batch of these notes purchased years ago at a nominal price and until now laid away and forgotten, my researches revealed some pleasant surprises. Although a large majority of these issues bear the signatures of obscure men, I have found upon three of them the autograph signatures of five characters who took a rather prominent part in the Revolution.

Upon a three-shilling note "emitted by a law of the Colony of New Jersey" dated March 25, 1776, I find the rare signature of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia a little more than three months later, and also the autograph of John Stevens, the great inventor, who died in 1838. At the time of signing this note (1776) he was treasurer of New Jersey. His name is here written J. Stevens, Jun., as his father was living at that time.

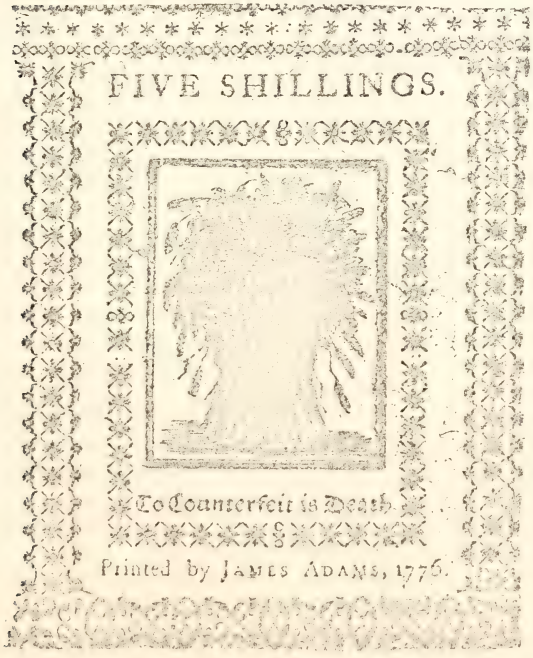

THREE SHILLINGS.
THREE SHILLINGS. No. 17228
THIS BILL of THREE SHILLINGS Proclamation, is emitted by a LAW of the COLONY of New-Jersey, passed in the Fourteenth Year of the Reign of his Majesty King GEORGE the Third. Dated MARCH 25, 1776.
Three SHILLINGS.
John Hart
A

The handwriting of John McKinly, Thomas Collins (in red ink, so popular in those days), and B. Manlove appear upon an "indented bill" of five shillings issued on the 1st of January, 1776, "according to an act of the General Assembly of the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex upon Delaware." Of Manlove I can find no record, but McKinly and Collins were both subsequently Governors of Delaware. McKinly, an Irishman by birth, was elected governor the following year (1777), and Collins, at the time of penning his name to this piece of currency a brigadier general of Delaware militia, was elected chief executive of the State ten years later.

At the bottom of a Maryland note for two dollars, dated Annapolis, April 10, 1774, is the bold and picturesque handwriting of William Eddis, a prominent Tory settler of the Maryland capital, who in less than two years after this note was put in circulation was summoned to appear before the patriot "Com-

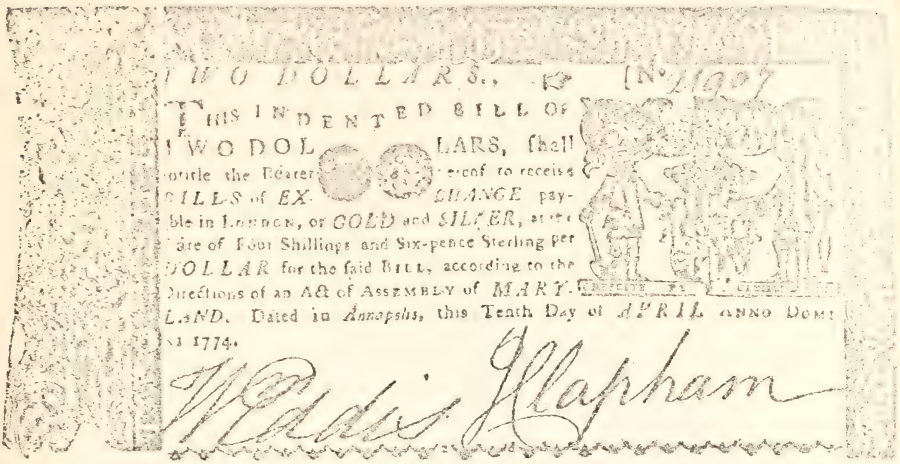

No.
FIVE SHILLINGS.
THIS Indented Bill shall pass current for FIVE SHILLINGS, according to an Act of General Assembly, of the Counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex, upon Delaware, passed in the 15th Year of the Reign of His Majesty, Geo. the 3d. Dated the First Day of Jan. 1776.
FIVE SHILLINGS.

[FRONT.]



[REVERSE.]

mittee of Observation" and ordered to leave the country. He obeyed, and sailed to England in a British man-of-war.


TWO DOLLARS. [No. 1407

THIS INDENTED BILL OF

TWO DOL LARS, shall

entitle the Bearer proof to receive

BILLS of EX CHANGE pay-

ble in London, or GOLD and SILVER, at the

Rate of Four Shillings and Six-pence Sterling per

DOLLAR for the said BILL, according to the

Directions of an Act of Assembly of MARY-

LAND. Dated in Annapolis, this Tenth Day of APRIL ANNO DOMI

NI 1774.

Wadis Hapham

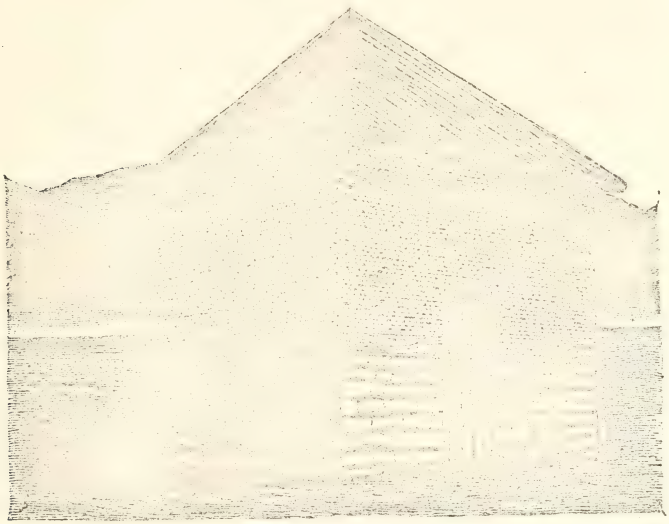
I trust that these few lines may serve to stimulate an interest in the collecting and preservation of such unique and instructive mementos, both official and contemporary, of the infant days of our Republic while they are yet accessible and within the means of all.

ROBERT STOCKWELL HATCHER.

THE OLD REDOUBT OF FORT PITT.

THE site of Pittsburg is historic ground, where was begun the great war between France and England for supremacy in North America in the middle of the last century. Many points of strategy were secured by the French. In April, 1754, Captain Trent's company, under Ensign Ward, was engaged in building a fort at the head of the Ohio. On the 17th Contrecœur descended the Allegheny with a considerable force of French and Indians and summoned Ward to surrender. Monsieur Contrecœur finished the work begun by Ward and called it Fort Duquesne, after the then governor of Canada ("The Olden Time"). This fort was destroyed by the French on the

advance of the British, under General Forbes and Colonel Bouquet, in 1758. Fort Pitt was built by General Stanwix the same year, a little back of the site of Fort Duquesne. Colonel Bouquet was born in Switzerland, in 1719. After the defeat of General Braddock, July 9, 1755, Bouquet was induced to enter the English service, and came to America with a regiment, arriving in 1756. The ranks of this regiment were to be filled with Protestant German and Swiss settlers, who for the most part were unable to speak the English language; for this reason German and Swiss officers of experience were



THE OLD REDOUBT OF FORT PITT, ERECTED IN 1764.

engaged to command them. This regiment was called the "Royal Americans." After the peace of 1763 between England and France the great Indian war, known as Pontiac's or sometimes Guyasuta's war, broke out, and every frontier fort was attacked by the Indians in a last effort to drive the English from their country. Fort Pitt, then commanded by a Swiss officer, Captain S. Ecuyer, was invested by the Indians for nearly three months (see Bouquet's papers in "Fort Pitt"). Bouquet came west from Philadelphia with a force to relieve the fort, and on August 5 defeated the Indians in the great battle

of Bushy Run. The next year, 1764, while in command here, he built the redoubt as an additional point of defense to Fort Pitt and also as a magazine for small arms. Some time later windows were cut below the loopholes and the building used as a dwelling-house. It is the "last remaining monument of British occupancy in the Ohio Valley. Nothing else remains now of the fort except an underground paved passage to the river. Why this was made we do not know with certainty. A large portion of the ground once occupied by Fort Pitt and Fort Duquesne was bequeathed by General James O'Hara to his daughter, Mary Carson O'Hara, who married, after her father's death, William Croghan, Esq., son of Major William Croghan, of Kentucky. Mrs. Croghan's daughter, Mrs. Schenley, is the generous donor of the Block House to the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County."

MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON.

THE RISE OF OUR REPUBLIC.

THERE are determining factors to be considered before arriving at any conclusive view regarding the fundamental principles of nation-making.

First. What manner of men make the keystone of the arch? From the answer to this is evolved the whole story of the formation of nations—their civilizations, their religions, their literature.

There never was a great nation without men of special racial germ qualifications, out of which were evolved a nationality peculiar to itself.

When Cecrops founded Athens, or when Inachus led the first Egyptian colony into Greece, they found there only barbarians, men strangers to civilization; and yet these barbarians were born with not only the gift of the beautiful, but endowed with the germ of a supreme intelligence. When they were brought into contact with the old magnificent monarchies of Asia and became imbued with the love of luxuries unknown to the inhabitants of the bleaker shores of the Peloponnesus, they became enlightened by the contact and rose to be the first nation on the earth in art, science, and philosophy.

Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plutarch have given us the civil history of this people. We know what they were by what they accomplished. Their philosophy, their drama, and their poetry have handed down to us a complete and rounded literature.

The peristyle of the Parthenon, the architecture of halls and temples, have taught lessons of beauty and moral action to the world for two thousand years.

They did what they could by these silent forces to civilize the world by bringing things material into grand and solemn harmony, thereby unifying and uplifting humanity before Christianity, with its subtle power, had spread its civilizing influences over the world.

The same in part is true of the English-speaking race—for centuries barbarism seemed stronger than civilization.

England was the stamping ground for Saxons, Danes, and Celts, and was split into petty kingdoms. The people lived in cabins, dressed in skins, and ate the coarsest food. Society was in one great upheaval, robbery on the highway, and industry at a standstill.

It was after the Saxons came out of the molding hand of Charlemagne, after thirty-three years of conflict, ere they threw aside the garb of barbarism and became civilized. They formed the nucleus of the great German Empire. Charlemagne forced them to become educated and baptized them with the sign of the cross whether they would or no. He recognized that "Christianity, whatever it be, was the mightiest power in the world."

"The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn," and it needs only a few men of God to walk among men to sow the germ of a new civilization. It is in the soul these things exist.

And so, in the course of time, England was peopled in part from Teutonic stock, with men of courage, solid integrity, mental capacity, physical endurance—inheriting the soul germ of freedom, with a sprinkling of the old Norse blood—masters of the rugged sea and lovers of adventure and discovery, remnants of the Roman forum, with the germ life of organization and law mixed with Normandic conventionalities—a race overflowing with gentle amenities, artistic taste, and ethical culture.

Years went by, race lines were defaced, civilization in the evolution marked swift progress. Potentates arose, wielded

sway, and passed off the stage of action. Some, magnanimous and humane, filled with overzeal for humanity, like the great and good Alfred; others, pugnacious, obdurate, overbearing, and cruel, like George III.

The English nation progressed in power and influence, because before the lives of her men had become texts, out of which history was the commentary, there was from the handiwork of God a racial germ from which the nation grew.

In the natural distribution of forces we follow these men over the pathless sea—courageous, brave, nothing daunting—an invisible power sustaining them. Amid the rock-bound coasts of New England and the waving forests and flowery landscapes of Virginia we find a new nation planted in a New World.

Who were these people that had laid the foundation of a new civilization in this New World?

They were Pilgrim refugees—wanderers who had risked perils by sea through a common impulse to escape some form of oppression in the Old World, either of society, state, or church, and for the love of freedom, which is found in the race germ throughout Christendom, they had put the Old World behind them and a stretch of three thousand miles of ocean between them and their oppressors.

They felled the forests and built rude homes on the bleak shores of New England; they encountered privation and starvation on the rivers and bays of Virginia; they buffeted winds and waves on the shores of the Carolinas; they penetrated forests; they built towns, established colonies, and endured all the hardships to which human flesh is heir for the old, old story of Liberty.

The Virginia Company of London, in 1618, granted to Virginia a Great Charter, under which the people of the Colony were allowed a voice in the making of their own laws. This instrument sounded the first tocsin of free government in America. This charter provided for a "Governor;" a "Council of State" chosen by the Committee, and a "General Assembly."

The new Governor, George Yardley, divided the plantations along the James River into eleven districts, calling them boroughs, and issued a proclamation to the citizens of each borough

to elect two of their number to take part in the government of the Colony.

From this organization came the "Virginia House of Burgesses," the first assembly of the people held in the New World.

This threefold government not only reached the other Colonies, but the Government of the United States, with its President, Senate, and House of Representatives, was formulated upon the ideas of the "Great Charter" and blossomed into the Constitution of our country.

During the early years of the Virginia Colony the property of the settlers had been held in common. The people were fed and clothed from a public stock which was under the control of the Governor and Council. Men were obliged to work for the public stock. No division was made of the land, nor could the industrious man profit by his industry. The man of no work fared as well as those who worked hardest. It is not strange that under these economic regulations men neglected their work, and each year found the Colony growing poorer.

Under a provision of the Great Charter the right was given to divide the land into farms, and every man had the right to own and work ground for himself.

When the news reached the Colonists that they were to live under laws of their own making and were to reap the fruit of their own labor, the joy of a new morning dawned upon them. They were men again.

The Pilgrims tried the same plan of a common stock with no better success; but from the time each man received a small acreage of land for his own and was held responsible for the living of his own family there was no more suffering in Plymouth.

This little Colony in eight years had passed the hardest of its trials and gave a helping hand to the Puritans, teaching them the way out of their troubles.

The place of the Massachusetts Company's meetings was changed from London to its new Colony in America, thereby giving the Colonists the right to govern themselves. When this change was made known in England emigration took a fresh start. In ten years the population had increased twenty thousand. The germ of civilization had taken root and spread along the Atlantic coast, until thirteen Colonies were organized.

We have not space to tell of the French and Indian wars [illegible] swept over the Colonies, but when England began to assert h[illegible] rights the Colonies were her steadfast allies.

Little did they think, at the close of those conflicts, when there was a promise of long peace and prosperity, that trouble would soon arise between them and the Mother Country. Common dangers and perils mutually shared make strong attachments. The Colonists had fought beside British regulars, and sometimes held the ground when the regulars had run away—but all were Englishmen. A warm and tender attachment had been kindled toward the country from which their ancestors came. If a wise policy had been pursued by the British Government toward the Colonies, this attachment would have grown stronger with the years and deepened into permanency.

At the close of the French war there were three forms of government in America: "Royal," "Charter," and "Proprietary."

The Royal Colonies were New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Their Governors were appointed by the King.

The Charter Colonies were Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. They had charters from the King which gave the Colonists power to elect their own officers and govern themselves.

The Proprietary Colonies were Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. These were given by the King to proprietors or owners, who formed governments in them. The proprietors appointed the Governors. All of them acknowledged the same King and were parts of the British Empire.

In nearly all the Colonies the people had no voice in choosing their Governor or the Upper House of the Legislature. A conflict of opinion was therefore almost continual between the Governors and the representatives of the people.

Negro slavery was imposed upon them by English merchants. They were forced to buy foreign products from England alone, and all they had to sell must be sent to England. Foreign ships were not allowed to enter a port in the Colonies. Laws were made almost prohibiting the manufacture of goods by the Colonists that were made in England. Certain manufactures were forbidden to be sent from one Colony to another.

It is readily seen how these short-sighted and arbitrary restrictions paralyzed colonial thrift and bred discontent.

What was the condition of the Colonies? After being racked with war and tumult, in the intervals of peace this sturdy, hopeful people would return to the waste places and begin anew the struggle of life.

In the Northern Colonies their villages were devastated and ruined; but it made no difference to them whether the humble cabin was their home, whether desolate skies were over them or the tracery of frost painted the landscape, if liberty and the free worship of God encircled the lintel-posts. What was the wilderness, with all its privations; what were snow-bound winters, full of discomforts; what the treachery of the red man, compared with freedom against despotism!

We have found that it is not alone surroundings or environment that made the sturdy, industrious, steadfast men of the Colonies. If so, the red man that roamed these forests four hundred years ago—drinking in the inspiration of mountains, rivers, valleys, and sea—would have arrived at a higher civilization than these children of adversity, who sought an asylum on these shores, because of longer possession.

The red man first unfolded the pages of this continent and put upon it his bookmark. He led the way by having preempted its rocks and hills, its rivers and lakes, its forests and plains—and lived the life of his day. Nevertheless, with all his environments, he was a savage.

There were transcendent race germs which formed the unique development of Anglo-Saxon sturdihood which persecution could not quench or tyrants subdue. This inherited condition, with the environments of freedom of thought, action, and belief, and the boundless expanse of land and sea, took off the fetters of the soul and made men free.

One of the leading causes that led up to the Revolution was the inherited character of the Colonists. Their conflict with the Indians and French had shown them that they were fully able to defend their country and their homes.

When England insisted upon the right of arbitrary government the Colonies resisted, but the immediate cause of a revolt was the numerous acts of Parliament destructive of colonial liberty.

The enforcement of the unjust Navigation Law was the first; then followed their asserted right to tax the Colonies.

Heretofore the Colonies had taxed themselves through their assemblies. The King's governors had only named the amount wanted, as the people of Great Britain had taxed themselves through their Parliament.

There is an unwritten law, as well as a written law, that no person can be taxed without representation. The Colonists had no representation in Parliament. Upon this question they quarreled for twelve years, until force was used by Great Britain. Then came the Revolution.

In the spring of 1765 the Stamp Act passed Parliament, and when the news reached the Colonies the hum of resistance was heard in every town and hamlet, while muffled bells in Philadelphia and Boston rung the dirge of Liberty dead.

Associations called "Sons of Liberty" were speedily organized. James Otis, of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia, fought battles against the act by their eloquence. The "Stamp Act Congress," the first move in the direction of united action, met in New York October 7, 1765. We no longer hear of provincials to distinguish them from the British, but all are Americans. The Colonies were no longer separate peoples. This Congress had no power to make laws, but it declared a Declaration of Rights and sent petitions to the King and Parliament to have them respected. Pitt and other friends in Parliament urged its repeal, which was done; but, after this, advantage was taken of Pitt's illness and laws more obnoxious followed.

One was commercial taxation, out of which was evolved the "Boston Tea Party." Then followed the Boston Port Bill, which closed the port of Boston harbor. Then the Massachusetts Bill, changing its charter so as to take away the government from the people and giving it to the King's agents. This act immediately bound the Colonies together, each not knowing when their turn would come. Then, again, was the Transportation Act, which ordered all Americans who committed crime through resistance to be carried to England for trial. The next was the Quebec Act, making all of the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi a part of Canada! Parliament was to enforce these acts by standing armies in America.

Excitement ran high and a Continental Congress was demanded by the people. Every Colony sent delegates but Georgia: her people were in sympathy with the movement, but the Governor made no appointments.

At this point the Royal Governor of Virginia dissolved the House of Burgesses. The members immediately resolved themselves into a committee and formed an association and passed resolutions declaring that the interest of ONE COLONY WAS THE INTEREST OF ALL, and advised a local "*Committee of Correspondence*" to consult with the other Colonies on the expediency of a General Congress.

The First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia September 5, 1774, and declared if force was used against Massachusetts all the other Colonies would use force to help her.

Before adjournment a resolution was adopted recommending the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until the wrongs against the Colonies should be redressed.

Parliament answered immediately by ordering General Gage to reduce the Colonies by force, and a fleet with ten thousand soldiers was sent to America.

A "Committee of Safety" was organized in New England, and similar committees were formed throughout the Colonies. They were to collect supplies, guns, ammunition, and to look out for the welfare of the Colonists.

The attack on Lexington and Concord was the beginning of the war, and with this battle began the rise of our Republic.

The Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia May 10, 1775. The first Congress was to pass resolutions; the second to pass laws. The forces around Boston had been formed into a Continental Army, with Washington as Commander.

Up to this time the war was between the British Parliament and the American Congress, and George III was their King: many do not comprehend that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought under these conditions; but when it was found that the King sided with Parliament, Congress declared war against the King.

Congress continued in session, waiting events, and, acting under their delegated powers, proceeded to prepare for the general defense.

In May, 1776, Washington wrote from the head of the Army:

When I took command of the Army I abhorred the idea of Independence, but I am now fully satisfied that nothing else will save us.

On the 7th of June Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered the resolution in Congress declaring "that the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved."

After long debate Lee's resolution was postponed until July 1. In the meantime a committee of five members was appointed to prepare and elaborate a formal declaration. This special work was allotted to Jefferson and Adams, Lee being ill.

On the 1st day of July the resolution was adopted. On the 3d the declaration was debated, and debate continued until the next day, and at two o'clock on that memorable Fourth of July the Declaration of American Independence was unanimously adopted.

The old bellman in the State House had stood at his post during all these days ready to ring out the first sound of freedom to the Nation. The days passed; the hours went by; the patriot lost heart, saying, "They will never do it; they will never do it." Just then a boy, who had been waiting for the signal below, called at the top of his voice, "Ring! Ring!" and the old bell rang its new song of freedom as it had never rung before, and the multitude took up the glad tidings and shouted them afar. The United Colonies were from this hour the United States.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

ADDRESS,

READ BEFORE THE GASPEE CHAPTER, D. A. R., APRIL 19, 1894.

THE recent Continental Congress in Washington called the attention of the country to our new patriotic order. Many inquiries are made as to the origin and purpose of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution which it may be well to answer briefly. The women's society is an outgrowth of the Sons of the Revolution, whose exclusion of women from their society roused the patriotic ardor of Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, who, in the "Washington Post" of July 13, 1890, wrote a letter giving an account of Hannah Arnett and her patriotic acts during the darkest days of the Revolution. In reply to this a letter was published a week later from William O. McDowell, of New Jersey, the great-grandson of Hannah Arnett, calling on the women to form a society of their own, since they had been excluded from the society of the Sons of the American Revolution at a meeting held in Louisville, Kentucky, April 30, 1890.

Four Washington women answered the call, and a meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Louise Walcott Knowlton Brown, to which descendants of famous patriots were invited; among whom were Miss Meikleham, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and Miss Washington, a great-granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Washington, the brother of General Washington, and others whose ancestors had borne a great part in the War of Independence. Being notified of this letter and asked for advice, Mr. McDowell drew up a constitution based upon that of the Sons of the Revolution, and a number of application blanks were printed; and at another meeting at the rooms of Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, at the Langham Hotel, the Society made a beginning by choosing Mrs. Walworth secretary, Miss Washington registrar, and requesting Mrs. Levi P. Morton to act as treasurer, while a board of managers was elected.

Mrs. Walworth, Miss Washington, and Miss Desha (one of the board of managers) went immediately to work, and letters were written to various States to secure help in the cause, which was promptly offered. A meeting was held on October 11, 18[illegible] the anniversary of the discovery of America, with Mr. McDowell as presiding officer; but after full organization Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the Chief Executive, was elected President General of the Society. Miss Desha suggested the design of the seal, which represents a woman spinning at a wheel, with an arch of thirteen stars over her head. The inscription which encircles the seal reads: "Daughters of the American Revolution, 1776. Home and Country, 1890."

Such, briefly, is the origin of a society which has spread rapidly over the country until it now has ninety-two chapters and a roll-call of 4,710 members, of whom 1,962 have been added within one year. Of these, Connecticut furnishes the largest number, as she has organized nineteen chapters and furnishes four hundred and eighty-five members.

Various dissensions about qualifications for membership, and also in regard to the management of the Society, have made the meetings of the Congress stormy at times, but these points at issue have been at last amicably settled, and the Society is now at leisure to proceed to its main objects and to organize a plan of action with a view to making its deliberations of value.

Viewing the Congress as a whole, one was convinced that the concentrated effort of such an unusual body of women should be able to do some worthy thing and to do it well. We saw in that assemblage a truly typical group of Americans, gathered together from all parts of the Union. Women of birth, of honored inheritance, of intelligence and good standing in their respective communities, meeting together to revive among us the memory of the fathers to whom we owe our inheritance.

What purpose does this serve?

It serves, first of all, to preserve records which each year makes more difficult to retain; it awakens in our minds that historic instinct which is important to any people with a past: it tends to bind families together by a recognition of their common origin, and to bring into one union women from remotest sections of the country who otherwise would have no common

hood. As we listen to the various accents in which our language is spoken by those refined and educated women, as we feel the variations of which our mother tongue is capable, and realize that climate and environment tend to differentiate the race, we feel more eager than before to emphasize those points which lead to union rather than separation; we long to consolidate the interests of our women, to resist with all our force the sectional influences which tend to draw us apart, and to enjoy and cultivate any interest which tends to weld together North, South, East, and West. Knowing the wide and silent influence of women, we feel that any great reform that appeals to all our hearts once urged by such a Congress would reach far and wide in its accomplishment. Here national interests which touch the home, the school, the great social problems of the hour, may well be considered from the woman's side of the question, and organized action be determined upon. It is here that veneration for historic sites can be inculcated, and that a loyal reverence may arise for the preservation of old trees and groves that are linked with important events in our history.

By the care and interest of women many a house in which a patriot was nursed can be preserved from decay and held in honor as his birthplace, or the neglected tombstone of a brave woman who gave her all to the service of the country rescued from dilapidation and disrespect. By their efforts old letters can be brought from their hiding places to make known to us the sacrifices, the enthusiasm, the heroic efforts of that memorable time, and forefathers and mothers once unknown to us restored to their proper place among our Lares and Penates.

If in Philadelphia the Colonial dames have made themselves the protectors of the ancient elms under which our ancestors walked while they deliberated anxiously upon the future of their country, Daughters of the Revolution may well find a sacred duty in the protection of other classic grounds from the attacks of nineteenth century Goths and Vandals.

An English historian on his visit to America felt that it was as if he saw ancient history at its beginning, as one who walked within the walls of Rome in the days of Numa Pompilius. We are as yet but at the beginning of things. Shall we not preserve

for the generations who are to come after a holy memory of our vanishing past? This is our mission first of all, to save the memory of the men and women of the Revolution as a vivid recollection for our children, to rescue from forgetfulness their great sacrifices, to honor the debt we owe them, and to learn from them the lesson of frugality and sacrifice, that we may teach it to our children.

There is work enough to do in the present for any organized body, whether it chooses education or service for its mission. The point is to consolidate effort, and to be linked together by a bond that has a serious meaning, that binds us by a common root to one grand ever-living idea, and then to be uplifted to some purpose worthy of a great organization, which took its rise from a great memory.

To-day is meaningless unlinked with yesterday and to-morrow. Only in the comprehension of the true relations of the three can we understand the meaning of the race from which we spring, and nerve ourselves to regulate its destiny. Daughters of one revolution may be mothers of a greater revolution if they but work together, wisely seeking great ends and wider life and more serious purposes as their mission. A revolution which makes for righteousness, for peace, for that simplicity of living which is the highest attainment of the best knowledge, is one that the daughters of our sternest age may well be proud to work for.

To-day our effort is for organization, to-morrow will declare what that organization shall accomplish, and when the occasion comes for united action in a serious cause, as come too soon it may, the value of such a working body of intelligent and patriotic women will be promptly recognized by the whole community. As we consider all that our ancestors did in the past, we may well ask ourselves whether we too have it not in our power to do something for our country, even if in these blessed days of peace we are asked for no heroic sacrifice of our nearest and dearest on the field of battle. There are those among us who have in days of anguish endured the pang and felt that throb of holiest patriotism, which, next to religion, is the highest emotion of the human soul, and though to-day there is no such bitter need as in the past, none the less should we cherish as our

[illegible] and consecrate our lives to the preservation of that liberty which our honored sires risked their all to bequeath to us.

Our patriotic mission lies ready to our hand. As mothers we are bound to implant in the hearts of our children that devotion to the fatherland which is our own proud inheritance. As teachers we should seek to imprint upon the plastic mind of youth the conviction of duty to the country as next to the duty toward God; and I believe that the time is at hand when it will need a close-knit band of true American women to keep burning upon our altars the sacred fire of a free and unsectarian education. To watch over the schools, to use our influence to resist every attempt to unamericanize them, seems to be one thing that sooner or later we as a body must set ourselves firmly to accomplish, and this cause is one which an organization of American-born women of patriotic inheritance may greatly aid by its weight and importance.

Our first mission, then, after establishing the record of our fathers, is to teach love of country and liberty to the young, to guard the cradle of the Nation, and to wrap it about with that flag which is the symbol of the Union we hold so dear, and of those ideas which are the nutriment of a free people. Our constant effort as a society should be to stand solidly for all the larger and truer interests of our beloved land, remembering that it is for us to be the exponents of the true American idea. It may seem of small moment to-day to prove that we are of Revolutionary descent, but in years to come, when the country is flooded with an alien race, these careful records which we transmit to posterity will be the Doomsday Book of the United States, and show beyond dispute the purity of our nationality and the right of our sons to influence the destiny of a country which owes its existence to the patriotism of their remote ancestors, and to the honorable zeal of their mothers in preserving the records before it was too late to verify them.

We are yet so young a Nation that we do not fully recognize the importance of our family archives, but the Sons and Daughters of the brave fighters for American liberty can do much to make them trustworthy and useful to the future historian.

A service that the Daughters of the American Revolution might also wisely render to the Nation is to devise some way of

celebrating Independence Day which should be of more interest, and help to redeem us from the charge of having no idea of entertainment for that festival beyond noise and gunpowder. Since we women are really in earnest, let us show our inventiveness by gratifying this long-felt want, till we teach our people no longer to take their pleasures sadly or noisily, but with proper enthusiasm and wise enjoyment.

MRS. J. H. ROBBINS.

ADDRESS.

[Made before the Mohegan Chapter, D. A. R., of Westchester County, upon the occasion of the presentation of the charter to the Chapter, at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Annie Van Rensselaer Wells, Sing Sing, Wednesday, June 27, 1894.]

ALTHOUGH it is only a few weeks since the formation of this Chapter, the utmost interest and enthusiasm has been shown throughout all parts of the country, and the descendants of nearly all the Revolutionary families of this locality are enrolling under its banner.

With a full corps of officers and twenty-three accepted members, we to-day make a beginning of what we hope will be one of the largest and most patriotic Chapters in the State.

It is most fitting to name our Chapters the old Indian names, in memory of the red men who once owned and dearly loved all this our fair country. New York Island was inhabited by the Manhattans, whose territory extended as far northward as Yonkers. Then came the Mohegans, a tribe of Algonquin lineage, who were distinguished by a common language and by similar traditions and customs.

At the time of the landing of the Pilgrims the Algonquins were scattered over more than one-half the territory east of the Mississippi and southeast of the Saint Lawrence. They occupied sixty degrees of longitude and twenty degrees of latitude. They encircled the Hurons, who dwelt around Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The Algonquins probably numbered not less than 90,000 at that time.

During the early period of the Iroquois confederacy, which comprised the Six Nations, the Mohegans inhabited the south-

western part of New England, and their campfires reached along the east bank of the Hudson from Yonkers to Albany, and the Hudson River, whose waves we can now hear lapping against the shore, was at one time known as the Mohegan River, and it seems most appropriate that the Chapter has taken this name for its own.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized on the 9th day of August, 1890, at the Hotel Langham, in Washington, informally at the first meeting, and the first three members were Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and Miss Eugenia Washington. In October of the same year, 1890, the National Society was formally organized in the parlors of the Strathmore Arms, Washington, and in less than four years the Daughters of the American Revolution are known from Canada to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a more rapid growth than any other society has ever made in this country, with Regents and Chapters in every State in the Union and a membership of nearly 7,000 and rapidly increasing.

Think what a power we are to-day; think what a power we will be in the future, with thousands of able Christian women working for their country's good.

Wherever the Daughters of the American Revolution plant their banners they do so in the cause of Christianity, temperance, morality, justice, and the protection of home and country.

There are three things in this fair America of ours that are the symbols of the tenderest, holiest, and highest feelings that our human hearts can know—the cross, the hearthstone, and our country's flag—signifying our faith, our home, our country.

We all realize that this is a great national, patriotic society, not bounded by any narrow social laws or creeds, and our platform is so broad that all can unite on it; our religion simply our duty to God and our duty to our neighbor.

We know that the different forms of religion are but different pathways leading us onward and upward to the haven where we would be—our home, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Our politics, the greatest good to the greatest number, and the sustaining of those men best calculated to carry out those

ideas, and to aid those men as leaders who will keep for us what our forefathers gave to us—free America.

Our Society finds much work before it in many ways. In the State of Illinois we hear of hundreds of foreigners who are crowding into that State, and we know of the active and earnest work done by many of our "Daughters" teaching these wanderers from many climes our national laws, our national policy, the rights and duties of citizenship, and the true meaning of a ballot. No grander work to help our country could be undertaken than this.

What does it mean? That we are told that New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston, Chicago, and many other of our largest cities are led captive by foreign rule. Thomas Bailey Aldrich answers this question in a little poem called—

UNGUARDED GATES.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a motley throng,
Bringing with them unknown gods and rites
Their tiger passions here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley, what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air?
O Liberty, White Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? Have a care,
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust.

The great problem of how to restrict immigration and control naturalization is one that should be earnestly taken up and worked upon by every American-born man and woman in the United States, and especially by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

To-day, when we are come together to honor the memories of those brave men and women who helped to achieve American Independence, and to remember with gratitude the fidelity and courage of our French allies—to-day we are also called upon to mourn, with the whole civilized world, with stricken France. Like Lincoln (our own martyred President), Carnot died, amid the rejoicings and congratulations of his countrymen, by the assassin's blow, the red hand of anarchy.

The great lesson of this sad event is that liberty's deadliest

danger is in its own excess. Slavery was the shadow of freedom, and anarchy is the shadow of liberty.

We should take this lesson to our hearts at this time. We are a free people—self-governed. Our defense is the love of peace, the respect for law, and an all-pervading and animating patriotism—a spirit of common loyalty and fidelity to the Constitution and the flag; but we must repudiate and stamp out every form of anarchistic, populistic, and socialistic fanaticism if we would be true to our political traditions and perpetuate our free institutions.

And now a few words as to our honored guests :

We have with us to-day, my friends, Rear Admiral Benham, of the United States Navy, who so ably defended our flag and our national honor in the waters of the Southern Pacific last winter.

We have with us also Dr. and Mrs. Hasbrouck, of Dobbs Ferry, who gave to the Sons of the American Revolution the land for the statue in memory of Washington and Rochambeau, and who entertained us so hospitably only a few weeks ago.

I shall also have the pleasure of introducing to you Prince Lubecki, of Russia, a proud and worthy representative of his country, and Russia for many years, as well as France, has been America's strongest friend and ally.

We regret to-day the enforced absence of our President General, Mrs. Stevenson, but her place is filled to-day by Mrs. Stranahan, of Brooklyn, one of the Vice-Presidents General, who won golden honors in the way she presided over the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington last winter and who so efficiently represented the women of New York State at the great fair at Chicago.

We are well pleased to welcome our State Regent, Miss McAllister, who from the very formation of the Society has given her name and her work to help on the good cause.

We have also with us officers and Daughters from the Chapters of Kingston, Newburgh, and Poughkeepsie.

Last, but not least, the officers and some members of the New York City Chapter, the first Chapter to be formed in this State and the largest in the Society : Daughters from Connecticut, New York's firm friend and ally through the Revolution, and Daughters from New Jersey.

We thank them, one and all, for their presence here to-day to encourage and to do honor to the Mohegan Chapter.

But among the congratulations of to-day and the bright prospects of the future we must not forget the heroes of the past those brave men who helped achieve American Independence.

There on the wall, above the chimney-piece, we see looking down upon us that sturdy old patriot, Pierre Van Cortlandt the first Lieutenant-Governor of the State and president of the Committee of Safety, upon whose head a price was set, and who the British dubbed as "that arch-traitor, Pierre Van Cortlandt," and he was the great-grandfather of your Regent.

On the wall, at the right hand, you see the portrait of his son, Philip Van Cortlandt, who served with honor throughout the entire War of the Revolution, who received his commission as colonel from John Hancock, and was made brigadier general for bravery at Yorktown—the friend of Washington, Lafayette, and Steuben, the first treasurer of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Our Vice-regent and Treasurer come to us as the descendants of the eminent and brave Elkanah Watson. Our Corresponding Secretary is the great-great-granddaughter of Brigadier-General Abram Ten Broeck, who during the War of the Revolution commanded all the New York militia from Dutchess and Ulster Counties to the northern and western extremities of the State. At the battle of Saratoga, October, 1777, when Burgoyne was defeated, the history of New York says General Enoch Poor with his New Hampshire men and General Abram Ten Broeck with three thousand New Yorkers faced unmoved the cannon and grapeshot. General Ten Broeck was also a member of the Provincial Congress and mayor of Albany. On the evacuation of New York by the British he was one of the council appointed to receive possession; he was also senator of the State of New York and president of the convention that adopted its first constitution, and his great-granddaughter has loaned to us for this occasion the old dining table of General Ten Broeck, at which he and Washington frequently dined and afterwards planned their campaigns together.

We have also with us to-day one of the most representative women of our New York City Chapter, Mrs. Marie Clinton Le Duc, the great-granddaughter of General James Clinton.

The president of our village, Mr. Abram Hyatt, who comes to-day also to do us honor, is the great-grandson of brave Captain John Hyatt, who was born in Westchester, who fought for Westchester, who died for Westchester, and just as bravely as his grandsire gave up his life for his country, in the days of the Revolution, so did his two brothers give their lives to save the Union in the late civil war; and so with the memories of the past and the hopes and aspirations of the future mingling together and bringing our hearts and interests closer together, we meet to-day as one family, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and as brothers and sisters I say to you all once more, welcome.

MRS. SCHUYLER HAMILTON, JR.,
Vice-President-General D. A. R.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

ON THURSDAY, May 18, in Memphis, Tennessee, was commemorated the annual decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead. The sun shone never more gloriously, its light softened and mellowed by the exquisite shade of the trees of beauteous Elmwood Cemetery. This portion of the Southland is never more beautiful than in May, when the flowers seem almost bursting with bloom and fragrance. All nature seems smiling and happy. The mocking-birds call to each other in sweetest wooing, and the magnolia, queen flower of the South, sways aloft its creamy loveliness amidst countless tossing boughs.

However, it is not of memorial services held in honor of the heroes of the "Lost Cause" we would at this time speak, nor of the National Decoration Day, which occurs a few days later, and at which time the survivors of the Blue and of the Gray join hands and pay manly deference to the memory of worthy foes; but we would speak of another decoration which occurred on the same day, preceding the first about an hour, one full of sweet suggestions, bearing promise of happy fruitage—a decoration that would not have occurred had it not been for the existence of the two Chapters of the Daughters of the American

Revolution in Memphis. In order to explain more fully how this event was consummated we will have to revert somewhat to the past.

About six years ago it came to the knowledge of Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes (now State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Tennessee) that in a lonely grave in a remote corner of Elmwood Cemetery lay the mortal remains of Patrick Henry's eldest daughter, Mrs. Dorothea Spottswood Henry Winston, who lived, died, and was buried in Memphis many years ago.

The fires of patriotism seem ever to have burned brightly in the heart of Mrs. Mathes, and she felt deeply grieved to know of the long neglect of the grave of the daughter of our illustrious patriot. She failed, however, to awaken that same interest in others, for few are so zealous, so enthusiastic as she. So this grave remained alone, almost pathetic in its isolation. She who had been so beautiful, so sought after in life, now slept quiet and alone, all unheeding this world's forgetfulness. So the years passed on, and the tangled vines and mosses grew luxuriantly over the simple headstone. However, after the two Chapters were organized in Memphis, the Dolly Madison and the Watauga, the members at once with great earnestness entered into an agreement with Mrs. Mathes (the State Regent) to do everything possible to make reparation for the long neglect. The grave was cleared of its luxuriant growth, and after the marble was cleansed and straightened we read the following simple epitaph:

Mrs. Dorothea S. Winston, eldest child of the second marriage of the illustrious Patrick Henry, of Virginia, died June 17, 1854, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

It was decided by the Watauga Chapter, with the kindly assistance of the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis, to have services held in her memory on the same day as the annual decoration of the soldiers' graves. So, in accordance with the programme, we gathered silently, reverently, around the little mound, under the spreading boughs which sheltered the grave, and with the sunbeams shimmering sympathetically and the

cool breezes sighing in unison we planted above the head laid low the violets and roses—one sweetly whispering in the happy parlance of flowers sweet memories of the golden past, the other suggesting the glorious resurrection. As we stood there doing deference to her so long gone before, the past and present seemed linked together in sweetest accord—she, the illustrious child of 1776, and we, the children of 1894.

Strange are the providences of our God. On that occasion the first to plant the violet and the rose was a granddaughter of Dorothea Henry Winston, Mrs. Granburg, wife of Bishop Granburg, who had come from her Virginia home, with her husband, to Memphis, where they were in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which was at that time in session, she (Mrs. Granburg) not even knowing that her grandmother was buried there. She was apprised of the fact by Mrs. Mathes, and asked to be first in the ceremony of the planting of the flowers, where, with tears coursing down her sweet face, she performed this loving service. We stood, while prayer was being offered by Bishop Granburg in a manner most tender, sweet, and appreciative. This was followed by the planting of flowers on the grave by individual members of the two Chapters. Then Bishop Granburg gave an address, short and appropriate, which found a response in the hearts of his listeners. Mrs. Samuel Latta then sang exquisitely, with cornet accompaniment, the song "America." Her voice rang clear and sweet to the noble words, reminding one of the clarion tones of Patrick Henry, which are alive to-day, ringing for liberty and justice. Mrs. Anna Robinson Watson, former Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis, then gave the following original address and poem:

The planting of a rose, the rooting of a violet, how small a thing to those who give but casual thought to the impulse which brings us here to-day; but, as we gather about this secluded spot, where rests one of noble lineage, of historic name, which of us is not thrilled with the significance of the thought, the deed? From far Virginia, where the myrtle twines in perennial green above the sacred resting place of those who gave her birth, comes the precious soil which now must nourish our tender rose, and from the same sacred dust will spring to newer birth the azure

bloom which tells of love, of remembrance kept warm in human h... As year by year the tendrils reach down for stronger life, and u... as in aspiration, climb toward the sun, as year by year the m... fragrance floats upon the air, will the tribute be paid anew to one w... patriotic blood throbbed in earlier days with most loyal love to t... patriots' cause. From distant homes are gathered those within wh... veins the same flows, and to-day they come to do her reverence. W... them are gathered others who come as well of noble lineage, that th... too, may do her reverence, and in so doing may strengthen the ties th... bind the American women of to-day to the American women of a glori... ous past. We all have laid some loved one down to rest—under th... violets, under the lilacs, they sleep, here or on distant hillsides, wher... love guards the place; but how sweet to think that, though the s... seem cold and dark, it once was tenanted by one far greater, far holier, than we; that for us, through Him, it has been made a holy resting place.

I do believe when our poor clay
Shall, wearied, court the rest profound and deep,
In blind and voiceless but all-conscious way,
It will rejoice to feel that He did sleep
Beneath the sod—our King.

And I do hope each springtime, when the throng
Of heaven's heralds crown the gladsome land,
When song and blossom and rejoicing hosts
Of spirits freed make harmonies so grand
They reach the King,

That it will chance these bodies laid so low
May somehow feel the universal thrill;
That haply in the flowers, the air, the vine,
They'll conscious live and speak, full sure they will
Themselves soon see the King.

Then dust sent from the graves of Patrick Henry, Sir Alexander Spottswood, and Dorothea Dandridge was lightly commingled with the soil of the grave of their loved child. This mingling of the dust was done by Patrick Henry Miller, a young man and a great-great-grandson of the great Patrick Henry, while near by stood a grandniece, Mrs. Bailey, a dear old lady, with the same sweet grace and gentle manner so characteristic of the ladies and gentlemen of the old school. The memorial services were closed by the following exquisite poem from the pen of our gifted Southern poetess, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle:

A TRIBUTE TO DOROTHEA SPOTTSWOOD WINSTON, DAUGHTER OF PATRICK HENRY, FROM THE WATAUGA CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

When we have laid our violets on the crest
Of one low hill of God, where daisies start,
And pink-cheeked roses breathe their lives above
The ashes of a gentle woman's heart;

When we have felt the thrill that opens wide
The portals of the past, and caught the gleam
That sifts the mellow light that grandly gilds
The truth-crowned whiteness of a patriot's dream,

Then shall the spirit, listening, forgive
If eager hands in homage close have pressed,
Have touched the silence of the curtained past,
Or brushed the dews that kissed a robin's nest;

For Glory 'round her Henry richly cast
The mantle of his fame; from wold and wild
And citadels of might her needles wrought;
It droops to-day upon our trust--his child.

For what were age to those who hold the hand
Of ruthless time while countless cycles fly?
And what were death? There is no death for him
Whose clarion message lives—can never die!

Blest be the dust urned in Virginia's heart
By love and pride, a priceless legacy;
Blest be the ashes of the child he loved,
Within the sheltering arms of Tennessee!

And so we leave them with the bloom of May,
The song of birds, the dropping petals' snow,
And by the light within each other's eyes
We claim the name of children as we go!

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Then we knelt, while a touching prayer was being offered by Dr. W. M. Long, a Son of the Revolution and chaplain of the Dolly Madison Chapter. Mrs. Keller Anderson, Regent of Watauga Chapter, conducted the ceremonies, owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Mathes, on that occasion. After this we quietly, reverently, left the grave and wended our way to our other dead, so sacred, so loved. I believe the heart of each was filled with a wish, a prayer, that we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, might prove the means of bringing into closest bonds of brotherhood North, South, East, and West.

Ours is a glorious privilege; may we read it aright, and in His strength go forth on our mission of not only commemorating the valor of our forefathers, but in cementing fast together the present generation in love, peace, and goodwill to all and to each other.

LILLIAN BRIGHT HORTON,
Vice-Regent Watauga Chapter, Memphis, Tennessee.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PITTSBURG CHAPTER.

[Ceremonies connected with the transfer of the "Block House" to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County].

AT the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the residence of Mrs. O. D. Thompson, Western avenue, Allegheny, on the 14th of April, 1894, the formal transfer of the Block House property, presented to the Society by Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, of London, England, was accomplished. In order to receive the property it was necessary to organize the Chapter as a chartered society. This was done under the name of the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County." Colonel W. A. Herron, Mrs. Schenley's agent and representative, made the presentation speech, which was as follows:

Madam, the President, and the Ladies of the Pittsburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution:

It is a pleasant duty which I am called upon to perform as the business representative of Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, to present on her behalf to your association the deed to a plot of ground in the First Ward, city of Pittsburg. In size it is ninety by one hundred feet, with a passageway twenty feet wide running from Penn Avenue to the property in question. This ground was once part of old Fort Duquesne, and on it still remains a redoubt commonly known as the old Block House. You are to preserve and keep this relic of a bygone past, and to gather and preserve all obtainable history and tradition in regard to it, and you are to beautify and adorn it and to make it the receptacle of relics bearing on the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of its existence. In presenting you with this deed I am strongly tempted to enlarge on the wealth of incident at my disposal regarding the stirring times that gave occasion for the building of Fort Duquesne, but I cannot do so without telling you what has already been so charmingly and fascinatingly told by a member of your Society,

Miss Harding, in a paper read before the National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I will therefore make this presentation as brief as possible and leave the ladies of your Society, who have the history of western Pennsylvania at their finger ends, to tell the story of the chivalrous Frenchmen, cruel, crafty Indians, courageous British, and intrepid Colonists. It is fitting that this old landmark, rich in historic associations of more than a century ago, should fall into the hands of those who by birth, tradition, and sentiment are particularly fitted to receive and preserve it and perpetuate the memories of the days when it was occupied by the French and their Indian allies, and afterwards by the British and Colonial troops. In making you the custodians of this valuable property and historic relic the generous donor asks no guarantee from you except what is called for in the deed. She knows full well that the earnest patriotism which has always characterized the women of America, and particularly the women of Pittsburg, can be depended on to act with the living present and cherish the memories of the dead past.

In the presentation of the deed Colonel Herron spoke of the large outlay that would be necessary to put this property in a condition that would do honor to the donor and be worthy of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as an ornament to the city. Then he added that when the subscription books were opened he would head the list with $100.

Miss Matilda W. Denny, the Regent of the newly chartered society, responded as follows:

In receiving the deed of the Block House in the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County, I can find no words adequate to express our appreciation and gratitude to Mrs. Schenley and to you, the medium through which she conveys this gift, as a renewed proof of her liberal generosity.

When one looks at the one hundred feet by ninety feet, as delineated on the map before us, and remembers the tumbled-down Block House, with its surroundings of shabby tenements, it may not seem a very valuable gift; and if a visit be made to this historic spot and the entrance from Penn Avenue of another ninety feet by twenty feet be added, in its present condition, the verdict might still be, no such great things after all; indeed, some might fear that it would prove an elephant on our hands; but we know of what we speak when we say that this gift represents thousands upon thousands of dollars. The lowest estimate would be $50,000; that certainly is a magnificent gift—a gift that calls for the gratitude not only of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny, but of all who are interested in preserving the relics of our early history; and, what is more, it says to us that although Mrs. Schenley left her native land very early in life and

cast her lot with those who were once our enemies, she still remains loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and the gift of this ground, where once stood a British fort, to the descendants of those who fought to establish the independence of the Colonies proves to us that time and absence have not alienated her affections.

Her munificent gift of the park to Pittsburg and her contribution of $10,000 to the park in Allegheny show how she holds the interests of the two cities in her heart. While in those broad acres her memory will always be kept fresh and green, we will make her gift to us a little oasis in the midst of a busy, crowded city, not only as a memorial of patriots and pioneers, but to the honor of her who, although long a resident of England, shows in this noble way that she is proud of her descent from American patriots; and we are proud to have on our roll the name of Mary E. Schenley, which is but a synonym of large-hearted liberality.

This gift will also be the means of greatly increasing the dignity of the Chapter. The Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was but a part of a whole and not qualified to hold property. In order to accept this gift we were obliged to get a charter from the State. Now in numbers we are not far below any sister Chapter, but we feel as if we were head and shoulders above all our sisters since receiving this gift, as we are the only Chapter holding a distinct charter and the only one (so far as we know) holding property.

Now that we are a chartered organization we find we are entitled to many privileges, some of them desirable and others quite the reverse. The privilege of paying taxes is one. The great object of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is to preserve and perpetuate the memory of those who fought and bled and died to establish the principle of "no taxation without representation." Do you not think that fact should have some weight with the "city fathers" when we send in a petition to be exonerated from the payment of taxes?

Mrs. Hogg, the State Regent, then made a short address:

I do not wish to take from the limited time one afternoon allows for all the work which is laid down on to-day's programme, but I must in a few words express my gratification at the happy issue of almost two years' effort and labor on the part of some of the members of this Chapter. When, in June, 1892, we heard the letter from Mrs. Schenley read, in which she made promise to us of the gift of "the old Block House, with some ground to surround it," we did not imagine the difficulties which would lie in our path before the gift could be received; but at last the many obstacles have been removed, and the deed is now, as I understand, the property of the chartered organization of the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County." I most heartily congratulate the Pittsburg Chapter, the Chapter which I had the pleasure to organize, on holding within its limits the first historic ground possessed by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Organizing, as this Chapter did, on the 11th day of June, the one hun-

...and fourteenth anniversary of the appointment in Congress of the Committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence, it was fitting that this date should act as an inspiration to good works and also to success. There is much to do before our labors are ended; but, with willing hands and brave hearts, I do not think there is anything to fear, remembering always that we are working not for ourselves, not for this generation, which must soon be of the past, but for posterity, the Daughters' Daughters, who we hope shall continue a society as long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave over our National Capital.

The Daughters expressed their thanks to Colonel Herron, and also to J. H. White, Esq., who has assisted them legally.

The Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County having adjourned, the Regent of the Pittsburg Chapter, Mrs. Park Painter, took the chair, and the usual routine followed—the minutes were read and reports made by the corresponding secretary and the treasurer. The historian read a paper on the "Events of the Revolution Occurring in the Months of March, April, and May." This was followed by a pleasant little incident, the presentation to Mrs. Hogg of a handsomely chased silver vase, inscribed "Julia Katherine Hogg, author of the Pennsylvania amendment, from the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in grateful recognition of her services to the National Society in the Congress of 1894 in the cause of lineal descent." Mrs. O. D. Thompson made the presentation speech about as follows:

"Mrs. Hogg, very great is my privilege, very sincere my pleasure, in being deputed to bear you, in behalf of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, this testimonial of our high regard of the noble service you have rendered, not for this task alone, not alone for the State which honors you as her Regent, but for the future greatness and prosperity of the whole National Society. It is our great desire that this token may convey to you eloquent explanation of that which our hearts would say; that it may tell of our grateful appreciation of the untiring energy, zealous loyalty, and dignified bearing which have ever accompanied your efforts, now successfully crowned, in so amending our constitution that we are to-day Daughters, truly Daughters, of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Hogg had been kept in complete ignorance of this testimony of the appreciation of her earnest work. She expressed her thanks in a few well chosen words, uttered with her usual dignity and good taste. An interesting paper by Mr. Oliver

Ormsby Page was then read by Miss Harding. It was a history of the glassworks of Bakewell, Page & Bakewell, and included an account of the visit of General Lafayette to Pittsburg in 1825 and a description of the vases presented by the firm to the General. These vases were exhibited in the French building at the World's Fair. Arrangements were also made for the lectures to be given in May by Miss Jane Meade Welch. After a piano quartette and the singing of America the meeting adjourned.

MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON,
Historian of the Pittsburg Chapter.

THE SEQUOIA LIBERTY TREE.

THE planting of a Liberty Tree in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, by the Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is told in "The Examiner" as follows:

For a characteristic Liberty Tree to be planted in California was selected the native Sequoia of the State—not the *Sequoia sempervirens* of the coast counties, from which comes the redwood of commerce, but the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierra foothills, which constitutes the great groves famous the world over for the size of the trees. These trees are reproduced only from their seed. Some time ago a seed from the Calaveras grove was planted in a garden at San José, and the tree that sprang from it is now about five feet tall. This tree was honored by selection as the Liberty Tree set out in Golden Gate Park by Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

With appropriate ceremony the tree was planted in the ground in a protected place near the conservatories, and around it was placed historic earth collected from many famous battlefields and from the tombs of patriots and martyrs who participated in the war for the liberty of the Colonies, the deeds of which are commemorated by the order of which Sequoia Chapter is a part. The giant redwoods grow only in places guarded from storms and where constant moisture keeps at all times the ground covered with a verdant carpet of moss. In order that the commemorative tree, which is now an institution of the local park, may thrive, care will be taken that the ground is always moist, and that the hand of the vandal shall not be permitted to rob it of branches or bark. It will be inclosed by an iron fence, on which will be placed a copper tablet bearing the name of the Society, its aims, the names of its officers and members, and such farther inscription as may indicate the purpose for which it was placed in its present position and the events of which it is a symbol.

THE STRIPES AND THE TRICOLOR.

On the warmest of spring afternoons the commemorative ceremonies were conducted. The canopied platform in the sheltered valley where formerly the band played was decorated with the flags of our country and arranged with seats for the ladies who make up the membership of Sequoia Chapter. In front of this stand were ranged in parallel lines representatives of the French Zouaves, the Legion Française, and the Lafayette Guard, all in uniform, the members wearing such medals as have been bestowed upon them for deeds of valor. At the end of one line of these Frenchmen was carried the American flag, and at the end of another line was the flag of the country to which they have come and of which they are now citizens. Extending across a driveway from these ranks of Frenchmen were young Americans, also in uniform—the High School Cadets, whose lines formed a pathway from the platform to the plot in which the tree was permanently planted.

The ceremonies of the day were conducted at the platform, Mrs. Ellen M. Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, Vice-Regent of Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, acting as mistress of ceremonies.

After appropriate music by the First Infantry Band, Mrs. Wetherbee welcomed the company that had gathered round about the platform and about the grass plot, and briefly indicated the purpose of the assemblage. The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of the Diocese of California, asked for a blessing upon the ceremonies of the day, and prayed that the tree which was about to be placed in the soil of San Francisco might thrive and for generations recall the events of the day and the patriotic sacrifices and the victories which it commemorates.

A poem, written for the ceremony by Mrs. Frank J. French, was recited with spirit and intelligence by Miss Hattie Vance Martin. That part of the poem which describes the selection of the Sequoia as the Liberty Tree is as follows:

We raise here no altar to human pride.
We pour out the wine of no vain oblation;
While we chant the glory of those who died,
Let us live our lives for the life of the Nation.

While in names of our fathers we firmly stand
For laws that to all yield a swift redress,
Guard our children's rights from an alien band,
Grant a purer people, a purer press.

Then what shall we plant for our Liberty Tree?
Oh! say what our symbol of Freedom shall be!
Shall Southern Palmetto or Pine of the North
Bear our standard of Liberty now and henceforth?

Let its roots lie deep in the mountain's breast;
It must tower like a monarch above the rest,
Till it counts its cycles where men count years;
It must stand till the Prince of Peace appears.

The Palmetto quivers and droops her head;
The Pine Tree shivers and stands as dead;
Thou alone, finite type of infinity,
Sequoia, we hail thee our Liberty Tree.

GENERAL BARNES UPON PATRIOTISM.

The orator of the day, General W. H. L. Barnes, mentioned the impression that was made upon him by listening on the steps at the Capitol at Washington to the inaugural address of President Abraham Lincoln, and quoted several of the patriotic sentences from that famous address. The orator then spoke of the importance of instructing the young people of this country in lessons of patriotism, and declared that the women of the country, mothers of the children, can be in no nobler work than that of a society which commemorates the great deeds at Concord, in Boston, Brandywine, and Valley Forge, and at Lexington, the anniversary of the battle held at which place is the very day upon which the Liberty Tree is planted. The substance of the oration is as follows:

"It is a longer time than I almost dare to think since, a boy, I stood near the east portico of the Capitol at Washington and listened to the inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln, just chosen President of the United States.

"No one who was living in America at that time, no one who to-day shall read his great address on that occasion, can but be satisfied that for that time of violence and danger God had lifted up a champion indeed.

"And as I stand here to-day I can see again the benign face of that great hero, statesman, and martyr.

"Let no satirist say smilingly that this present occasion and ceremony is of no significance. They may ask, 'What does it mean?' 'What is its lesson?' The gentlemen from France who stand here with us gave us the idea, as they gave us Lafayette. They first planted the Liberty Tree to commemorate a great epoch, and we but follow the example they set us.

"My friends, we don't love our country as we ought to. We have been born and come to maturity without a proper sense of the blessings we enjoy. The glory and finish and culture of this land will never be appreciated till they pass away.

"Ladies, you can do no better work than to teach by such ceremonies as this lessons of patriotism to the children of the country; and so I say to you ladies of the Sequoia Chapter who are here present that the lessons of this day are priceless, and we believe that they will have their fruit in a higher, a nobler, and a truer sense of the true American life!"

THE CONSUL OF FRANCE.

The Consul-General of France, L. de Lalande, read the following interesting address:

"In compliance with the request of the Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I had asked the Government of the French Republic to enable me to lend my assistance in the patriotic celebration held by you to-day in forwarding to you through me a small quantity of earth taken at the cemetery of Picpus, in Paris, from the grave of one of the French heroes of the War of American Independence, General Marquis de Lafayette.

"You are aware that the request which I made in your name was favorably considered. I now feel greatly honored in handing you, in my

official capacity as Consul of France in this city, a box of the earth which, in my eyes, is twice consecrated, as it comes from French soil and was taken from the grave of an earnest friend of your Nation, of a great soldier of both your Revolution and ours. I had the pleasure some time ago of visiting the University of Berkeley, and my attention was called in the picture gallery by a fine battle painting having the place of honor. It was not without emotion that I recognized in the painting, by the side of General Washington in the center, the well-known features of his faithful companion-in-arms, of the combatant of Brandywine, where he was wounded; of Monmouth, of Yorktown—I have named Marquis de Lafayette. I will not delay the proceedings by going over historical facts which are in every one's memory. I will only recall, as regards the man whose remembrance we to-day honor, this significant fact: On his return to France, and when your Independence was so happily secured, the French War Office, as an exceptional favor, confirmed Marquis de Lafayette in that rank of general which he had so valiantly gained on your battlefields. That homage paid to a general twenty-five years of age was referred to, to me personally, a few years ago by a very distinguished man, a Senator of the French Republic, one of the descendants of our hero, Edmond de Lafayette, with whom I was well acquainted and who entertained for your country the greatest friendship. He was at one time your guest, and his name appears on the list of the Sons of the American Revolution. F. de Corcelle, Minister Plenipotentiary, whose name you may see on one of the official documents which I have handed to you, is, I believe, the last surviving member of that illustrious family.

"Let me thank you most heartily for your kind idea of associating with this commemoration of your military glories the name of Lafayette, your French brother-in-arms. I cannot help thinking that it is among you of all others, the enlightened portion of the American Nation, keeping sacred the memory of its ancestors, the pride of its historical annals, that we Frenchmen, your elders as a nation, your friends of that early hour when first sounded the ever-famous Liberty Bell, can hope to find for our country true feelings of justice and sincerity; and here to-day, under this bright sun, our two united flags express those sentiments more vividly than any utterances of mine."

THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.

The pleasing address of the Consul-General was responded to by Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, a prominent member of Sequoia Chapter and delegate to the Continental Congress of the Order.

C. L. P. Marais then read the official documents certifying to the casketful of earth taken from the tomb of General Lafayette. One of these certificates is signed by J. O. Beauregard, mandatory of the proprietors of the oratory of Picpus and of the cemetery of Picpus, and the other is signed by Paul Desormeaux and M. de Corcelles, the last named representing the family of General de Lafayette, of which he is a member, both of whom were present at the time the earth was taken from the sepulcher, placed in a metallic casket, and sealed with the seal of Paris.

The ceremony of the planting of the tree was then conducted, the ladies and the men officiating walking from the platform between the lines of the French in uniform and the High School Cadets to the place selected for the permanent home of the Californian Tree of Liberty. With a silver trowel, the handle of which is of the celebrated magnolia tree at Mount Vernon planted by George Washington, Mrs. Hubbard placed about the roots of the tree, which had already been located in an excavation, soil obtained from the Lexington battlefield, the spot where the Revolutionary War began, and contributed for this purpose by Mrs. Harriette Perry Stafford, of Cottage City, Connecticut.

Mrs. William Alvord then, taking the trowel, placed about the roots of the tree soil from the tomb of Mount Vernon, where George and Martha Washington first were buried. This earth was contributed by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President-General of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the Vice-President of the United States.

The Consul-General of France, representing the French nation, then with the silver trowel laid about the tree the earth from the tomb of Lafayette, the band playing the "Marseillaise" as the Consul deposited the historic soil. Then other members of the Sequoia Chapter and State officers of the order deposited the remainder of the soil that was placed about the roots of the tree.

From nearly one hundred and fifty famous battlefields and tombs of patriotic men and women of Revolutionary days was this soil obtained. One trowelful comes from the grave of William French, Westminster, Vermont, which was accompanied by the following letter:

"The first blood shed in our revolution has been commonly supposed to have been shed at Lexington, April 19, 1775; but Westminster, Vermont, files a prior claim in favor of William French, who, it is asserted, was killed on the 9th of March, 1775, at the King's Court-house, in what is now Westminster. At that time Westminster was a part of Vermont, and the King's court officers, together with a body of troops, were sent to Westminster to hold the usual session of the court. The people, however, were exasperated and assembled in the court-house to resist. A little before midnight the troops advanced and fired indiscriminately upon the crowd, instantly killing William French, whose head was pierced by a musket ball. He was buried in the churchyard, and the stone erected to his memory bears the following quaint inscription:

In Memory of William French,
who was shot at Westminster, March ye
twelfth, 1775,
by the hand of the cruel Ministerial Tools of George
ye Third,
at the Court-house, at 11 o'clock at night,
in the 22d year of his age.
Here William French his body lies,
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance cries
King George the Third his Tory Crew,
Tha with a bawl his head shot threw,
For Liberty and his Country's good
He lost his life his Dearest Blood."

SOIL FROM HISTORIC PLACES.

Earth from the grave of Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, and also a piece of the old monument erected to her memory, the corner-stone of which was laid by General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, on May 7, 1833, were sent to be placed about the Liberty Tree by her great-great-granddaughter, Miss Eugenia Washington, one of the founders of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Earth also came from the tomb of the "11,500 martyrs from the prison-ships," and also from the grave of the patriot Benjamin Romaine, on Fort Greene, Brooklyn, who caused the bones of these men to be gathered from the shores of the Wallabout and placed in a vault. This earth was contributed by the Society of Old Brooklynites.

Soil from the grave of Ethan Allen and also from the grave of Thomas Jefferson was deposited about the tree, and also from Valley Forge and from Yorktown, from the Bunker Hill Monument and from the monument erected in 1779 to the memory of the "first eight victims of British tyranny and oppression—Ensign Robert Monroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, Asahel Porter, and John Brown."

A piece of the cannon used on the battlefield at Lexington and soil from the Craddock House at Medford, believed to be the oldest house in the United States retaining its original form, also formed part of the ground from which the Sequoia is to gain its sustenance.

Among other places from which earth was contributed are the grave of General Roger Nelson, the grave of Colonel John Lynn, the grave of Francis Scott Key, the tomb of President James K. Polk, the tomb of Andrew Jackson, the tomb of Roger Brook Taney, fifth Chief Justice of the United States; the grave of Patrick Henry, the grave of General William Barton, the man who made General Preston a prisoner while in the midst of his own troops; the grave of General John Stark and of his wife, the famous Mollie Stark, contributed for this purpose by their great-grandson, John F. Stark, of Alameda, California; from the house of Betsy Ross in Pennsylvania, where was made and exhibited the first American flag; from the grave of John Sevier, the first Governor of Tennessee; from the grave of George Robert Twelves Hewes, "one of the Indians who destroyed the tea" contributed by his great-grandson, Horace G. Hewes, of Braintree, Massachusetts, and his kinsman, David Hewes, of San Francisco; from the grave of Artemus Ward, first major-general in the Army of the Revolution, contributed by his great-grandson, D. Henshaw Ward, of Oakland, California, and from the grave of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Earth is also there from the site of the old court-house in Maryland where the Stamp Act was declared unconstitutional; from Fort Ticonderoga, from the Boston Common, from Fort Necessity, Pennsylvania, the scene of the first battle of General Washington; from the place where

the Liberty Bell and Christ Church bells were concealed beneath the floors of Zion's Reform Church in 1777 and 1778; from Putnam Park, Redding, Connecticut; from the little office which Governor Trumbull used since the Revolutionary War, called the "War Office," still standing in Lebanon, Connecticut, a place where more than one thousand meetings of the Council of Safety, established to assist the Government in carrying on the war, were held. At many of these meetings Washington was present.

The Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America sent earth from Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, built in 1770, the place where in 1774 convened the First Colonial Congress, and also soil from about Independence Hall and from Penn's Treaty Tree Park, from Christ Church, and from the grave of Benjamin Franklin in the graveyard of Christ Church. In the letter from the Society which accompanied these gifts occurred the following language:

"At Christ Church are noted current historic events by the ringing of the bells, a custom kept up from before the Revolutionary War. In accordance with this custom was rung a peal on the first Fourth of July immediately after the old bell at Independence Hall, close by, rang the Declaration of Independence. The crowd came from the hall to Christ Church that day to hear the peal ring in Independence. When the British Army occupied the city the Continental Congress, to save these bells, had them taken down and carried with the Liberty Bell to Allentown, Pennsylvania. After the evacuation they were rehung at the expense of the Continental Congress. Longfellow has immortalized them in the closing scene of his 'Evangeline.'"

When the tree had been duly planted a salvo of artillery was sounded from a battery of the Fifth Artillery stationed on the opposite side of the park. A poem prepared as a greeting from Dolly Madison Chapter No. 2, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Memphis, Tennessee, written by Mrs. Sarah Beaumont Kennedy, was read by Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith. Bishop Nichols pronounced the benediction and the company dispersed.

Upon the monument on the battle-ground at Lexington from which was taken the first earth that was placed at the roots of the tree planted yesterday is inscribed as follows: "Sacred to the liberty and the rights of mankind, the freedom and independence of America, sealed and defended with the blood of her sons."

The Liberty Tree Committee, to which Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, intrusted the arrangements for the celebration of yesterday, consisted of Mrs. A. S. Hubbard (chairman), Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. Frank J. French, and Mrs. John M. Chretien.

Of the officers of Sequoia Chapter, all were present at the celebration except the Regent, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, who has been very ill and who was not able to preside. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, the Vice-Regent, took her place. The other officers of the Chapter are Miss Alma Priscilla

Alden, recording secretary; Mrs. John M. Chretien, corresponding secretary; Miss Elizabeth M. Jones, treasurer; Mrs. L. C. Branch, registrar, and Mrs. L. L. Baker, historian.

As LONG as the Sons of the American Revolution in the Golden State hold the outposts of order, patriotism, and "respect for authority," the old Ship of State will sail on.

The Board of Managers of the California Society, Sons of the American Revolution, endorses by the following letter the action of the Educational Board of the City and County of San Francisco in setting aside the afternoon of the last Friday of each month for the purpose of instilling in the minds of the school children lessons of patriotism by raising of the American Flag with appropriate exercises:

SAN FRANCISCO, *June* 11, 1894.

Professor J. H. Roswald, Member of the Board of Education of the City and County of San Francisco.

DEAR SIR: The Board of Managers of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution authorize me to convey to you and your Board of Education their appreciation and approval of the resolution introduced by you at the meeting of your board held April 11, 1894, which reads as follows:

Resolved, That the last Friday afternoon of each calendar month be set aside for the purpose of holding patriotic and general exercises in the grammar and primary schools of the city and county of San Francisco, which shall consist of, first, recitations of a patriotic character, singing of patriotic hymns, and instruction by the teachers in the principles of our Government and the duties and dignities of American citizenship; second, general instructions in the principles of morality, truth, and justice as required by the State law and the rules of the Board of Education; third, general exercises within the discretion of the principal. The American Flag shall be raised on the school buildings on the day on which these exercises are held.

One of the great aims of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is to keep alive in the different communities throughout the length and breadth of our country an intense interest in all that is American.

The Sons of the American Revolution view with profound satisfaction your effort to inspire the young with love of country and respect for authority, for they believe that patriotism and reverence will be the salvation of our free institutions in the strains which, according to the signs of the times, they will be required to endure.

Recognizing the fact that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," the Californian branch of the Sons of the American Revolution has

decided to send a copy of this letter to the branches established in al[illegible] every State of the Union, with the view of securing their influ[illegible] having every board of education throughout our land adopt the ne[illegible] instituted by you, of teaching all school children to reverence author[illegible] love their country, and estimate justly the sacrifices of those wh[illegible] to us our priceless heritage of liberty.

Yours truly, CHAS. J. KING,
President of California Society, S. A. R.

Attest: A. S. HUBBARD,
Secretary pro tem.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED JUNE, 1894.

Miss Anna Dewey, Derby, Connecticut	$1 00
Mrs. N. O. Phillips, Derby, Connecticut	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Osborne, Derby, Connecticut	1 00
Miss J. de F. Shelton, Derby, Connecticut	1 00
Miss M. L. Birdsey	1 00
Columbia Chapter, South Carolina	5 00
Muskingum Chapter, Torresville, Ohio	5 00
Southport Chapter, Connecticut	12 25
Mrs. Robert Browne, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Fairfield, Connecticut	4 00
Mrs. C. H. Sawyer, Dover, New Hampshire	5 00
Mrs. Hannah Webster Smith, Dover, New Hampshire	5 00

JULY 4, 1894.

Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Bloomington, Illinois	11 00
Youngstown Chapter, Ohio	15 00
Mrs. Augusta Dahlgren, Trenton, New Jersey	1 00
Mrs. Martha L. Frink, Reaville, New Jersey	1 00
Sales of music, "Our Western Land"	4 23
Ruth Heart Chapter, Meriden, Connecticut (1893, $6.55)	4 75
Mrs. M. T. Robbins, Washington, D. C.	1 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,
Treasurer.

NOTE.—In the statement of money paid the artist in proceedings of the Board two hundred dollars of the last five hundred should be "subscribed," not "paid." E. H. W.

AN ORIGINAL POEM

BY ELEANOR HUNTER, ON HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, RHODA FARRAND.

In the last of these Centennial days
Let me sing a song to a woman's praise;
How she proved herself in that time of strife
Worthy of being a patriot's wife.

A little woman she was—not young,
But ready of wit and quiet of tongue;
One of the kind of which Solomon told,
Setting their price above rubies and gold.
A memory brave clings around her name,
Though scarce she dreamed 'twould be woven in rhymes
In these her granddaughter's daughter's times.

Just out of the clamor of war's alarms
Lay in tranquil quiet the Jersey farms,
And all the produce in barn and shed
By the lads and girls was harvested,
For the winds of winter with storm and chill
Swept bitterly over each field and hill.
Her husband was with the Army, and she
Was left on the farm at Parsilfany,
When she heard the sound of a horse's feet,
And Marshall Doty rode up the street.
He paused but a moment and handed down
A letter for Rhoda from Morristown
In her husband's hand. How she seized the sheet!
The children came running with eager feet—
There were Kate and Betty, Hannah and Dan—

To list to the letter, and thus it ran,
After best greeting to children and wife:
"Heart of my heart and life of my life!"
I read from the paper, wrinkled and brown—
"We are here for the winter in Morristown.
And a sorry sight are our men to day,
In tatters and rags, with no sign of pay.
As we marched to camp, if a man looked back
By the dropping blood he could trace our track,
For scarcely a man has a decent shoe,
And there's not a stocking the Army through;
So send us stockings as quick as you can,
My company needs them—every man—
And every man is a neighbor's lad.
Tell this to their mothers—they need them bad."

Then, if never before, beat Rhoda's heart;
'Twas time to be doing a woman's part.
She turned to her daughters Hannah and Bet:
"Girls, each on your needles a stocking set;
Get my cloak and hood. As for you, Son Dan,
Yoke up the steers just as quick as you can;
Put a chair in the wagon, as you are alive,
I will sit and knit while you go and drive."

They started at once on Whippany road,
She knitting away while he held the goad.
At Whippany village she stopped to call
On the Sisters Prudence and Mary Ball.
She would not go in; she sat in her chair
And read to the girls her letter from there.
That was enough, for their brothers three
Were in Lieutenant Farrand's company.
Then on Rhoda went, stopping here and there
To rouse the neighbors, from her old chair.
Still, while she was riding, her fingers flew,
And minute by minute the stocking grew.
Across the country, so withered and brown,
They drove till they came to Hanover town.
There, mellow and rich, lay Smith's broad lands,
With them she took dinner and warmed her hands.

Next, toward Hanover Neck Dan turned the steers,
Where her cousins, the Kitchells, had lived for years.
With the Kitchells she supped, then homeward turned,
While above her the stars like lanterns burned;
And she stepped from her chair, helped by her son,
With her first day's work and her stockings done.

On Rockaway River, so bright and clear,
The brown leaf skims in the fall of the year:
Around through the hills it curves like an arm
And holds in its clasp more than one bright farm.
Through Rockaway Valley next day drove Dan—
Boy though he was, yet he worked like a man.
His mother behind him sat in her chair,
Still knitting, but knitting another pair.
They roused the valley, then drove through the gorge
And stopped for a minute at Compton's Forge.
Then on to Boonton, and there they were fed
While the letter was passed around and read.
"Knit," said Rhoda to all, "as fast as you can;
Send the stockings to me, and my son Dan
The first of next week will drive me down,
And I'll take the stockings to Morristown."
Then from Boonton home, and at set of sun
She entered her house with her stockings done.
On Thursday they, from the morn till night,
She and the girls, worked with all their might.
When the yarn gave out they carded and spun,
And every day more stockings were done.
When the wool was gone, then they killed a sheep—
A cosset, but nobody stopped to weep.
They pulled the fleece and they carded away,
And spun and knitted from night until day.
In all the country no woman could rest,
But they knitted on like people "possessed,"
And Parson Condit expounded his "views"
On the Sabbath day unto empty pews,
Except for a few stray lads who came
And sat in the gallery to save the name.

On Monday morning, at an early hour,
The stockings came in a perfect shower—
A shower that lasted until the night—
Black, brown, and gray ones, and mixed blue and white.
There were pairs one hundred and thirty-three—
Long ones, remember, up to the knee—
And the next day Rhoda carried them down
In the old ox-wagon to Morristown.
I hear, like an echo, the soldiers' cheers
For Rhoda and Dan, the wagon and steers,
Growing wilder yet for the Chief in command,
While up, at "salute," to the brow flies each hand
As Washington passes, desiring then
To thank Mistress Farrand in name of his men.

But the words her husband's lips let fall,
"I know you would do it," were best of all.
And I think, in these Centennial days,
That she should be given her meed of praise,
And while we are singing of "Auld Lang Syne"
Her name with others deserves to shine.

Secured for THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE by Mary Davenport Chenoweth, Vice-Regent, Columbia Chapter.

WHO RUTH WYLLYS WAS.

HONORED BY HARTFORD DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[This paper was read by Mary K. Talcott before a meeting of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and gives an admirable history of the Wyllys family.]

IT HAS been asked by many why the name of "Ruth Wyllys" has been bestowed upon the Hartford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a question which shows how completely the memory of the once well-known Wyllys family has faded from the minds of the inhabitants of Hartford. The nineteenth century in its earlier years did not spend much time in tender reminiscences of past glories or bygone days, but the recent revival of the Revolutionary memories brings with it also the remembrance of families once prominent but now extinct and forgotten. It seems incredible that so little should be remembered of such a family as the Wyllyses, who once occupied such a distinguished position not only in Hartford, but in Connecticut; but apparently it is so, excepting among a few descendants of old Hartford families to whom tales have been related of the old Wyllys mansion and its occupants, and a few others interested in antiquarian researches. It is hoped that this paper will explain in some measure why it is eminently appropriate that the Wyllys name should be assumed by our Chapter, not only in compliment to the gallant services of General Samuel Wyllys and his brothers in the Revolutionary War, and the long term of office of their father, Colonel George Wyllys, as Secretary of the Colony and State of Connecticut, both before, during, and after the Revolutionary period, but

...so in recognition of the prominent position held by the family for nearly two hundred years.

There was a Ruth Wyllys in every generation after Ruth Haynes, daughter of John Haynes, first Governor of Connecticut, married Samuel Wyllys. This Ruth was living in the Wyllys mansion when the charter was hidden. Her daughter, Ruth, married Reverend Edward Taylor, of Westfield, a devout and poetic clergyman, and they were the progenitors of a numerous and distinguished posterity. One Ruth, the wife of General Samuel Wyllys, herself shared in the Wyllys blood, being the daughter of another Ruth Wyllys, who married, first, Richard Lord, and, second, Colonel Thomas Belden, of Wethersfield. Ruth Belden was born in 1747, and was married when barely eighteen to Captain John Stoughton, of Windsor, who had served with great gallantry in the old French War, and for his services had received a grant of land between Lakes George and Champlain from the Crown, still known as the Stoughton patent. Here he settled and here he met with his death by being overtaken in a storm and drowned in Lake George November 27, 1768. They had one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury under Washington and Adams and Governor of Connecticut for the period of ten years.

Mrs. Wolcott is described as a woman of much loveliness of character and possessing graceful and dignified manners. An anecdote has been preserved which illustrates Mrs. Wolcott's charms. Mr. Liston, the British Minister, on one occasion remarked to Senator Tracy, of Connecticut: "Your countrywoman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," retorted the Senator from Connecticut, "she is admired even at Litchfield Hill."

After eight years of widowhood, being then only thirty, Mrs. Stoughton married, February 3, 1777, General Samuel Wyllys, at that time a colonel in the Continental Army. He served through the war, being appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Second (General Spencer's) Regiment of State Troops May 1, 1775. He took part with this regiment in the siege of Boston, being appointed colonel while in that camp. Before leaving Hartford he joined with other individuals in planning and providing for the expenses of the expedition which surprised and

captured Ticonderoga. January 1, 1776, his regiment reënlisted to serve one year on the Continental basis, and under Wyllys' command took part in the New York campaign, being actively engaged at the battle of Long Island. Wyllys was in charge of the Upper Flatbush pass, near what is now the eastern line of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and he was forced to retreat in haste when he found himself outflanked by the British troops, and he narrowly escaped capture. After the battle of White Plains he was commissioned colonel of the new Third Regiment, Connecticut Line, and served with it for four years, during which period he was almost continuously on duty in the Hudson Highlands or along the Connecticut border. Early in 1778 his regiment with other troops began the permanent fortifications of West Point. "Fort Wyllys" was doubtless named after the colonel.

In the summer of 1779 his regiment marched with the Connecticut division toward the coast to check Tryon's invasion, and Wyllys was then in command of his brigade. In 1780 he was in camp with Washington's Army on the Hudson. Finally, in January, 1781, the colonel retired from the service, with many other officers, in consequence of regimental consolidations, and no doubt the brave veteran was glad to return to his own fireside and enjoy, after so many battles and sieges, marches and counter-marches, the society of his lovely wife and of his infants. Undoubtedly his wife was with him during the winters when he was in quarters on the Hudson, sharing with him, as far as possible, the dangers and privations of a soldier's life.

RUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

As Hartford, fortunately for its inhabitants, was far removed from the scene of actual strife, its women were not called upon to display their bravery as in active warfare, and it was only by the assistance they rendered to their absent husbands and sons that they could show patriotism and loyalty to their country. We know by the copy of the resolutions drawn up by some patriotic woman, still extant, that the women of Hartford denied themselves luxuries and pleasures in order to give all their means and all their strength to the patriot cause. From the record of the family we know Mrs. Ruth Wyllys must have

born foremost among these. That she was possessed of fine traits of character we know from an obituary notice which appeared in the "Hartford Courant" after her death, and also from the description of her, given to the writer some years ago by the venerable centenarian, Mrs. Daniel Buck, who was a grandniece of Mrs. Wyllys, and, when a child, spent much time in her family. She described her aunt as a beautiful woman with dignified manners, and possessing that indescribable loveliness of spirit which drew all hearts toward her, and having a calm temperament, which fitted her to meet peculiar trials in her own family. Mrs. Buck also described General Wyllys as tall, of good address, striking appearance, and having red hair, and, to tell the whole truth, an inveterate novel-reader. He was educated at Yale College, spent the six years between 1764 and 1770 in Europe, and in 1796 succeeded his father as Secretary of State. This office he held until 1809. Mrs. Ruth Wyllys died September 2, 1807, at the age of sixty, leaving behind her the memory of a well-spent life. General Wyllys died June 9, 1823, and their graves are in the old Centre Church burying ground, like those of all the Wyllyses, unmarked by any stones.

MARY K. TALCOTT.

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Read before Bristol Chapter April 9, 1894.]

VERY meager are the records of woman's life during Revolutionary times, gleanings from old letters and stories handed down from the lips of some story-teller being the chief source of information. Women prominent in society life and the wives of officers have left their names on the pages of history. We know how Martha Washington cheerfully shared the soldiers' rude life in camp and brightened the narrow quarters into some semblance of home. Her example was followed by many gentle ladies of that day, the wife of General Greene, our Rhode Island patriot, being especially courageous and self-sacrificing. One instance of her generosity was shown at the time Boston was inoculated for smallpox: Mrs. Greene readily gave her large and beautiful house for a hospital.

But it is not of these women that we would speak, but of the lesser lights, if one may be allowed the expression. Upon the busy housewife fell the heaviest burdens. It was her part to care for the home, to take upon herself part of her husband's usual duties, to care for the suffering, and wait patiently for the strife to end. Is this not the most trying of all ordeals, to stay quietly at home, to be no strong participant, but to have the news at second hand? Of course, there is danger in the strife, but danger is a quickening power; helpless waiting is what tries mind and body. These women were not idle, however; their household duties were not their only care. They were important factors in our Nation's history. They are the true representatives of the spirit of indomitable courage which animated the American people. Had not the whole people shared

the same brave spirit, had there been only individual examples of heroism, the Revolution would never have been a success. It was because one and all worked with a will, because they took up one another's burdens, that they succeeded. And it is these women of the hearth and home who were the never-failing support of the noble cause. But, unfortunately, a woman's little deeds of kindness are not the matters of which history treats. The illustrious and noble are duly honored, but there is no room for those more humble in their sphere; but in the anecdotes, homely and prosaic, we find how truly great was the representative woman of Revolutionary days.

In the first place, let us consider her management of the home. In the average household there were no servants, and without the strong hands of the men much hard and trying work devolved upon the women. In Connecticut and New Jersey old men and women gathered the harvests. At East Haddam, Connecticut, thirty ladies met one afternoon and in a few hours husked about two hundred and forty bushels of corn.

Often their industry was illy repaid, the Hessians unceremoniously making use of whatever they wanted, despoiling a house like veritable robbers. The scarcity of provisions caused much suffering. On one occasion a man sent word to his neighbors that they might have some milk, as he had procured a cow; but during the night the Hessians came and killed the cow, leaving only the head and skin.

In some parts of the country there was also much danger from the Indians, who were even more to be feared than the Hessians. One of my own ancestors, Frances Slocum, became their captive. The family lived in Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and Frances' father belonged to the Society of Friends. Having been kind to the Indians, he was at first unmolested; but on learning that his two sons took part in the war the Indians became their enemies. They entered the house and carried off Frances, then about five years old. All efforts to find her were unavailing. As she was so young, she easily became accustomed to Indian life, and, fifty-nine years after, her relatives found her living contentedly with the Miami tribe. She refused to leave the Indians, who had become dearer to her than her own kindred.

Beside the protection and care of the home, women had to busy themselves in sending supplies. Pewter dishes, whose shining surfaces were the delight of the housewife's heart, were melted into bullets. Once, when the Hessians were ransacking a dwelling, they hesitated as to whether the pewter dishes were worth taking or not. An officer suggested that they might be melted into bullets. The young lady of the house replied with spirit: "They would be of no use against the Americans, for only silver bullets can kill witches, you know." During the blockade of Charleston women procured passes to go to their farms in the country and concealed under their garments cloth, linen, gunpowder, and shot for the brigade at Marion. They fashioned cloth for a coat into some part of their dress, wore boots several sizes too large, and even concealed a horseman's helmet and epaulettes under an elaborate head-dress. They would not attend church in the city while prayers were offered there for the success of the British. One lady was so strongly devoted to the Republican cause that she wore a bonnet adorned with thirteen small plumes.

Women devoted their every faculty to their country's support, and, not least, that well-known faculty, woman's wit. It was in the line of stratagem and device that they made themselves most useful. The women of Philadelphia rendered very material aid in this way. The story of Lydia Darrah is especially familiar. Overhearing the British plan to surprise Washington at White Marsh, December 4, she resolutely set out the next day with the alleged purpose of procuring flour at Frankfort, four or five miles away; but, after leaving her bag at Frankfort, she hastened on through the snow and communicated the intelligence to an American officer and then returned to the city, unsuspected, with her flour.

The women of Philadelphia whose husbands were in the American Army communicated with them through a market boy, who carried dispatches in the back of his coat. One morning, when they had reason to fear detection, a young girl promised to procure the papers from the boy. She engaged in a pretended romp with him, and, in the midst of it, threw her shawl over his head and secured the papers. She returned home safely, the doors and windows were carefully closed, and

the dispatches read. At the news of Burgoyne's surrender the lively girl, not daring to openly express her joy, put her head up the chimney and gave a shout for Gates.

Women often took the part of spies, and very cleverly, too. In a journal of Major Tallmadge he tells of a young girl who acted in this capacity. While the Americans were at Valley Forge he was near Philadelphia with a detachment of cavalry to intercept the movements of the British. Hearing that a country girl, carrying eggs, had been sent by the Americans to obtain information, and was then on her way to the city, Tallmadge advanced to the British lines and went to a small tavern within view of their outposts. The girl came to the tavern and obtained the desired news, but during their conversation they were surprised by the British. Tallmadge quickly mounted his horse, taking the girl up behind him. They rode three miles at full speed to Germantown, bullets and shot whizzing around them, and yet the girl showed no fear.

Women also showed themselves capable of fighting. At the time of the battle of Lexington a number of women donned their husbands' apparel, armed themselves with muskets, pitchforks, and improvised weapons, and guarded the bridge at Nashua, Massachusetts. A Captain Whiting, sent with dispatches from Canada to the British in Boston, was accosted by these modern Amazons, who unhorsed him, seized the dispatches, and sent him as prisoner to Groton.

Though these details may seem prosaic and insignificant, yet they give us a glimpse of women who, though not prominent socially, yet made their influence felt in those troubled times. Their environment may seem rather commonplace, yet in looking at one of Michael Angelo's masterpieces one thinks not of the coarse clay of which it was formed, but rather of the grand statue, the completed work.

ALICE L. GARDNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE Sons of the American Revolution in Washington celebrated the National holiday literally under the shadow of the Washington Monument.

At the base of this dignified shaft, on the shady side of the hill, the friends of liberty assembled, the "Sons" and "Daughters" to listen to patriotic speeches and music by the Marine Band and in singing patriotic songs.

General Breckinridge, of the Army, took charge of the proceedings.

In the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Ed. Hay you could almost hear "Old Independence Bell" again ringing in the air.

The glowing patriotic speeches of General Breckinridge, Senator Sherman, and Senator Jarvis left no uncertain traces of a genealogy born of intelligence, obedience to law, desire of freedom, and the equal enjoyment of rights.

The "Daughters," through their representative, Mrs. Marion Longfellow O'Donoghue, contributed a poem on "The Land of Our Birth," "and stood 'neath the Flag that embodies our Union while history passed in stirring review."

General Sherman said: "The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution have a right to take pride in their descent. Their duties are higher than those of others. All classes of people have been brought to this country. It may prove in time that we have been too liberal in this regard; yet this mingling of the blood of all nations has become to-day the body of the American people."

The America of to-day has been wrought into its present condition through the hammer and anvil of labor and capital. It has been changed from savagery to civilization through sacrifice, suffering, and woe. It has been made the land of freedom of speech, freedom of thought and action, free schools, free institutions, grand ideas, great attainments, and marvelous inventions through the heroic struggles and the baptism of life blood for the Nation by generations who have gone

before and whose names we glorify. But must all the toil, the sacrifice, the heroic deeds, perils by sea and conflicts on land, endured by these men for free Americans come to naught; all that these stood for be lost in a tidal wave of emigration spit out of the mouth of nations and wafted here by every unclean wave that touches our shores? Must we go to the slums of every city in the Old World and gather up those scions of "hereditary unfitness" and furnish them a dumping place because this is a land of freedom? It is because this is the land of the free—free to enact laws for the betterment of society—that the people demand of our law-makers to call a halt. It has already cost this Nation more to hold this class in subjection, that law and order shall abide, that the fundamental principles upon which this Government stands and for which our forefathers fought be kept in trust, than it would to have paid off the debt of Hawaii, settled the Bering Sea trouble, annexed Cuba, or to have eradicated the Russian thistle from the Great Northwest.

We will hold the law-makers of free, independent, glorious America responsible for the protection of our institutions. The sons and daughters of America will celebrate each coming Fourth of July, and from the watch-tower of their inheritance will note who the men of to-day are that are keeping their fingers on the pulse of a living or dying nation.

While we are welcoming a new State into the Sisterhood of the Union and are saying to the people of Utah you also have an inherited right in this body politic which your ancestors and ours fought for, and while we extend the hand of fellowship and comradeship to all citizens who breathe a spirit of human brotherhood, who show a fraternity in business, who believe in free schools and in universal enlightenment, we also welcome the Republic of Hawaii into the galaxy of free and independent nations.

July 4th, which is so dear to Americans and which has long been held almost sacred by many Hawaiians, will be doubly dear to them, for it is now their nation's natal day. President Dole, of the Provisional Government, is the first President.

The soul of freedom is marching on.

CHAPTERS.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER.—In accordance with one of the objects of the Constitution, "to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries," the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington and vicinity, some three hundred and fifty strong, together with some of the prominent Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution, accepted the invitation of Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter, to celebrate the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington at Kendall Green. The weather was all that could be desired for an outdoor celebration. The trees and shrubs had donned their springtime dress of delicate green, and the fragrance of apple blossoms filled the air.

In the center of the lawn a tent was pitched, on which was pinned the following inscription, written by Miss Richards:

DRINK AND GOOD CHEER TO ALL.

As Mrs. Captain Draper of Colonial days served crackers and cheese and cider in tubs and dippers to the thirsty patriots of April, 1775, so Mrs. Amos G. Draper of to-day serves the same to the thirsty patriots who come to celebrate the day.

After spending an hour in social converse and in inspecting the buildings of Gallaudet College, the only college for deaf mutes in the world, the guests gathered in the chapel, which had been decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion. Dr. Gallaudet, as President of the College and as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Sons of the American Revolution, made a brief speech of welcome, and after reading a letter from Mrs. Stevenson, our esteemed President-General, regretting her inability to be present, owing to an enforced absence from the city, introduced Mrs. Heth, who in a few well-chosen words took the chair and formally opened the exercises.

The program, which had been prepared with great care by a committee of three chosen for the purpose, Miss Janet Richards of the Mary Washington, Miss Mallett of the Dolly Madison, and Miss Fedora Wilbur of the Martha Washington Chapters, was enjoyed by all.

In addition to the regular program, some very interesting relics of the Lexington battlefield were loaned by their owner, Miss Palmer, and exhibited to the interested spectators. As the last strains of "America" died away and the guests separated to return to their respective homes, many of them were heard to say that they hoped that the present occasion was but the first of a series of equally pleasant celebrations, wherein the members of all the patriotic societies in Washington might meet together upon a common footing.

THE AMERICAN FLAG—LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON CHAPTER OBSERVE FLAG DAY.—June 14 being the anniversary of the creation of the American Flag, the first literary meeting of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held in commemoration yesterday afternoon at 306 East Walnut Street. The Chapter was received and entertained by Mrs. John R. Little. The first number on the program was an appropriate reading by Miss Mana Lackey on the "American Flag." Mrs. Little followed with an excellent paper on its origin. Mrs. John R. Fleming gave an artistic musical number, and later "The Star Spangled Banner" in instrumental solo.

Mrs. Oaks read the "Liberty Bell" with fine effect, and Mrs. Owen Scott repeated the story of the Battle of Bunker Hill. One of the most pleasing and soul-stirring numbers rendered was that of the "Sword of Bunker Hill," a solo given by Hon. Owen Scott. Mr. Scott sang by special request, his daughter, Miss Henrietta, being the accompanist. Miss Mattie Williams read an interesting selection on "In Colonial Homes." Mrs. Carrie Kimball and Mrs. John T. Lillard followed with good suggestions, and closed the very interesting session. The house was fragrantly decorated with a profusion of roses, and the flag was everywhere. All members of the Chapter displayed the flag from their homes.

BRISTOL CHAPTER.—At the regular meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Burnside Memorial Hall, on Monday, May 14, Mrs. B. O. Wilbour explained the work, in which she is now engaged, of introducing Liberty Bells and the National Hymn, Daughters of the American Revolution, into the public schools of the State. This work has the sanction of the commissioner of public schools for the State and of the superintendent of schools in our town. It was pleasing to learn that the High School has already taken steps to procure a bell, and that the dedicatory services will soon be held.

Interesting selections were read from the Boston Transcript, giving a vivid account of the first celebration of Patriots' Day, the 19th of April, in Boston, Concord, and Lexington, with the ride of the "modern Paul Revere" at midnight over the route to Lexington made famous in story and rhyme. A paper by Miss Miriam Williams Skinner followed, upon "Lafayette," the brave general, who left his home and country desiring to serve our cause at his own expense and to risk his life in the service of the United States. The destitute and suffering Revolutionary soldiers found in him a warm friend and a generous helper. Invited by President Monroe, forty years later, to revisit this country, a grateful and prosperous people sought in every way to express their appreciation of his services. "We ne'er," they said, "shall look upon his like again—one whose only desired reward was the gratitude of a free country."—C. M. SHEPARD, *Secretary of Bristol Chapter.*

BUFFALO CHAPTER celebrated a red-letter day when, on Wednesday afternoon, June 13, they had the honor of entertaining Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., of New York. Mrs. Josiah Letchworth opened her beautiful home for the occasion, and when the Daughters assembled they found the reception-room draped with their country's flag and fragrant with many flowers, while, above all, a stern old eagle kept guard over the red, white, and blue emblems. This Chapter, now two years old, numbers nearly one hundred and fifty patriotic members, and a full attendance greeted the charming guest of honor.

The Regent, Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, introduced Mrs. Hamilton to the Chapter in a few appropriate sentences, after

her own graceful manner, and the Chapter's welcome and greeting were extended to Mrs. Hamilton by Miss Anna Maude Hoxie in the following verses :

Madame Regent and ye Daughters,
Fruit of Revolution's tree,
Ye whose grandsires shed so freely
Blood, America, for thee,

Hail ! and hail, oh guest distinguished !
Who, with olive branch in hand,
Comes to bind the ties more closely
Of this patriotic band.

Far beyond the Mohawk Valley,
Where the Indians used to roam,
Building 'neath the widespread bushes
Each his wigwam for his home ;

Still beyond bold Hendrik's River,
Girt about with fields and towns,
Where the legendary Katskills
Skyward rear their noble crowns,

Our mem'ries can recall a village,
Red-roofed, quaint, and foreign quite,
Which at first was named Manhattan,
Soon to grow to power and might.

By the thrifty Dutchmen settled,
Fearless rovers of the sea,
Rose Nieu Amsterdam, by trading
Soon a mine of wealth to be.

Next, the Redcoats took the city,
To New York they changed its name ;
Honor thus they paid that leader
In whose interests they came.

But when English pride and passion
Closely chained the settlers down,
Then the magic watchword, "*Freedom*,"
Quickly flew from town to town.

Sons and sires through all the country
Claimed the right to rule the land
Each had helped to independence
By the efforts of his hand.

Ev'ry city, town, and colony
Bore its part in the affray ;
Bloodshed, war, and deadly struggle
Ceaseless strove from day to day.

Great men lived to aid that struggle,
Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Hamiltons;
Through the veins of their descendants
Blood as proud and fearless runs.

From their stately manor-houses
Van Wyck, Van Cortlandt, spurred away,
Wise patroons, whose sturdy valor
Helped the right to gain the day.

Revolution, recognition,
Brought America her power,
And our patriot blood descended
Is to-day our greatest dower.

Vanished are patroon and redskin
To their hunting-grounds above,
Leaving us these olden mem'ries
And the patriots' zealous love.

From the center of these mem'ries
Comes our noted guest to-day;
Daughters of the Revolution,
Let me speak your thoughts and say:

"Greeting to Manhattan's Daughter,
Buffalo's Daughters joyful give,
Loyalty and firm allegiance,
While head and heart may live.

"Our city hastes to bid you welcome
With bright and shining face,
While old Lake Erie smiles and dimples
To match her in the race.

"Welcome, then, from all our Chapter
Here on Ni-a-gar-a's shore,
Hearty welcome thus we tender,
Words in vain would utter more."

After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Lavinia Hawley, Mrs. Hamilton read an address which excited patriotism in each individual breast and taught the Daughters how their influence could be exerted for their country's greatest good. As they gazed at Mrs. Hamilton and heard her admirable paper they realized what ancestors, intelligence, and culture, united in woman, could do for their country, and what a power in the future the Daughters of the American Revolution may become with such women as this in their front ranks, represent-

of the same patriotic families as years ago declared for Independence and were the bone and sinew of our land.

Such an atmosphere of enthusiasm filled the room during Mrs. Hamilton's address that the American eagle almost flapped his wings; but when the Daughters recovered themselves the fine old bird was stiffly "on guard," and they only saw the beautiful room, with its exquisite paintings and appointments, while a stately greyhound stalked sedately through and gazed on the eagle with questioning eye.

After the Daughters had sung "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the exercises assumed a social form.—A. M. H.

Dolly Madison Chapter gladdened the hearts of its many friends among the Daughters of the American Revolution and outside of that body by issuing invitations for another of those "teas" which have done so much toward giving it a pleasant prominence among the numerous Chapters in Washington City.

This time the object was to commemorate the birthday of Dolly Madison, and the time and place, May 22, at Chevy Chase Inn, a large hotel in one of the loveliest suburbs of this beautiful city.

The weather proving very cool and fickle, the proprietor generously threw open the whole house to the Chapter, and all arrangements for an outdoor fête were abandoned. The house and broad piazzas were brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the guests, after laying aside their wraps, were ushered into the parlor, where they were met by Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Chapter, who introduced each one to Mrs. Stevenson, who had graciously consented to be the guest of honor of the Chapter for that day and receive the guests. The other members of the receiving party were Mrs. Brackett, Vice-President-General, and Mrs. Devereux, Honorary District Regent (both members of the Chapter), and Mrs. Kate S. Lenman, from the Dolly Madison Chapter No. 2, of Memphis, Tennessee, who was visiting in Washington at that time.

After chatting with the receiving party a few minutes, the guests wended their way to the other end of the hotel, where they found that the Committee of Reception, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke, Mrs. Gannett, and Mrs. Nash, had transformed the billiard-room into a perfect bower of beauty by their skillful

arrangement of the beautiful flowers sent them by Mrs. Snyder and other members of the Chapter.

After partaking of light refreshments and listening to the sweet strains of music from the band stationed in the hall, the guests reluctantly took their leave, one and all avowing that they had spent one of the pleasantest evenings of the season.

Among the prominent "Daughters" present were Miss Eugenia Washington (who wore, by special request, a handsome breastpin formerly owned by her great-aunt, Dolly Madison), Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Heth, Miss Miller, Mrs. L. P. Blackburn, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Goodfellow, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Mallett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Zane, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, Mrs. Tittman, Miss Pike, Mrs. Ballinger, Miss Chenoweth, and Miss Richards.

Western Reserve Chapter.—In answer to an invitation from our Regent, Mrs. E. M. Avery, the Western Reserve Chapter met at her pretty home on Woodland Hills on June 21, 1894. The day was perfect, and as we neared our destination we knew by the American flags floating in the trees and shrubbery where we were to be pleasantly and hospitably entertained by one we all love. On account of the many applications for membership, the meeting necessarily was a business one. With Mrs. E. M. Avery, Regent, in the chair, the usual routine business was transacted. Attention was called to the Year Book being published in Washington and the suggestion was made that all members avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain so valuable a record for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Avery read a beautiful letter from Miss Cahoon, a daughter of one of our members, Mrs. J. M. Cahoon, of Dover, Ohio, telling of the love her mother bore the Daughters of the American Revolution, her wish to be with us at this time, and her cherished plan of having the next meeting at her home, "Rose Hill," Dover, Ohio. As Mrs. Avery finished reading the letter one of the Daughters reported that Mrs. Cahoon had died that morning. The news was received in sad silence, it being the first break in our Chapter membership since its organization. On motion, it was ordered that our Regent be appointed a committee of one to draw up proper resolutions upon the death of

Mrs. Calhoun, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Society. Just before the close of the meeting Mrs. Louisa Johnson Smith, the secretary, presented the Chapter with a large American flag to be used at our room, at headquarters, in Historical Building, and, after a few happy remarks by our Regent, it was moved that the Chapter accept Mrs. Smith's present, and that a notice of it be written for publication. The business meeting then adjourned.

At the close of the business meeting the Daughters were royally entertained by Mrs. Avery, and the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to social converse.

CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—The first State Conference ever held by the Daughters of the American Revolution was that celebrated by the Chapters in the State of Connecticut, in New Haven, May 16.

We are laboring under an embarrassment of riches in all the good things that were said and done on this memorable day. The half cannot be told, but such as the limits of our pages will allow we give unto you.

The Assembly was duly convened and organized by calling Mrs. T. K. Noble, of Norwalk, to the chair, and Mrs. H. T. Bulkley, of Southport, to be secretary.

Many questions of vital importance were ably discussed.

One of the pleasant ceremonies of the morning session was the presentation to the State Regent, who had done such splendid work in organization, of a jeweled badge as a testimonial of their appreciation of her earnest and efficient work.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Hill, who said:

Madam Regent and Daughters of the American Revolution in Connecticut:

There is one unique, as well as interesting, feature in this gathering to-day of representative women from various parts of our State. It is the first State Conference in Connecticut of this patriotic Society, organized, as it is, for women and by women. There is, we believe, no element of danger in this movement, either to the individual or to the State.

While we are Daughters of the American Revolution, we are not revolutionary in our tendencies. This is in no sense a suffrage movement. A very large proportion, we are sure, of the thinking women of our time are very far from desiring any wider range of responsibilities.

They believe that the influence of woman in society and in the home, if rightly apprehended and used, is far greater than any power the right of suffrage could confer upon her. The work of our Society is supplementary to that of our homes; is inspiring and encouraging everywhere a spirit of true patriotism and a respect and love for our national history and institutions. It is not merely by registering ourselves as descendants of patriotic ancestors, but by our honoring their memory and their deeds we may realize ourselves and teach to our children what our national blessings have cost.

When we reflect upon the enormous annual accessions to our population of foreign emigrants who are so speedily converted into citizens, with all the rights appertaining thereto, it needs not a very penetrating vision to discern the danger which already threatens our Republic. It will readily be seen that there is great need of some powerful influence to be exerted upon the rising generation of American-born children to enable them to resist the aggressive power of foreign ideas. Can we not, as wives and sisters and mothers, do something toward averting this danger which threatens us?

There is another interesting fact in connection with an organization which we wish to emphasize to-day. The National Society, of which we are a part, has been in existence not quite four years, but at our last Continental Congress our little State of Connecticut was the recognized banner State, having on her Chapter rolls six hundred and twenty-five names out of the five thousand members of the National Society. To-day there are seven hundred and forty.

This we regard as largely the result of the earnest and efficient work of our State Regent (who is present with us to-day), Mrs. Keim.

She, at the request of the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, our first President-General, undertook the arduous labor of organizing the Society in the State of Connecticut.

The pioneer in this, as in any undertaking, must be endowed with a courage that is enduring and a zeal that is inspiring. Prejudice must be overcome and enthusiasm be kindled before a society like this can be established. While our State was full of patriotic women and historic names abounded in nearly every locality, there was no distinctively patriotic work organized for women. Though a few of us had enrolled our names upon the books of the "Sons of the American Revolution," yet in that enrollment there was no definite work contemplated. It is the earnestness, the enthusiasm, and the energy of our State Regent in this work of organization that we wish to honor to-day. The "Daughters of the American Revolution" of Connecticut here wish to testify in the gift of this jeweled badge of our Order their appreciation of your earnest and efficient work in this your native State.

They desire that it shall always be to you a token of their regard for you and a symbol of their lasting remembrance of your patriotic work in Connecticut.

Mrs. Keim was completely surprised and could only say in reply that she loved and thanked them all.

The Moline Chapter met at "Overlook," the beautiful home of Mrs. Charles H. Deere, the Chapter Regent, on the evening of Saturday, the 16th of June, to celebrate the adoption of the American flag, June 14, 1777, and the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 19. After a tempting tea had been served, Mrs. Deere, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed her guests and explained the objects of the meeting. Mrs. Deere spoke with deep feeling of the historic anniversaries commemorated and the duty of every woman to aid in keeping alive and active the patriotism which inspired the hearts of the heroes of 1776. Her remarks were warmly applauded. Mrs. Hillhouse made an eloquent response. Mr. Butterworth, as a Son of the American Revolution, in a brief address upon the Battle of Bunker Hill, during which the American troops were signally aided by patriotic women, spoke of the influence of women upon the Nation and in the home. Mrs. Gillmore read selections from various poems, which were received enthusiastically. Mrs. S. F. Allen gave several fine selections upon the piano. Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, proposed by Mrs. Deere, closed the exercises.

In Springfield, Illinois, the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Charles V. Hickox, issued invitations to the Chapter members to assemble at her residence, upon the 14th of June, to observe the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national flag of the United States. At 10.30 A. M. a deeply interested audience listened to an instructive paper upon "The American Flag," read by Miss Remann. The objects of the Society were generally discussed. The house was tastefully draped with American flags, and delicious ices were served at intervals. The occasion was one of great enjoyment and aroused much enthusiasm.

Columbia Chapter (District of Columbia) has just completed its organization and elected the following officers: Miss Sarah A. Lipscomb, Regent, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Miss Mary Davenport Chenoweth, Vice-Regent, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Mrs. Alice Pickett Akers, rec. sec., 1337 L St.; Miss Carrie V. Wilson, corres. sec., 129 D St. N.W.; Mrs. Elizabeth Chenoweth Sloan, registrar, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Miss Lucy Howard Pickett, historian, 1337 L St.; Mrs. Jessie Davis Stakely, treas., 1414 16th St.

THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE is a new organization, an outgrowth of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Its aim is to educate the youth of both sexes to be earnest, intelligent, and patriotic citizens. It is non-partisan and non-sectarian, and proposes to accomplish its ends by education, somewhat after the Chautauqua School. Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution who are on the outlook for ways to help the youth toward a patriotic education could well adopt the work of the League.

ERRATA.

Mrs. M. S. Lockwood, Editor American Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MADAM: In the report of the proceedings of the last Continental Congress, published in the June number, on page 652, is printed:

"Mrs. Hogg: This is an adjourned meeting from last night, is it not?

"The Presiding Officer: Yes."

This is a mistake. The only reference I made to an adjourned meeting was when, on Saturday morning, February 24, there was discussion as to the occupancy of the Chair on Friday evening. I then inquired of the presiding officer, "Madam President, was not last evening's session an adjournment of yesterday morning's?"

Also, I would state that, except to nominate the President-General, I did not address the Chair in the Congress regarding any candidate before the House, nor did I make a motion to have the Secretary cast the ballot for any other candidate.

I have not had time to go carefully over the May and June numbers of the magazine, but mention these as errors which have been noticed.

I am, very truly yours,

JULIA K. HOGG.

ALLEGHENY, *June* 23, 1894.

In the April number, 1894, on page 360, in the heading, for "Reading, Pennsylvania," read "Meadville, Pennsylvania."

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CORNWALLIS IN VIRGINIA.

[Read before the Old Dominion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, April 16, 1894.]

THE complete defeat of General Gates at Camden "withered the laurels snatched at Saratoga," and the immediate appointment of some other officer to the command in the South became necessary. Congress very wisely decided that Washington should make this appointment, its own previously determined selection of Gates having proven so serious a mistake. On October 14, 1780, Washington appointed General Greene commander of the Southern Army, a post of great difficulty and danger. Greene's assumption of the command marks the turning point in the tide of disaster in the American Revolution, as well as the beginning of the ultimate expulsion of the British from the American Colonies. From the very first of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm, "and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service he was scarcely inferior to" Washington himself. In the summer of the year in which Greene received this appointment the brave and patriotic Daniel Morgan, having been made a brigadier-general, was transferred to the Southern Army. Greene was accompanied South by the distinguished Polish engineer, Kosciusko, and by the gallant "Light Horse Harry" Lee, with his renowned legion of cavalry — both men sent by Washington's order. Joined to these men in the South we find the superb young cavalry commander, Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Washington, who had so distinguished himself at Trenton and was destined

to distinguish himself far more at the Cowpens. In this same year the Baron Steuben had been placed in command in Virginia, charged with the duty of collecting and forwarding supplies and reinforcements to Greene and in warding off the forces sent by Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, to the Chesapeake. This Southern combination, so far as the men in command were concerned, was a remarkably strong one. The American Army itself in the South, as in the North, was weak in numbers, but the commanders were men of military genius, capable of accomplishing great results with small means. That this combination had been formed by the direct orders of Washington shows how important he felt affairs at the South to be. To this section his own military instinct was turning more and more; with his wonderful foresight he realized that some decisive blow was to be struck there. No such combination as this could exist long without some marked result. The result was a very rapid change in the aspect of affairs.

January 17, 1781, Morgan won his brilliant victory at the Cowpens, withdrew in good order, and united his army with that of Greene. This unexpected reverse on the part of the British was a bitter disappointment to their Southern commander, Lord Cornwallis, who, despite the misfortune, still exhibited a courageous spirit in his resolve to defeat, if possible, the combined American Army. Should success attend this effort, his purpose then was to join, as soon as expedient, the British forces in the Chesapeake. The result of Lord Cornwallis's decision was the battle of Guilford Court-House, a sharp and bloody fight, in which the British had the advantage, but, on account of severe losses, were unable to follow it up, and, instead, were forced to retreat, with General Greene in hot pursuit. Cornwallis succeeded, however, in getting his weakened army over the Deep River and escaping to Wilmington, North Carolina, whence he found it wise to push on, transferring the seat of war to the Chesapeake, much more hastily than he had anticipated, and certainly in a manner which his ambition would never have directed. Thus it is seen, through Greene's appointment to command in the South, Cornwallis

was forced into Virginia, within reach of Washington, as time proved, and the whole aspect of the war thereby altered. When Cornwallis thus suddenly determined to retreat into Virginia his hope was to combine with his own broken army the forces of Arnold and of Phillips, who had already been some time in that section, destroying life and property ruthlessly as they went. Once there, reinforced by the British troops then on Virginia soil, Lord Cornwallis thought it would be an easy matter to strike a heavy blow in the Old Dominion, after which he might find it convenient to invade the Carolinas from the north.

Arriving at Petersburg in the month of May, Cornwallis was saddened and disappointed to find that General Phillips—"the proudest man," Jefferson said, "of the proudest nation upon the earth"—had died a week before, burnt up with fever. Cornwallis seemed not to care for the coöperation of Benedict Arnold, who was recalled to New York, the earl himself assuming entire command of the British forces in Virginia. Cornwallis's conduct at this time, and in fact during the few remaining months of his American career, called forth the serious condemnation of Sir Henry Clinton and became the occasion of a bitter controversy between the two generals. Though disapproved by Clinton, Cornwallis's conduct received the sanction of the British ministry, whose decisive orders were that he should remain in the Chesapeake and take a permanent post in that region. In pursuance of this plan entreaties are sent to Sir Henry Clinton for reinforcements. All through the Virginia campaign these entreaties are earnestly repeated. Every stage of the game is described minutely to Sir Henry, who is implored to come and deliver Lord Cornwallis from the trap in which he has been unwittingly caught. Excuses and delays on the part of Sir Henry, who even indulges his ill-humor to the extent of sending requests himself to the Chesapeake for reinforcements. All the while the net is drawn tighter and tighter about Lord Cornwallis, and the repeatedly asked for reinforcements do not come. It is the opinion of many discriminating military critics and unprejudiced historians that Sir Henry Clinton was suffering from intense jealousy of Lord

Cornwallis, and here they rest the explanation of his conduct. Sir Henry Clinton, upheld by other military critics and historians, claimed that his disapproval of Lord Cornwallis was justifiable, and that his own delays and excuses were the result of legitimate causes. However this may be, the fact remains that Sir Henry, stationed at New York, did nothing to simplify matters for his embarrassed colleague in Virginia, but rather increased his difficulties by loudly censuring his actions. Wherever the truth may lie, it is known that, despite his ultimate failure at Yorktown, Lord Cornwallis possessed sufficient cleverness and tact to retain the approval of the English ministry, which statement might open a very interesting discussion, as the ministry formed under Lord North was possibly the most stupid which England has ever been called upon to endure.

The year 1781 is marked in American affairs by the invasion of Virginia. It is strange that it had not come before; her seacoasts were undefended, the country entirely without military posts, and the population absolutely drained of its fighting material. Surely here was an inviting field upon which the enemy might hope to play an important and successful rôle. It is very difficult to convey a correct impression of the gloom and despondency of the whole country at that time. We are too much inclined to remember Yorktown and forget what preceded it. To those capable of judging correctly, the American cause was in a most desperate condition. Every one, from North to South, was nearly in despair. Washington, always wise and far-seeing, realized that a crisis had come when something decisive must be done or the real independence for which he had striven so long and so patiently would be lost in a conditional peace. The country's resources had been exhausted, the bravest men had commenced to ask "if the game was worth the candle." The Army was in the most wretched condition, "poorly clothed, badly fed, and worse paid, some of them not having received a paper dollar for near twelve months; exposed to winter's piercing cold, to drifting snows and chilling blasts, with no protection but old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and but one blanket between three men," as reported by General Wayne; "and worse than all," says Cooke, "the

enemy had seized the occasion to circulate proclamations among them [the Americans] to desert their flag. Even Washington almost despaired, and all his hope now was from a foreign loan."

The invasion of Virginia was commenced by Benedict Arnold, who appeared in the Chesapeake in December, 1780. In the following month he sailed up James River to Westover. Landing there, he marched, with his force of nine hundred men, on Richmond. The Baron Steuben, who was in command in Virginia, had just sent all the troops he could raise to the relief of General Greene, and so without opposition, except from two hundred militia, who soon retreated up the river, Arnold entered the town, then composed of about three hundred houses, and forthwith proceeded to burn the warehouses and public buildings. Arnold's occupancy of Richmond was of very short duration. After doing all the damage in his power he returned to Westover and thence to Portsmouth, harassed all the way by the Virginia militia.

In April of the same year General Phillips, commanding a force of twenty-five hundred men, ascended James River, drove off a body of militia at Petersburg, destroyed the warehouses there, and then marched toward Richmond, destroying as he went. He was forced, however, to pause, that place being defended by twelve hundred regulars under command of the ardent young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, whom Washington had recently sent to defend his native State. Phillips returned to Petersburg and Lafayette hastened in the same direction, hoping to occupy the place before his arrival. Phillips's almost immediate death put an end to this enterprise, and a week later, in May, Cornwallis arrived, as already outlined, and took command of all the British forces in Virginia.

"The earl entertained great hopes of this undertaking," writes Mr. Fiske. "His failure in North Carolina rankled in his soul, and he was eager to make a grand stroke and retrieve his reputation. Could the powerful State of Virginia be conquered, it seemed as if everything south of the Susquehanna must fall, in spite of Greene's success. With his soul thus full of chivalrous enterprise, Cornwallis for the moment saw things

in rose color and drew wrong conclusions. He expected to find half of the people Tories, and he also expected to find a state of chronic hostility between the slaves and their masters. On both points he was quite mistaken." Cornwallis entered upon his Virginia campaign with five thousand veterans under his command. Opposed to him was Lafayette, at Richmond, with three thousand men, nearly two-thirds of them raw militia. Cornwallis, however, understood that his force was insufficient to conquer so powerful a State as Virginia, and he knew they must very soon receive reinforcements. Acting upon this conviction, he sent dispatches to Clinton, asking eagerly and earnestly for assistance, which never came.

While awaiting the aid which he believed Sir Henry would not fail to send, Cornwallis felt it incumbent upon him to do something. With his five thousand veterans, it seemed as if he might begin by crushing Lafayette. "The boy cannot escape me," wrote the hopeful earl in an intercepted letter, but he knew not the good sense of "the boy," nor could he appreciate the merits of that Washingtonian school in which the young Frenchman had studied the art of war. The first movements of Lafayette seemed to indicate a desire to escape, for as Cornwallis advanced from Petersburg toward Richmond Lafayette commenced immediately a quick and skillful retreat toward Fredericksburg. It was the Fabian policy so often adopted by Washington and Greene, and seen by Lafayette to be the only one possible in his weak condition. Determined was Lafayette that Cornwallis should not deal him a blow: retreat presented the only means of preventing this. That Lafayette understood well his own condition and what he was doing can clearly be seen in his humorous expression to Washington, that he was "not even strong enough to be beaten." Following his Fabian policy, the Marquis is seen in the early part of June crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and placing himself in a strong position, while Cornwallis, apparently in despair of ever coming up with him, had refrained from the pursuit and sent Tarleton on a raid westward to Charlottesville to capture Governor Thomas Jefferson and the Legislature, then in session there.

Tarleton was a lieutenant-colonel in Cornwallis's army. He

[illegible] raised in America a troop known as the "British Legion," which, in their white uniforms, had been the scourge of the Carolinas, as they became of Virginia. At one time this "bold dragoon," utterly unscrupulous regarding the manner of warfare he waged, had massacred a whole regiment, and his name became everywhere a synonym for excessive cruelty. No one but the daring Morgan had yet been able to deal him a blow, which occurred in 1781, near the Cowpens, but it could in no way have weakened his spirit, for he appears to have brought a surprising amount of audacity and virulence to Virginia with him. Before being sent by Cornwallis toward Charlottesville on his capturing expedition Tarleton, at the head of his troopers, had already ravaged Virginia in many quarters. With torch and sword in hand they went through the whole James River region; "burned houses, carried off horses, cutting the throats of those which were too young to use;" fresh from which experience they made a dash at the Legislature at Charlottesville and at Governor Jefferson in his home, at Monticello. Tarleton's raid having cast its shadow before, the frightened Assemblymen fled in all directions, seven only of their number becoming captives, while Jefferson, also forewarned, escaped to the neighboring mountains. Determined to do what damage they could, Tarleton's troopers set fire to all the public stores at Charlottesville, after which they started forth to seize a quantity of military stores collected at old Albemarle Court-House. Lafayette at this time had been reinforced by one thousand Pennsylvania regulars, under General Anthony Wayne, and with their assistance he succeeded in placing his whole force between Tarleton and his coveted prize. Unable to surmount this barrier, Tarleton was forced to rejoin Cornwallis, and, as Lafayette's army now numbered over four thousand men, the Marquis became capable of annoying Cornwallis so seriously that the latter commenced to think it wise for him to retreat toward the seacoast, where he thought he could make sure of supplies and reinforcements. Moving down the peninsula, Cornwallis was pressed closely by Lafayette. During the month of July two engagements took place between parts of the opposing armies; the one at Green Spring, near Williamsburg, in which encounter the Americans

were repulsed with a loss of one hundred and forty-five men; the other, more important, and which, but for a skillful maneuver on the part of General Wayne, might have proven a very serious blow to Lafayette, was at Jamestown. The campaign, however, was ended by the first week in August, when Cornwallis had occupied Yorktown with his army of seven thousand men, the garrison of Portsmouth having been added to his own force, in which position he proceeded to await reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton. Throughout this game of strategy, which had been played in Virginia, Lafayette had proven himself a worthy antagonist for the ablest of the British generals. Nothing great, from a military point of view, had been accomplished, but the effects of the invasion had been most disastrous. "All tide-water Virginia had been swept as by a tornado. The growing crops had been destroyed, the grain burned in the mills, the plantations laid waste, and the horses and cattle either killed or carried off. Thirty thousand negroes had been taken away, of whom 27,000 are said to have died of the smallpox or camp fever. The destruction of property was estimated at thirteen millions sterling."

When matters had been brought to this depressing state in Virginia, suddenly the whole prospect changed. In August Lafayette sent a dispatch to Washington on the Hudson, opposite New York, to the effect that the Count de Grasse, commanding a French fleet, had sailed from St. Domingo for the Chesapeake. A naval war between England and France in the West Indies had raged for two years, and the fleet of Grasse had been sent there to take from England, if possible, the great island of Jamaica. When it became evident, through the solicitations of Washington, that naval coöperation upon the American coast was much needed, Grasse was ordered to communicate with Washington and to seize the earliest opportunity of acting in concert with him and Rochambeau, who some time before had landed in Connecticut with six thousand men to assist the Americans. The safety of Cornwallis at Yorktown depended entirely upon England's control of the Virginia waters. Should the French once get the upper hand there and the earl be confronted by an overwhelming land force, he indeed would be "between the devil and the deep sea."

The supreme moment of Washington's military career had now come. In this crisis his military genius was a match for that of Cæsar or Napoleon. He no longer needed to protect himself by means of a Fabian policy. His plan was quickly formed and executed with consummate promptness and boldness. His first object being to deceive the enemy, Washington had camps ostentatiously laid out opposite to New York, clearly within sight of the enemy. A feigned assault was made upon the British posts, and Rochambeau moved forward as though to take part in the operations. With Sir Henry Clinton thus misled, Washington, preserving the greatest secrecy, commenced that rapid and skillfully conducted march southward, which brought him and his whole army in a few weeks' time before Yorktown. So successful was Washington in concealing his real design that his troops had reached the Delaware before the enemy could understand his movement. Then it was seen that a great blow was to be struck in Virginia. So rapid indeed had been the movement that Washington's own men did not perceive the purpose of it until they reached Philadelphia. Their march through this city was a triumph. "The windows were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and uttering exclamations of joy. The ragged Continentals came first with their cannon and torn battle flags, and the French followed in 'gay white uniforms faced with green,' to the sound of martial music." Bands played in the streets, "every house hoisted its Stars and Stripes, and all the roadside taverns shouted success to the bold general. 'Long live Washington!' was the toast of the day. 'He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap!'" But no outburst of exultant hope could stop for a moment the swift advance of Washington and his army. By the end of September they were encamped before Yorktown, while Grasse had appeared in the Chesapeake. Cut off by land and sea, the toils had closed about Lord Cornwallis.

Sir Henry Clinton, conscious at last of his fatal delay in reinforcing Cornwallis, tried to play a little game of his own by making a counter-stroke on the coast of Connecticut with a detachment of two thousand men under Benedict Arnold. This thoroughly wanton assault on New London did not produce the

slightest effect upon the movements of Washington or bring any reprieve to Cornwallis; in fact, by the time the news of it reached Virginia the combination against the latter had been entirely completed and the British army was doomed.

It is interesting now to get a glimpse of the ancient town of York, the scene of so many exciting events in the fall of 1781. Some years before this an Englishman traveling in America reached what he termed the "Elysian Fields of Virginia." In describing that section of the country he has much to say about York and its opposite neighbor, Gloucester, and the surrounding plantations. We can only give short extracts from this quaint and attractive writer:

Yorktown (he says), the capital of the county of that name, is situated on a rising ground, gently descending every way into a valley, and, though but straggligly built, yet makes no inconsiderable figure. You perceive a great air of opulence amongst the inhabitants, who have (some of them) built themselves houses equal in magnificence to many of our superb ones at St. James; as those of Mr. Lightfoot (Philip Lightfoot), Nelson ("Secretary Nelson"), etc. The court-house is the only considerable public building, and is no unhandsome structure. The most considerable houses are of brick; some handsome ones of wood—all built in the modern taste—and the lesser sort of plaster. There are some very pretty garden spots in the town, and the avenues leading to Williamsburg, Norfolk, etc., are prodigiously agreeable. The country surrounding is thickly overspread with plantations, and the planters live in a manner equal to men of the best fortune.

Writing in 1849 of the Nelson house at Yorktown, Howe, the historian, says:

The Nelson mansion is a large two-story brick building, fronting the river, on the main street of the town. It is built on the old English model. * * * In the War of the Revolution it was the residence of Governor Thomas Nelson, by whose father, the Hon. William Nelson, it was erected. * * * During the siege of Yorktown the house was bombarded by the American Army and now bears marks of cannon shot. Governor Nelson, then in Washington's army, had command of the first battery which opened upon the town. Rightly supposing that it was occupied by some of the British officers, he pointed the first gun against his own dwelling and offered a reward of five guineas to the soldiers for every bombshell that should be fired into it.

In a paper of this character it is impossible to enter into the details of the siege of Yorktown. The movements of the

Americans and of the British at this time are full of interest for the military student, but a careful consideration of them here would consume unwarranted time and space. A slight sketch of the final issues can only be given. Yorktown was invested. On October 6 the first parallel was opened by General Lincoln. On the 11th the Baron Steuben opened the second parallel within three hundred yards of the enemy's works. On the night of the 14th two of the British redoubts were carried by storm, the one by Alexander Hamilton, the other by the Baron de Vioménil. On the following night the British made a gallant, but fruitless, sortie. By noon of the 16th their works were fast crumbling to pieces under the continuous fire of seventy cannon. On the 17th Cornwallis, having failed in an attempt to escape by crossing to Gloucester, hoisted the white flag. Commissioners were appointed to arrange the terms of surrender. They met at the Moore house—the old "Temple farm." The terms were transcribed and sent to Lord Cornwallis, who assented to them. They were the same as those made on the occasion of Lincoln's surrender at Charleston. The British army became prisoners of war, subject to the ordinary rules of exchange. Cornwallis expressed anxiety for the fate of the American royalists in his army, but Washington neatly disposed of this delicate question by allowing the earl to send a ship to Sir Henry Clinton with news of the catastrophe, to embark in it such troops as he might think proper, and no questions asked. "Concerning a little matter of etiquette," says Mr. Fiske, "the Americans were more exacting." The British soldiery had always cherished as its inalienable right the practice of playing the enemy's tunes. At the surrender of Charleston, in token of humiliation, General Lincoln's army had been expressly ordered to play an American air. Colonel Lawrence, conducting negotiations at Yorktown, directed that General Lincoln should receive the sword of Lord Cornwallis, and that the army, on marching out to lay down its arms, should play a British or German air. There was no help for it, and on the 19th of October Cornwallis's army marched slowly out of Yorktown, with colors cased, while the band played a quaint old English melody, of which the signifi-

cant title was "The World Turned Upside Down." Indeed, it is very likely that upon hearing the news many people, especially George III and his ministry, believed that the old English air quite correctly described the condition of the world. Lord North, the prime minister, who had a most convenient habit of falling asleep while his opponents denounced him and when aroused was ever ready to turn a jest to their disadvantage, was neither inclined to be drowsy nor to indulge his wonted spirit of gayety when the staggering communication of Cornwallis's surrender was brought to him in Downing street. Very much awake and very serious for once, he cried, walking wildly up and down the room, "O God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!"

The King was at Kew when the news reached him. That evening Lord George Germain, while at dinner, received his answer. His majesty wrote calmly, in a tone of natural dignity, but he had forgotten to date his letter, it was observed, a thing, it is said, which had never happened before.

In passing, it is significant to note that the man whose failure at Yorktown lost the American Colonies to Great Britain was the same who later established her authority in India. If in any mind there is a doubt that Lord Cornwallis was a good and gallant soldier, and that he ever retained the confidence of his country, this fact should dispel utterly the thought. The drama of the American Revolution had been opened in Virginia by Henry; it was virtually terminated there by Washington and his troops at Yorktown. These events, encompassing so much, make brilliant the pages of her Revolutionary history.

N. B. WINSTON,
Vice-Regent, Old Dominion Chapter.

WOMEN AS PATRIOTS.

[Read before the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of the District of Columbia.]

It is a well-demonstrated fact that war breeds bravery and heroism in both the sons and daughters of a nation. A lack of courage and heroic impulse in men is derided in the same proportion as like qualities are lauded in women. We read of brave patriotic women in all ages. There are times in every nation when the hearts of wives and mothers are stirred to their inmost depths; when every patriotic impulse is encouraged; when love of country predominates over every other earthly love.

The Old Testament has a Rahab and an Esther, women, though widely separated from each other, both in character and circumstances, whose names will go down the ages, in Bible history, to the end of time. Why? Because they counted their lives as nothing in the face of their country's need.

In 1149 women were knighted for their stout resistance to the Moorish invasion. Large immunities and favors were bestowed upon them and their posterity for the heroism displayed in those eventful times.

The fifteenth century produced Joan of Arc. A wonderful victory did she obtain for the French, when by her almost supernatural inspiration she imbued the fainting, disheartened troops with some of her own remarkable courage and spirit.

For the daughters of America, gathered together as representatives of American liberty, I will speak of those women who, fired with courage and zeal, aided to their utmost in that terrible struggle which at last won liberty and justice with freedom for all, that liberty of which the children of this century love to sing.

There are many evidences of the sympathy which women of Colonial days felt for their struggling countrymen in their gigantic efforts to throw off the yoke of a foreign power, though she were called the mother country. There are numerous families to-day, in this dear land of ours, who proudly and lovingly

relate the marvelous adventures and heroic deeds of a grandmother, deeds which are not chronicled by the historian, but which the Daughters of the American Revolution are resurrecting. The patriotism of such historical women as Abigail Adams and Martha Washington we will not recount, but will recite a few incidents connected with some less favored daughters of the American Revolution.

A Philadelphia woman addressing a British officer in Boston wrote as follows: "I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family. Tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor have I bought a cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington. I have learned to knit and am now making stockings of wool for my servants. In this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this, that as free I can die but once, but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of my sister Americans."

Elizabeth Martin had seven sons in the Revolutionary ranks. She sent them forth with these words: "Go, boys, and fight for your country. Fight till death if you must, but never let your country be dishonored. Were I a man I would go with you." When a British officer sneeringly twitted this mother with having seven sons in the army, what did she answer? Only this, "I wish that I had fifty there." When another officer of like principles heartlessly told her that he had blown her son's brains out, she calmly replied, "He could not have died in a nobler cause."

The two aunts of these seven sons, Rachel and Grace Martin, disguised as two rebels, assailed the British courier and his guard and took the papers from him, which they speedily forwarded to General Greene. No suspicion of their sex was had by the messenger and guard. This was warlike heroism in those two sisters, while presumably the young Englishman would have applied an uncomplimentary epithet, to say the least, to these defenders of liberty had their sex been divulged.

History relates what to us is an amusing account of the women of Groton, Massachusetts. Clothed in their absent husbands' apparel, armed with muskets, pitchforks, and such other weapons as they could raise, they resolutely determined no foe to free-

man, either foreign or domestic, should pass Jewett's bridge, over the Nashua. Soon there appeared one horseman. He was supposed to be treasonably engaged in conveying intelligence to the enemy. He was arrested by these women, unhorsed, and searched. Treasonable correspondence was found concealed in his boots. The man was detained as a prisoner, but his dispatches were sent to headquarters.

A Mrs. Robert Wilson, the mother of eleven sons, most of whom were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, when urged by Lord Cornwallis to use her influence with her husband and sons, who were his prisoners, to induce them to fight for the Crown, replied: "Sooner than see one of my family turn back from this glorious enterprise I would myself enlist, to show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, die for their country!"

Mary Knight, the sister of General Warrel, aided in relieving the horrible sufferings of Washington's troops at Valley Forge by cooking and carrying by herself provisions to them in the depths of winter. She even succeeded in passing the outposts of the British, being disguised as a market-woman. When the British set a price on the head of General Warrel, her brother, she concealed him for three days in a cider hogshead. The narrative does not state whether the cask was empty; we will hope it was, however. The house was searched four different times by troops hunting for this brother, without success, while the brave woman kept him alive by passing food to him through the bunghole of the hogshead.

Other women, whose names are legion, displayed indomitable courage and genuine Yankee pluck in the days of the Revolution—women who passed to their graves unrecognized by any pen, but who, perhaps, wear the victor's crown above.

Hosts of women undoubtedly there were who could give nothing more than their sympathy and encouragement to the fathers, sons, and brothers fighting for their rights and freedom. Such deserve honorable mention, at least; but their names have been allowed to pass into oblivion, as they themselves passed from the homes and firesides preserved to them by the spilt blood of those dear ones whom they urged on to victory or death.

MARIA SPALDING LYMAN.

THE BALL AT SHUTER'S HILL.

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,
Said to his wife: "Our rooms we'll fill
With all the beauty and all the style
And all of rank and some of the file
That flourish in Alexandria,
Alias Botany Bay."
(Which was ever his subsequent say
When calling Alexandria.)
Mrs. Dulany said, with a sigh,
"If such is your fancy, yes; so wish I."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,
Said to his wife: "We will fulfill
Our social trust and invite them all,
The rich and the great, to come to this ball;
The handsome and ugly, the pretty and plain,
The learned and the silly, the wise and the vain."
He was a man of great learning and wealth,
And the name he bore was a power itself;
For his Tory father was great among men
And smote hard on the Rebels with voice and pen.
Mrs. Dulany said, with a sigh,
"This fancy of his I cannot tell why."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,
Said to his wife: "I wish you to fill
The pantry and larder, the shelves, and the table
With all the most excellent things you are able;
And spare neither trouble nor money, for when
(Tobacco, remember, was currency then)
I offer a banquet my guest must behold
Something more on my table than china and gold."
Mrs. Dulany said, with a deep sigh,
"'Tis a fancy of his, but I cannot tell why."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,
Said to his wife: "Of course we will
Have music, the best that can be found,
And we, dear wife, will dance one round.
Many years have passed since you agreed
To slide from the window and marry with speed.
And we'll show our children the way to dance
After the fashion I learned in France."
Mrs. Dulany sighed and said,
"What could have put this whim in his head?"

The guests arrived at Shuter's Hill,
Names of renown the mansion fill.
Mason and Carter, Stewart and Ball,
Bosier and Fendall, Marshall and Hall.
Daingerfield, Tucker, Craik, Herbert, a few;
Plater, Custis and Randolph, and Washington, too;
Lee, Seldon, Fitzhugh, West, Dandridge, and Scott,
Blackburn, Hunter and Forrest, and Tayloe, a lot;
Page, Ramsey and Graham, French, Lewis, and Key,
Lloyd, Taylor and Welford, Ridout, Beverly,
Simms, Peter and Lightfoot, Lyles, Murray, and Beall,
Grey, Ponsonby, Green, and Carrol, they tell;
Berkely, Fairfax and Bladen, Powel, Chase, Montague,
Bassett, Harrison, Tasker, Gantt, Stoddert, and Chew,
Lomax, Spotswood and Taliaferro, Grymes, Rutherford,
Snowden, Fontaine and Pendleton, Monroe, and Bushrod;
But if all were put down the unlearned might insist
These names had been taken from off the tax-list.

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,
Received them with grace and courtly skill,
When all of a sudden he started to dance
And teach them the lesson he learned in France.
He drew them up in a regular line
And marched them around while he kept time;
Shouldered a blunderbuss, stuck on a hat,
Called it a helmet, and drilled them in that;
Thundered and threatened and ordered them all
To know he was giving a marching ball.
'Round thro' the parlors, out on the grass,
Down thro' the garden, and back did they pass;
Not for a moment he left them to rest—
Forward and backward unwearied he pressed.
Mrs. Dulany appealed to his pride,
But unceremonious he thrust her aside.

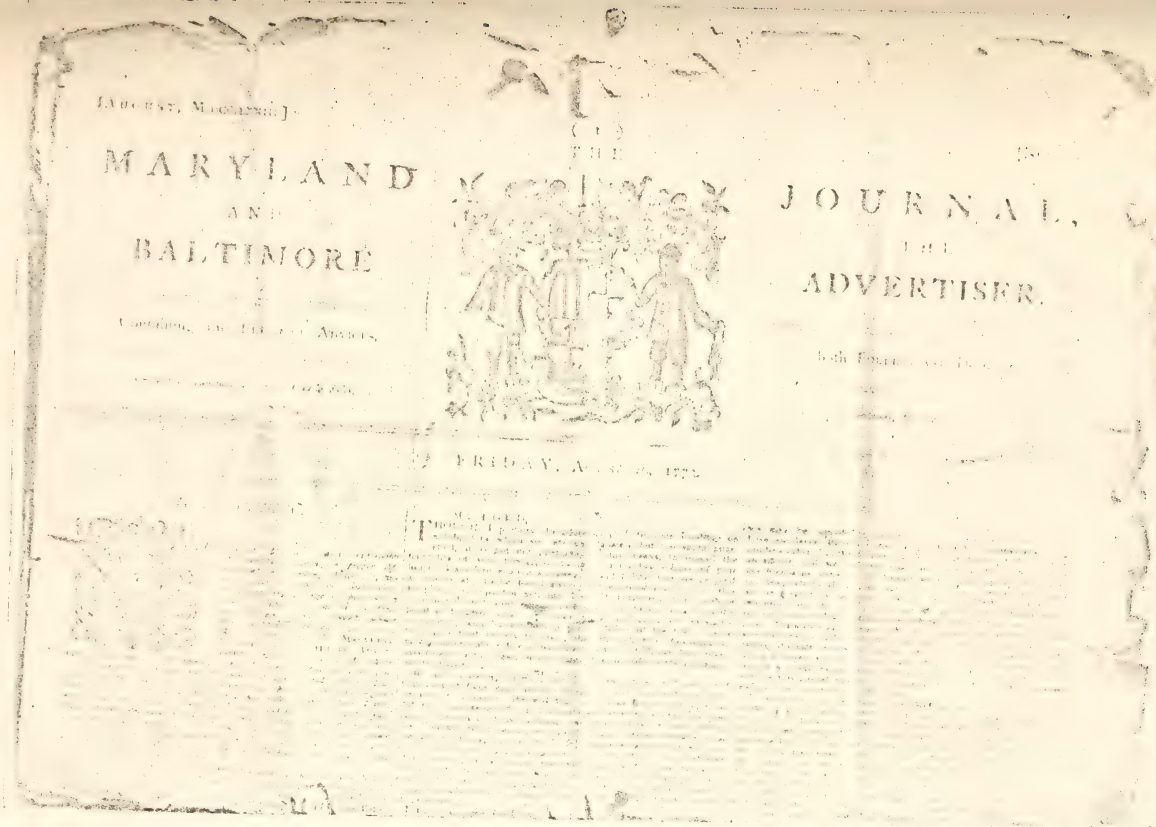
Many the terrors, the words, and the fright;
But he marched them and marched them far into the night.

Mrs. Dulany again assayed
To urge him to cease this desperate raid;
But he turned upon her a look ferocious,
Which changed in a moment to one vainglorious;
Then, bending before her his handsome form,
"Assured her no handsomer woman was born
Than she, his own, his beautiful wife
He had vowed to love and cherish for life;
And, to prove to all how he loved her then,
He'd embrace her before all these women and men."

Which he certainly did, for clasping her waist
And raising her high strode off in haste.
In vain she screamed; in vain besought;
All her entreaties he set at naught.
Into the pantry he quickly passed
And sat her upon the vinegar cask;
Then, locking her in, he lovingly said:
"Dear wife, you are tired; 'tis time for bed.
Look on the shelves; supper is near.
Do not be hungry, and have no fear."
And back he stalked to pick up his gun,
For a panic and flight had already begun.
But he brought them back and started again
Thro' the house and the porch, the garden and plain.
For hours he marched them (the greater fools they)
This and that and the other way,
Till one of them found, as a means of defense,
That a board could be easily torn from the fence.
To this they all hurriedly made their way,
But he found it out as soon as they
And ordered a halt; but they faster ran,
Urging each other as he began.
"Halt!" he cried again more loud,
And fired his blunderbuss into the crowd,
Which made them hasten in their flight
Back to town in the dead of night,
Wholly regardless of dresses, or shoes,
Or stones, or thorns, or damps, or dews
Finding to stop them was now too late,
He stalked to the stable and locked the gate.
"Now they may walk," he said, with an oath,
"For I will keep horses and carriages, both."
Into the town the company came,
Draggled and straggling, sinking with shame
That they should have marched and tramped about
At a madman's whim the whole night out.

Mrs. Dulany in grief had passed
The rest of the night on the vinegar cask.
The trembling servant unlocked the door
And the wrathful lady stood before
Her rantipole lord, but never a word
Between them passed, nor was afterward heard.
He ordered his horse, and from that day,
As I have heard old people say,
He continually rode, nor ever still
Was Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill.

MRS. DEVEREUX.



FACSIMILE OF HEADING OF MARYLAND AND BALTIMORE JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM EARLY ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MILDRED OVERTON MAYDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOUSER.

A COLONIAL MAIL-BAG.

"A storm was coming, but the winds were still."—TENNYSON.

NEAR the northern extremity of Worcester County, Maryland, there flourished during the last three quarters of the eighteenth century a small community of kinsmen whose common name was Evans. These families had come over from England, although they were of Welsh extraction. They were in every way valuable acquisitions to the elegant society of Maryland, wealthy, genial, cultured, and their homes were the resorts for the pleasure-loving gentry of the neighboring coast region.

Particularly was this true of Glensade, the home of Colonel Madoc Evans, a noted seat of generous hospitality. Distant five or six miles from the sea the establishment was a well-known landmark on the seaboard. The house itself was a worthy type of the manorial homes which the aristocratic planter colonists established for themselves and their families in Maryland and Virginia. It was built of bricks brought from England, and extended over an area which makes our modern dwellings look dwarfed in comparison. About this building were grouped several others of various shapes and sizes, including the coach-house, storehouse, kitchen, and other offices, while at a distance were situated the white cabins of the negro quarters. Surrounding these buildings was a delightful landscape, varying from a grove in the front, through the trees of which might be had glimpses of the ocean, to large fruit and flower gardens extending in the rear.

The sun's rays on a certain day in 1773 were falling directly upon the face of the dial that stood on the lawn and the great plantation bell was proclaiming high noon, the time sacred to rest and the noonday meal.

This was accompanied by a general commotion. First came the manager riding up on horseback to his own particular house, dismounting at its door and giving his horse into the care of an ebon-faced, grinning little negro boy whom he found in waiting on the veranda. The urchin leaped on the horse's

back and rode toward the well at the back of the "big house." Here a lively scene presented itself. On both sides of the well stood a trough filled with clear water. Some horses were already enjoying its refreshing coolness; others, waiting their turn, were ridden by swarthy little negroes, whose gleaming smile testified to their pride in their office. As they rode up to the well they would shout in answer to the greetings of their fellows already there. The noise of their halloos and laughter, mingled with the clanking of plowchains, from which the horses had not yet been relieved, awoke the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and a general hubbub on every hand.

Into the midst of the clatter about the well came Letty, one of the house servants, adding to the clamor by her excited inquiries. "Law sakes! Whar' am dat nigger Jim? Tain't no use ringin' de dinner bell. Ole Massa jes' off he head wid on' patience. He jes' march up an' down de po'ch an' say de mail am a whole hour late an' he a-waitin' fo' he dispatches f'om Lonnon an' de new paper what he's spectin' f'om Baltimo'. De meat's gittin' colder'n a do'h-knob, an', ole Missus, she gwine go off in de high tantrums presn'y."

Her harangue was cut short by the appearance of the delinquent Jim himself, who came riding up magisterially on an old one-eyed horse. Jim was a sort of nabob among the plantation negroes by reason of his superior calling as mail-carrier and of the advantages which he possessed for gathering news from all the neighborhood. He carried himself in a lordly manner, but to-day beneath his bravado there was the suspicion of a tremor; and, although he usually claimed the privilege of himself carrying the mail to his master, to-day he relinquished it to Letty, muttering something about being "clean wore out a-waitin' fo' dat nigger wha bring de triflin' ole newspaper."

Letty found the master of the house walking reluctantly toward the dining-room with an air of dejected compliance with the mandate of the small family dinner bell, at that moment tinkling musically. When, however, Letty handed him the mail-bag, his gloom relaxed into a cheerful smile and he murmured a gracious "Thank you," at the same time briskly turning the knob of the dining-room door.

This apartment was marked by stateliness and massive rich-

ness, imparted by the heavy walnut ceiling, darkly stained walls, and highly carved furniture. On the wall above the high chimney board were emblazoned the family coat of arms; elsewhere were suspended trophies of the chase, stag horns and fox tails, among old breech-loading guns that had seen stern service in the French and Indian wars, and swords unsheathed by former generations in Continental struggles.

Amid these martial mementoes a light-hearted party had sat down to dinner. At the head of the table presided Mrs. Evans, a lady of kindly, though slightly proud, expression. Kenneth Evans, a young man of fine, open countenance and manly bearing, who sat at his mother's right hand, was engaged at the time in some light banter with his sister. Apolyne Evans was a girl of acknowledged beauty, and, had her tastes not turned toward the quieter pleasures of home, would have been a belle in a State already noted for its lovely women. Her fair face, crowned with its waves of sunny, golden hair, was expressive at once of a lofty order of intelligence and of a modesty and spirituality that seemed at times almost angelic. So, at least, thought her betrothed lover, Archie Dale, as he watched her from the other side of the table, to-day, with a solicitude unsuspected by the other members of the gay party. His dark, handsome face showed both bonhomie and a reserve force of character. His compressed lip and firmly molded features argued for a rare degree of self-control, but his quickly flushing cheek and animated glance showed that his nature was as sensitive as it was proud.

A beautiful and fashionable young lady, then on a visit from Baltimore town, Miss Katherine Lavender, completed the party.

The family had waited several minutes after the ringing of the bell for the appearance of Colonel Evans, when Mrs. Evans, whose housewifely instincts revolted against such tardiness, asked Archie Dale to take his place.

He had only that moment complied and was beginning to carve the haunch of venison which graced the table when Colonel Evans triumphantly entered. The family arose to receive the deferred blessing. Archie Dale would have yielded his post of honor, but the old gentleman insisted on his finishing the carving while he himself had a peep at his mail-bag, since

he had been deprived that morning of his usual hour over his papers and letters.' Pushing his chair back slightly from the table and depositing the pouch on his knee, he forthwith began to examine its contents. Each one was remembered in the distribution, although Colonel Evans declared that the supply was unusually small. Mrs. Evans patted with satisfaction some letters from friends and relatives in her native town, London, and the Colonel glanced hastily at some magazines, newspapers, and the superscriptions on some letters addressed to himself. "Ah! here we have the London and the Maryland mail together," he exclaimed. "I did not know that the Royal George had come to port this month. She must have had an easy voyage; but here's the thing that delayed our dinner to-day and has caused this innovation." All looked up in eager curiosity. "The first issue of the long-expected paper, 'The Journal, The Advertiser.'"

"Goddard's sheet?" asked Kenneth quickly. "Then we may look for something really American in tone, I hope, since he has so often complained to me of our servile imitation of the English press."

"Gad, sirs! we have followed our brethren across the water long enough. We must be ourselves, if we are not to degenerate into nobodys and to be unworthy the name of Englishmen!"

Archie Dale leaned forward as if he would have added something to the Colonel's eloquent outburst, but, the old gentleman's eye having rested on the first article, he was already oblivious to all else. His wife, perceiving his inattention to the canvas-back duck, the home-cured ham, fowl, and sweetbreads, quietly, though firmly, interposed at this moment:

"Will it not wait, sir, until after the dinner hour?"

"Certainly, madam; I beg your pardon," he replied meekly, and tucked the paper into the bag.

Even then his eye did not fail occasionally to wander surreptitiously in its direction. It was with a sigh of relief finally when he saw his stately wife sweep from the room, followed by the two young ladies.

"Thunder!" he cried, reaching quickly into the bag; "my fingers have been on fire to get at that paper. Now, here it is; should either of you like to see it?"

Unselfishness was a characteristic of the old school of politeness, and the Colonel acted up to the strictest requirements of a gentleman of his day when he extended the paper to the two young men. They as courteously declined it. Then the Colonel, in his state of absolute content, nodded his head to John, the butler, when he asked whether he would drink peach brandy or old port. John filled a glass of each, and the Colonel, taking a sip, addressed his companions. "Listen, sirs; this is from the publisher's letter to the public. I pass by all those fair promises of publishing extracts from the best authors, which no man of parts desires, since he can obtain them unabridged from the authors themselves; but this I call encouragement, for this means that the press will not be shackled forever: 'I shall always publish with pleasure whatever is sent me in favor of liberty and the rights of mankind, provided the language is decent and compatible with good government; but I am resolved that my paper shall be free and of no party!' Is not that announcement by a small publisher in Baltimore town a sign of the times?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Kenneth. "He would better not send that with his compliments to the Premier."

"Perhaps not in these days of secret-service money," replied Archie Dale. "But I doubt whether all the wealth of England can break the gathering storm. That fight at Allamance, North Carolina, two years ago between Governor Tryon and the Regulators was no false alarm, as the recent struggles in that State have shown; but, pardon me, this a subject on which I am easily excited. What further information does your paper convey?"

"Here's a long-winded letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Belmont, touching his duel with Lord Townshend. I'll leave that to you young bloods, who are always ready to go off like a powder can on the slightest provocation."

After this he remained engrossed in his paper for several minutes, during which time Archie Dale listened abstractedly to an anecdote told him by Kenneth Evans.

"The dispatches from London are extremely scant," resumed Colonel Evans. "Positively the only mention which they make of America is this: 'It is said that larger orders

have been given within this week for goods exported to America than at any one time for three years past.' That expression strikes me as being significant of the Government's attitude toward our country. They regard it as a mart for selling and exchanging their wares, but the people with whom they deal as utterly unworthy of consideration." There was no need of concealment before his companions, whose enthusiastic Americanism was as marked as his own.

"But, sir," protested Dale, picking up the paper which Colonel Evans had slightly crumpled and thrown on the table, "here is a dispatch from New York under cover of August the 12th, which contains details of great interest to us. It is about the exploration of the lands of the Mississippi. 'The sloop "Mississippi," Captain Goodrich, with the Connecticut Military Adventurers, arrived here from the Mississippi, but last from Pensacola, the 16th instant. The country they went to explore they liked well, having laid out twenty-three townships at the Natchez.' Does it not seem wonderful to think of men from the seaboard going to that wild, unsettled neighborhood? I think you did not see this dispatch from Philadelphia, which says that two ships have come over with a thousand and fifty passengers, and that the ship 'Walworth' sailed for South Carolina about the 1st of June with three hundred passengers and servants, who, they say, were obliged to leave their native country, not for their misbehavior, but on account of the great distress among the middling and lower classes of people. They make an excellent class of colonists, sir."

"Yes; a fine, sturdy stock," assented Colonel Evans, who entertained great esteem for Dale's opinion.

"Ha! Here is something that I will pass by," continued Dale, turning to the next page. "A communication signed 'Honouchrononthonologos,' and interlarded with as many abstruse terms and names as one would expect from a man of such nomenclature. It seems to be abusive of some people who are rebelling against the payment of tithes."

Here followed an animated discussion on this subject, after which Kenneth, who by this time was in possession of the paper, exclaimed: "Well, here's something of interest to me, if not to the rest of you. That young Colonel George Wash-

ington, who used to come up here from Virginia to attend the races and who, you remember, once made me a few pounds the poorer by his visit, has an advertisement on the last page. He has obtained patents for upward of twenty thousand acres of land on the Ohio and the Great Kanawha, and now proposes to 'divide it into any size tenements that may be desired and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years' rent free, provided within the space of two years from next October three acres for every fifty contained in each lot and proportionally for a lesser quantity shall be cleared, fenced, and tilled,' and also that 'five acres for every hundred shall be inclosed and laid down in good grass for meadow, and fifty good fruit trees shall be planted on such a quantity of land.' Of course, he enumerates the luxuriance of soil, convenience of situation, the abundance of fish, wild fowl, and excellent meadows. He contends that if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio holds, that its seat will probably by fixed at the mouth of the Kanawha. It's a well-written article, and nearly convinces me that Colonel Washington is as keen in business and as skilled in marshaling words as he is brave in fighting the Indians."

With the exception of the Colonel, who went to the library with his mail, the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, where they found the ladies still lingering over their coffee.

Kenneth handed his mother the paper, saying: "My father is much disappointed in the meagerness of the European dispatches concerning our affairs. I hope, madam, that you will find more to interest you."

"Where are the dispatches?" she asked. "Ah! here they are, and I spy something already about Lord Chatham. Isn't it delightful occasionally to run across the words Lord and Lady? In that respect our country seems quite a wilderness. Now, here is something you would have liked to see, my dears," she remarked, turning toward the two young ladies. "'The King will set out on Tuesday morning at three o'clock to review the grand fleet at Spithead, and proposes being at Portsmouth about twelve o'clock: he is to be escorted on the road by Burgoyne's Light Horse, and enter Portsmouth with the Life Guards. All the ambassadors will be there, and the moment the review is over

bold Richard Spry, with ten of the line, is to proceed to sea upon a cruise in the channel.' * * * 'We are informed that his Majesty, after reviewing the ships at Portsmouth, will sail around the Isle of Wight in one of the royal yachts.' * * * 'Portsmouth, June 17. This morning three companies of the Royal Regiment of Artillery from Woolwich marched into this place. They are quartered in different parts of the town, and came on purpose to exercise the guns on the fortification during his Majesty's stay here.' Would that we could have been there! What fine dressing there doubtless was. This is a desolate sort of place. Now, my dear," turning to her fashionable guest, "will not you read us something from its pages? Nothing about stupid politics; some nice little bit that I can embroidery awhile by before I go upstairs for my nap."

Katherine Lavender was dressed in all the splendor which the most improved modistes of Baltimore town and the latest fashion reports from London could suggest. Her stiff brocaded dress was unusually handsome for morning wear, while her headdress was as aspiring in its height as a lofty church steeple. Yet she read with the utmost gravity an article of some length recommending simplicity of dress. She also answered Mrs. Evans's questions about the news in Baltimore town by reading the announcements of several new business enterprises in that city; of the opening of a tavern at the sign of the Fountain; of Francis Sanderson's new coppersmith shop, where housewives could obtain copper and brass kettles, brewing kettles, saucepans, coffee and chocolate pots, stew pans, and Dutch ovens as cheaply as they could be imported from London, as well as a glowing advertisement of the goldsmith and jeweler, Christopher Hughes, at the sign of the Cup and Crown, which proclaimed a "neat and elegant assortment of plate and jewelry." The mention of these emporiums of trade was enough to recall to Mrs. Evans' mind the fact that she had for several months intended to pay a visit to Baltimore town and see what new wares its shops afforded.

Kenneth excused himself to join his father in the library, there to review with him his own letters from London. Mrs. Evans folded up her embroidery and retired to her own room. Miss Lavender began playing softly on the harpsichord, while Apolyne and her lover repaired to the old-fashioned piazza,

whence could be seen gleaming in the sunlight the blue waters of the ocean. Outside it was warm and sultry, but cool breezes swayed the graceful tendrils of the vines that clambered up the lofty Doric columns, making a delightful retreat from the noonday heat.

Archie Dale stood for a moment looking at the fair landscape before him with an air of despondency which even the presence of Apolyne could not banish.

"What is the matter, Archie?" she asked him anxiously. "Something troubles you, I am certain. Will you not tell me what it is?"

Dale's effort at calmness was apparent as he replied, "There are dark times ahead, Apolyne. The press and the ministry may ignore them if they will, but they are swiftly, surely coming."

"So I have heard you and father say; but may they not yet be averted? Do not despair over a remote danger."

"The danger is sudden, immediate," he answered almost sternly. "Soon the storm will burst upon us. Can you not hear the winds gathering force and see the first scattered leaves blown about? They will fall more thickly and more rapidly from this time on."

He had walked to where Apolyne sat, and as he spoke stood looking down upon her half fiercely. A slight tremor shook her at his unusual words and manner. "You are very despondent to-day," she said after a pause of some moments; "and you should remember, Archie, that whatever happens we two shall be together."

"Nay, you will not be with me," he murmured sadly, and cast upon her such a look of love, pity, and deep sorrow that the girl's heart seemed to burst within her.

"No, Apolyne, I am cruel to obtrude on you my own fears of the struggle I see coming. I see that you have brought the 'Journal and Advertiser.' Will you not read me something? Anything; the sound of your voice will rest me."

The girl laughed at his fancy. He seated himself on the bench beside her, and, after a few minutes' examination of the paper, she began to read in her clear, sweet voice the letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Belmont on his late duel

with Lord Townshend. It was a long article of over two columns, and we can only quote one forcible argument of the bishop against the then noble art of dueling: "In the superstitious ages of the world, my Lord, when men absurdly believed that Providence interposed immediately in favor of the party injured, a decision of a dispute by personal combat was not altogether ridiculous; but in these more enlightened times, when the sun of science has rapidly dispelled the clouds of enthusiasm, a continuation of so Gothic a custom is a scandal upon the human understanding. No preternatural interposition is now expected to give a certain victory to the person wronged. No, my Lord, the aggressor and the aggrieved are upon equal terms. We receive an affront, and we endanger our lives; we expose our long list of friends to distress: we hazard all the glowing expectations of our tenderest ties, all our dearest prospects in this world, and all our greatest in the next to—to do what? I blush, my Lord, at my own question—punish some act of incivility that should excite our contempt, or some disrespect which is wholly below our indignation. The man who is not ready to apologize for any offense he offers another does not deserve to be considered as a gentleman. Yet, supposing the case otherwise, the offense ought indeed to be deadly which induces us to take away a life. If it is of such magnitude as to require a bloody expiation, it should be left to the law, and if it is not we surely rebel against the majesty of our own hearts where we endeavor to wipe it away with blood."

She had read on, so much interested in the article itself that she had failed to observe her lover's expression of countenance. Now she turned her eyes toward him and observed that he had fallen into a deep reverie. For some moments she watched him in silence, meditating a gentle reprimand for his inattention, when he lifted his eyes suddenly and exclaimed: "This all sounds very well as one reads it, but how would it be in real life? A man who refused to fight is deservedly branded by public opinion as a coward."

"Public opinion is tyrannical and unjust," she replied.

"Yes; we all of us concur in that belief. Yet you, for instance—if you had a friend who refused a challenge, would you ever again esteem or honor him?"

"Indeed, sir, I should esteem him more highly than ever. I should know that he was a man who valued human life too highly to risk it lightly. I should know that he had the courage of his moral convictions, since he braves the opposing voice of public sentiment, and I should not account him a physical coward, since according to your prophecy the times will soon afford us the opportunity of rightly distinguishing the coward from the hero. I call the duello a barbarous cruelty, cruelty to the slain and doubly cruel to his stricken friends and family."

Archie Dale arose and took her hand in his. "Apolyne," he said, "you're the most eloquent orator I ever heard, but I must leave you now. Yes; I grant that it's sudden; but it is simply my treacherous memory which failed to recall a little business engagement. May I pay my respects to your father before I call Sambo?"

Thus suddenly gone, Apolyne did not notice that he had taken the newspaper with him; she did not know of his long ride over the country side, when he alternately read the paper and seemed lost in a brown study, nor of the note which he sent to James Aydelett, a young gentleman of fortune and fashion who was known to differ politically with Dale. Neither could she by any intuition know of the meeting at midnight in the small cleared space behind the Old Field school-house. The first intimation was made by Jim as he rode up wildly, differently from his usual slow canter, on his one-eyed mare and announced that "Mars' Archie Dale don' fi't a duel las' night with Mars' Henry Aydelett an' wa' all shot up an' a-lyin' at de Widder Bryan's on dis side de school-house, an' Mars' Aydelett, he don' tuk to he horse an' clear de country."

The consternation that reigned supreme can scarcely be imagined. Apolyne's grief was intense. She was almost on the point of distrusting Dale, as several weeks of danger followed, during which he could give no explanation.

When his convalescence set in and he was removed to Colonel Evans's he told her all about his difficulty. He and Henry Aydelett had quarreled about politics. Aydelett had insulted him by questioning his political integrity, and Dale had challenged him. His visit to the Evans mansion that day he had looked upon as his last, not daring to predict what would be the consequences

of the engagement. How, then, was his remorse and anguish of spirit accentuated when she read the stirring arguments of the bishop and added her own plea against the action he was about to commit. Convinced of its wrongfulness, he wrote to Henry Aydelett and hinted at a reconciliation. Aydelett laughed to scorn his humanitarian scruples and added the charge of cowardice to that of political dishonesty. "I know I am a moral coward, Apolyne," he concluded, "and that I am not worthy of your love; but I could not formally retract my challenge in the face of such an imputation from that man."

And, in spite of all her counter-arguments, Apolyne was glad that the world would not call Archie Dale a coward. "But keep the paper," he added; "the time may come when the world is ripe for such noble advice, and I for one shall never fail to advance the good bishop's views to any friend of mine on the eve of fighting a duel, in the hope that he may be more morally courageous than I."

And so the little yellow paper which first saw the light when Maryland was a royal province is still preserved in comparative freshness. It was kept all during those stormy days of the Revolution by Mrs. Archie Dale, when her father, husband, and brother, on the distant soil of other States, were fighting valiantly for the cause of independence. Her children treasured it through the War of 1812 and her grandchildren through the saddest, fiercest struggle of all, our own late civil war. Now that our country is once more a grand and united whole, it lies before me, emblematic of our small beginnings and of our glorious progress from the time when Archie Dale fought his duel with Henry Aydelett in the cleared space behind the Old Field school-house.*

MILDRED OVERTON MATHES,
Historian Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2.

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* The characters (Evans and Dale) drawn in this sketch are ancestors of Mrs. Jean Robertson Anderson, Regent of Watauga Chapter, Memphis, Tennessee.

THE MINUTE MEN OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

Land of my father's fathers, hail to thee,
Cradle and dwelling-place of Liberty!
Others may praise renown in history;
Mine is a lesser, yet a nobler, plea,
To laud thy Minute Men.

Roused from their midnight sleep by Paul Revere,
Yeomen whose hearts knew naught of doubt or fear;
Quitting with silent haste their homes most dear,
Farmyard and field, without a glance to rear,
To Lexington they came.

Strong as the rugged soil that gave them birth,
Firm as the firmest hero-chiefs of earth,
Fighting for right and freedom, home and hearth,
Dauntless 'gainst numbers, staunch in native worth,
The victor's palm was theirs.

Standing on Concord's bridge they met the foe,
Vet'rans of many wars, with blow for blow;
Driving them back with steady step and slow,
Winning their spurs that day by Concord's flow,
As Freedom's belted knights.

Valiant they fought at Bunker Hill all day,
Ready and eager to renew the fray;
Clamb'ring o'er mounds of dead that strewed the way,
Gaining by inches ground to stand at bay,
Till night had brought respite.

Through the dark shadows fled the hostile hosts,
Beaten by rebel hinds despite their boasts;
Leaving their dead unhoused to quit these coasts,
Leaving the victors sleeping at their posts,
Worn out with strife and strain.

Through the young States that patriotic fire
Triumphs as great did other fields inspire;
Cowpens and Valley Forge, King's Mountain's spire,
Pointing to Yorktown's day of ending dire
For Britain's proud array.

Marion, Stark, and Ethan Allen true;
Putnam and Patrick Henry, Selden too;
Perry, Decatur, with their gallant crew,
Sailors and Minute Men in buff and blue,
Their country glorified.

Long were the years of struggle, till the end
Shattered from stubborn necks that would not bend
England's stern yoke, did in its stead extend
Freedom to all, the rights of man defend
From tyranny and wrong.

Liberty's pioneers were they, whose pains
Struck from the limbs of thralls the galling chains;
Wrested from despots all these fertile plains,
Land of the free, o'er which if Peace now reigns,
God bless the Minute Men!

LILIAN PIKE.

BIRTH OF THE FLAG.

THE Colonists had decided to be free; but before the Declaration of Independence could be written a banner, around which the Sons and Daughters of Liberty could rally, must be born.

Late in the year 1775 Congress appointed as a committee of conference Lynch, Harrison, and Franklin to take the subject of the National Flag under consideration. The committee met at the American camp at Cambridge and adopted as a banner the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, united with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white. We have no official record of their reason for the adoption of this ensignia. It has been said that the stripes and ribbons, then the only distinguishing mark of rank among officers of the Army, may have suggested to the committee the idea of representing the various Colonies (soon to be States) by similar means.

The adoption by them of the combined crosses of the English Union flag would seem to show a desire in the child America to still hold in tenderest veneration the mother country. It is not known whether this flag, called the "Great Union Flag," was ever adopted by law, and no record has yet been found to show that Congress took any part in accepting it as its emblem, yet it was the flag used at the camp at Cambridge on the 2d of January, 1776. It so chanced that on this very day the King's speech on the Colonial trouble was received in Boston, and My Lord Howe, under truce, sent a copy of it to "Mr. Washington" (?) As the commission from His Excellency drew

near the American camp they were surprised to hear the booming of cannons and the shouts and hurrahs of the soldiers, and when they saw the "Great Union Flag" fluttering above the noise and din the British officers said one to another: "The Americans see their folly and they are cheering the King." Listen to what General Washington said about it in a letter dated Cambridge, January 4, 1776: "On the day which gave new being to the new army, but before the King's proclamation had reached us, we hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies."

In the "British Annual Register" for 1776 there is published a letter written by a sea captain in Boston Harbor to the owner of his vessel in London, and in it he says: "I can see the Rebel camp very plain. They have hoisted the Union Flag, which is supposed to intimate the Union of the Provinces. The King's speech has excited the greatest degree of indignation, and it has been publicly burnt in the Rebel camp. They have now a flag with thirteen stripes as their symbol of the number and the Union of the Colonies."

This great Union Flag was the banner that floated over the convention in Virginia, held three weeks before the Declaration of Independence was signed. In the rotunda at the Capitol at Washington is Trumbull's celebrated painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill." We find in this picture that a different flag was used by the Patriots, and, as Trumbull's work is vouched for as purely and truly historical to its minutest detail, we may describe this banner as red, with a white canton, bearing a pine tree.

While there are lengthy descriptions of all that pertains to the making and adopting of the Great Seal, the early history of the Stars and Stripes is shrouded, like the beginning of all great things, by a silence that yet reminds one of an unspoken prayer. We know that the flag was given to us by Congress in the year of our Lord 1777, in the month of June, and on the 14th day. We know the name and the history of the fortunate woman whose privilege it was to make the first flag, but back of the nimble fingers, back of the mingling of the red, the white, and the blue into an eternal harmony, was the mental power that had created the thought. There were the men who

gave the flag to us. Guizot says: "The United States of America rose into existence under the banner of right and justice. The Colonists did not attempt a revolution. They claimed guaranties and asserted principles which were inscribed in their charters, and, being denied them, to achieve a conquest of their rights they passed through a perilous war and gained their independence."

"In the hour of need came Washington. His country wanted him to serve her, and he became great rather from a sense of duty than from love of power. Born to govern, he had no delight in governing. He told the American people what he believed to be true, and persisted in doing what he thought wise with a firmness as unshaken as it was simple. The servant of an infant republic, he won the confidence of the people by maintaining its interests even in opposition to its inclination; and the patriots standing beside him at the helm practiced a policy at once modest and severe, measured, and independent." Such were the architects of this flag, your flag and mine, our flag. What does the word mean to us? Can we trace her story from that fair June morning of her birth down to this day, one hundred and seventeen years after? When we look upon her do we always realize the title, the rank she has conferred upon her children, irrespective of class, distinction? For is not every American citizen the equal of kings and queens?

I can remember as a child hearing my father tell of the drawing-rooms, balls, and fêtes he attended at the different European courts, where a rigorous etiquette required in the sovereign presence a prescribed costume for every one save and excepting the United States Chargé d'Affaires. He would describe the brilliant scene, the men and the women, blazing with jewels, garbed in satin and lace, powder and patches, bowing low before the throne with but one exception, one figure standing out in bold relief against this background of vivid color—the American Minister; and how do you think this man was dressed? "He wore an ancient long buff vest, and buttoned over his manly breast was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar and large gilt buttons the size of a dollar, with tails that his country folks called 'swallow.'"

Daughters of the North Shore Chapter of the American Revolution, what is your flag to you? Does it recall to you (says Edward Everett Hale) the fact that behind officers and government there is the country herself, and the flag her symbol? Do you, as Columbia's chosen daughters, watch zealously lest some alien hand pollute her whiteness or dim the brightness of her stars? Do you ever see this symbol trailing in the literal dust and pass by unconscious of the sacrilege? Do you ever see the Stars and Stripes put to an ignoble usage and hold your peace? If you do or if I do, we are not worthy daughters of our foremothers or forefathers. We, Daughters of the American Revolution, belong to this flag as we belong to our mothers. We should stand by her as we stand by our mothers and never dream a dream but of serving her, and as you gather your children and your children's children about your knee fail not to say to them:

Stand by the flag! its stars, like meteors gleaming,
  Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,
And shores responsive to the far-off beaming
  Of God's own Pleiades.

Stand by the flag! its stripes have streamed in glory,
  To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in lines the sacred story
  Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! on land and ocean billows,
  By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended, and, dying, from their pillows,
  With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag! immortal heroes bore it
  Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat, and armed defense,
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,
  A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

Stand by the flag! all doubt and treason scorning,
  Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
  Fades in its glory all the lights of time.

LAURA DAYTON FESSENDEN.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, we meet to-day to celebrate the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, that great charter of freedom adopted by our people July 4, 1776, just one hundred and eighteen years ago to-day. It has been said to be "the most important state paper in existence." It certainly may be called the most wonderful of uninspired documents. The selection of its language is strikingly chaste, pertinent, and decorous. Its lofty simplicity and terseness is entirely consistent with its high design and import, and it is heard again and again with the reverence and respect that we pay to Revelation. It is analogous to our Scriptures in that, being sublime, it is simple; being profound, it is apprehensible.

This will form the apology, if apology be needed, for a quotation that is eminently appropriate to our gathering to-day.

Our lawmakers laid the foundations of the Republic broad as humanity. They built its walls on the common sentiment of mankind, and our fathers—yours and mine—stood strong for the defense of the cause, appealing to heaven for the integrity of their design and pledging thereunto their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. We, their rightful heirs, owe, as they, "a decent respect to the opinion of mankind" in our humbler venture to perpetuate their memory and emulate their virtues and heroism. We, too, wish to give a rational cause for our existence, for in such a unity as we represent there should be both a rational cause and a purpose.

Every union, for whatever purpose, has its foundation in specific qualifications; otherwise there can be neither union nor organization; for, taking in the whole world, we resolve ourselves again into the common humanity and thus lose all motive of coherence. The bond that makes this organization possible is that of a common descent from the men of the Revolution. This is the one primal qualification demanded equally of any and of all, and without this prerogative none, however worthy,

and apply. It could not be an unworthy motive if lineage alone prompted to association, for the respect and honor due to our ancestry is among the precepts of our holy religion, and has distinction in the decalogue as the commandment with promise.

There is a pardonable pleasure that we have all felt in the descent from such an ancestry. It is a tradition that would not soon die out, and yet we hail with a higher sense of certitude the embodiment of these traditions in an organic form, that as time goes on will render them less hazy and unsatisfactory for organization. This was the first and most apparent reason that would be suggested to any mind, and to many women of busy lives would seem to be at first to themselves the only and sufficient reason to fix and establish an undisputed right and title to this distinction in a permanent society and to thus perpetuate and honor the memory of their ancestry; but humanity is not satisfied with a dormant sentiment, a record simply registered; there must be insignia; there must be symbols; there must be memorials; there must be observances, and all these have generated patriotism. So it comes to pass there is not only a body, but a soul and a purpose; and we who meet for our first festival to-day have come into an organization with a broader sense of privilege and duty than was originally represented in its incipient state. The purpose has developed from the cause; otherwise the busy women who have inaugurated the Fort Dearborn Chapter would hardly have wrought so fervently, being content to have secured for the future their title to a heroic ancestry. Such a bequest it is not an ignoble thing to receive or to transmit, for it bears at least a magnanimous thought to the remotest generation, and, as has been said, if to establish the connecting link were all it were a worthy deed. The research consequent upon this uprising of interest has brought out facts and incidents, has revived memories, has elicited inquiry and incited to patriotism, and already the fires begin to glow in thousands of minds dormant hitherto in this line of development. Thus there is the awakening, and we feel the premonitory stir of the dawn.

But this is not all. This is an age of achievement. All great, noble, inspiring, heroic impulses now find embodiment in action. Time was when men withdrew from active life and sought to live with great thoughts in cloisters; and women, whether in

convents or in homes, led cloistered lives, with rare exceptions, without part in the busy affairs outside. To-day it is equally rare to find one who is not caught in the meshes of several organizations, through each of which she enlarges her own individuality and in turn gives influence to the progressive whole. Thought for thought's sake is no longer considered the worthy pastime of men, and sentiment as mere sentiment no longer absorbs woman. The animus of the times calls for action; and thus our augury for this organization that has arisen upon our horizon with such brilliancy of promise foretells the happiest influences for good in its development.

Happily eligibility to membership, while it is a predetermined qualification, is not confined to rank or place. It embraces all classes throughout the length and breadth of the land. The North, the South, they are one; the East and the West are not rivals. The organization, if in any sense it sets us apart, should set us apart as were the Revolutionary heroes—for heroic purposes and deeds of sacrifice such as would do honor to the ancestry whose memory and virtues are our inheritance.

Pardon an extract from an old manuscript, a tribute to the memory of my grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier at the time of his decease, fifty years of age. This man was born a British Colonist; he died a free sovereign and independent American. He was a patriot. Not such a one as alone could fight—he nobly hazarded all and laid the vigor and brightness of his youth upon the altar of his country—but one whose whole life was a comment upon true patriotism.

He loved his country with the love of one who knew how to prize the blessings he, with his comrades in suffering, so dearly purchased. He knew that the condition of men could never be leveled. While he held that their rights must be equalized, that while the poor are always to be with us, they must receive the helping hand and equal privilege and opportunity.

And so this first motive for our being passes over to a purpose to perpetuate, not alone the memory of our heroes, but the principles they sought to establish; not equality of condition. God ordains our condition, whether it be high or low, rich or poor, and our mental endowments are equally various. Probably our country was never in greater peril than to-day, the

result of the subversion of this true sentiment, for which our revolutionary patriots sacrificed all.

For one cause or another we as a people are full of unrest and insurrection; never so much as to-day, scarcely more than a century on in our independent history. We are in the throes of the revolution of ideas that are moving great bodies of men into open defiance of laws and good order. The great doctrine of inequality of condition and equality of rights, the two arms of the lever, balancing God's providence and man's obligation, is wavering with a powerful uncertainty and threatening preponderance. The undisciplined mind runs riot with an idea. It does not balance and compare, and there are hordes of this class, thoughtless people, easily led. We could not if we would enumerate the causes of this condition of society. It has grown, increased, developed. It concerns us most to know what part we have in the better order of things, the enforcement of the doctrines of the fathers.

A revolution is apparently swift, but if of slow growth, it generates slowly and stealthily in the minds and hearts of the multitude. It breaks out in a moment and sweeps everything before it.

A reformation is the same in its law of operation. Thus we see the sources of our power as women. We can set in operation all the moral, intellectual, spiritual forces that change the world. These are mightier than the physical forces that seem to govern the world; and all these more powerful weapons are in the hands of woman. The material of which better men and women are made is almost altogether in our hands—the children, the future citizen. All appliances for this work have come to us within this generation, placing in a large measure the future of our country through the right training of its children almost altogether in the hands of woman. It is the undermining process beginning with child life and laying in every child mind the foundations of good American citizenship in our slums as well as in our palaces.

The world is less in arms as regards great movements of bodies of troops, but the unrest of the nations was never greater than to-day, and France, our great ally in the struggle for independence and which has emulated us in the endeavor to give

a government of the people, by the people, and for the people mourns her chief to-day.

We mourn with the world that has wandered so wide from the right principles and consequent prosperity; we mourn for the crimes committed in the name of liberty; we mourn with Madame Carnot for the mighty slain in the high places; but we rejoice notwithstanding for the possibilities and the memories that the day brings to us, the Daughters of the American Revolution. So let us—

Bring flowers to crown the day,
Myrtle and shining bay,
Roses and garlands gay,
Beauteous and rare.

Bring music, song, and mirth;
Let the rejoicing earth
Triumph in freedom's birth
From shore to shore.
Timbrel and harp and song
Wake and the strain prolong,
Jubilant, clear, and strong,
Forever more.

Bring banners waving high,
'Neath the all-arching sky,
On the soft breeze to lie,
Calmly to-day.
Not with war's conflicts rife,
Not rent in battle's strife,
When the heroic life
Sank in the fray.

Bring loyal hearts and bold,
Staunch as the hearts of old,
Stalwart, unbound, unsold,
Valiant in fight;
Hearts that will brook no ill,
Heads with unconquered will,
Hands that will all fulfill,
Strong in the right.

MRS. E. E. MARCY.

ADDRESS

BY THE CHAPTER REGENT TO THE MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF EVANSTON, JULY 4, 1894.

Do you recall to-day the kind of "*rights*" to protect and afford which our Government was instituted and came into being? Do you recall to-day the kind of "*wrongs*" which aroused our fathers and which caused them to declare that it should become a Republic?

Is it not almost a parody to-day to come together to celebrate "Independence," when we remember what causes our fathers declared to be destructive of the ends they died to firmly establish?

Do you remember that the foundations of the State were laid for freedom and not for license; that our ancestors fell fighting for principle; that they organized for power that should protect life, secure happiness, effect safety, and allow us the exercise of those "inalienable rights" bestowed by that Creator to whom they cried in their hour of need and who set the seal of victory on their efforts?

What kind of training in the duties of citizenship have we to-day? Why, it has been asserted—and who can doubt it now or dare call it in question, in the face of anarchy and misrule and with these startling developments all around us—that the "Athenian democracy, at the time when its representatives were chosen by lot, was in better care than our modern examples, for the average Athenian had a better training in the duties of citizenship than has the average Frenchman or American to-day." And to-day, oh, descendants of the heroes who founded what they deemed should be solid, safe, and lasting—to-day, instead of safety and peace, we have riots and failure to enforce law and order! The sky is indeed dark and overcast. Everywhere antagonism is rife and rampant; everywhere concession where there should be firmness; retreat instead of advance; degradation in politics that should shame every descendant of a patriot; warfare and destruction of industry, the very foundations of our country, honeycombed by turmoil, strife, and wrong;

laws openly defied, labor and capital at odds, hating and injuring each other, and destitution and suffering threatening to hold sway on all sides; and this in the land of freedom, the home of peace! Is it not time to force the popular consciousness to a recognition that the fact of terrible danger exists; that these staring and dreadful problems must be grappled with and in some measure solved if we would preserve this Union intact and save our country from these constantly menacing, adverse influences, which fairly threaten its stability as a Nation? Is it not time to show what love or regard we have for National honor and dignity? Is it not time for each individual to feel the duty of rising to defend by word and deed, by influence and action, the society of which he forms an integral part, the laws that are necessary to our protection and the country that he is pledged to serve? Is it not time to become a watcher and a worker, at home and abroad, for we seem to be shaken from center to circumference, the spoils of a license system? The low order of our political machinery, the destruction of industry, the peril of life all about us, should stir and challenge every soul in our midst. Oh, now, if never before, we need sentiment stirred to its depths, sympathy roused to its height, and resultant service broad and all embracing. We need the best and the strongest in us kindled into useful and lasting existence and action. We need to strive in all ways that, united as a Society, we may deserve our boast and become of incalculable value to the Nation.

In this crisis law will win but a poor and partial victory if it is not established on firmer foundations than ever before; if we do not rise into a position where we are no longer the stake of the professional politician or the sport of popular caprice.

We must learn more of the early struggles which gave us a country to love and serve and become quickened anew and challenged afresh by our sense of ancestry and our right to its lofty records. Let us study our country's history and politics, and let us learn better its Constitution and laws, if we would do aught to break up in our midst the deadly and complacent optimism that has almost come to be synonymous with patriotism to-day, so indifferent are many of us to the crying need of reform and to a firmer hold on law and order!

These suggestions doubtless sound tame in comparison with the brilliant philippics in vogue everywhere now, the noisily heralded panaceas, and the radical reconstructions offered so freely from press, pulpit, and private platform alike! But all great promises sound suspicious in times of danger, and until we have done all that is possible with what we have we need not cry out for more unbounded latitude to attempt something different.

We are minimizing our own rights and allowing sheer and injustifiable ignorance and arrogance to "strike" without resistance; we are affording good reason for the accusations of other nations that so many of our theories are mere negations; that much of their true significance is being shown to-day in the prevalent lawlessness and defiant license!

How can all the interruptions of natural order and business so conspicuously and impressively manifest themselves without in some measure vindicating such assertions? Wisdom in government witnesses for itself, not in the violations, but in the perfection of its results! The normal phenomena, the slight derangements incident to all efforts, may be termed of small concern, but look at these great ruptures, these clashes, the violence that we daily hear of and have keen cause to dread; and is not all this peril, the very suggestion of which fills every heart with deadly fear, of tremendous significance? This is what we cannot and dare not longer ignore; and for man, woman, or child these are the burning questions of the day!

What grave charges cannot these foreign nations justly bring against us as a democracy if this state of things is to continue or to repeat itself? Do we not prove ourselves repeatedly incapable of selecting representatives equal to the demand abroad and leaders suitable to their station at home? These charges are not mere speculations; they are inductions from long experience. Look at the government of our own city during this time so marked in its history; look at our Governor, the Governor of our State, who is a crying disgrace to every citizen, and does not his position to-day give heavy weight to all accusations and evidence against the institutions (politically) that could so elevate a man devoid of principle or patriotism, a foreigner and a demagogue of the worst type? Alas, how can we even expect to see reform in places high or low if persons are not selected

for responsible posts because of worthy character and special fitness for their work?

We need a healthy spirit of unrest and a growing determination to labor assiduously against the ills we are now forced to recognize and acknowledge. We have known the danger long and dimly felt it in the body politic, and yet we have gone on without any full realizing sense of the complexity of the governmental problem, and little care or consideration is spent in studies of ways and means to solve it, and little, if any, efficient assistance is offered by our class or sex.

There is a challenge to noble womanhood in the conditions surrounding the homes of outcasts and foreigners, and yet the very liberty we presumably love and prize, that our ancestors shed their blood to establish, is offered to-day to strangers and barbarians alike, without the least preparation to make it a boon and not a barter. We fairly invite the strangers and barbarians and outcasts to our shores, as things are to-day, and give to them as rights our own dearly bought and theoretically highly prized privileges. Do we, then, prize our privileges as we ought? Do we rank them as it might have been prophesied by our forefathers that we would? Do we fulfill our own duties in ignoring all personal claims on us of these people who have swarmed into our cities with all the pestilent ideas and habits engendered by the repressive conditions of the Old World, the contamination of practiced sin, and a long education in and inheritance of vice? We are receiving dreadful legacies from our foreign element, and many and appalling ills will result from the ignorance and the neglect of many among us who are not fully awake to the crying necessity for wisdom and loyalty to defend our institutions and to render permanent the fabric reared, at such costly price of precious life, in the days our Society desires to commemorate.

There are many practical questions for us to ask ourselves, and only the fruit of time can show whether there will be perfected in us that spirit of love and true patriotism, of charity and true service, which alone can cement relations so that we shall be able to hold our own against ignorance, anarchy, vice, and atheism, as they, united, march against our country and its laws, our liberties and our safety.

The key to the situation seems to be that the most advanced and humanitarian appliances at hand should be carefully studied and used to awaken dormant faculties of sympathy and power in us, and along the lines of education and bestowment all noble means should be constantly exercised and freely used to build up health of body and of mind among those who are now the enemies of the State and the destroyers of peace, because even out of that seemingly hopeless material sympathy and service will finally aid in creating the peaceful and orderly citizen, the self-respecting workingmen, and the parents of the future. Let us by example and effort impress on all below and around us lessons of promptitude, of obedience, of order, of reverence, and of faith. Let us strive for that purity of thought and speech; that gentleness and willingness to advance others; that unselfishness and readiness to help; that generous *interest* which precedes all true liberality; in short, that Christianity which must first be *practiced* before it can be certainly *inculcated*.

We ought to be a Society that protects and educates young and old alike, and by degrees we, as a Chapter, ought to bring to bear our individual and collective influence on opinions, on customs, on laws, and so give to life, in ourselves and all who come within our sphere, a value and a beauty hitherto unknown or but partially realized.

Let our Chapter be an asylum for the growth of sympathy with suffering humanity, the spreading of knowledge regarding claims and duties, the development of marked capacity for organizing help and relief, the learning how to bestow the highest charity, and how to practice the truest civic virtue—a meeting place for that study of American history and American politics that shall result in the exercise of an influence that in future hours of need will leave no lack of power and organization to suppress at once uprisings to paralyze the industry of the country or riots that threaten to destroy its commerce and its peace. So shall we aid in controlling and conquering prevalent abuses and in the doing away with beggary and incorrigible ignorance, and aid largely in the preservation of the State through the well-being of the family.

We must learn that each one of us has a responsibility to shoulder in these days when the social fabric seems weakening;

that each one of us is called upon to do something toward the lessening and the amelioration of that large class of unfortunates whom social and moral movements so seldom reach, the dangerous classes, dangerous because a constant menace to all other classes, a threat to society, and an urgent and a crying need for every philanthropic student of humanity to study and to aid.

Ah, in this curious and complex tangle which we call the social relation let us not flatter ourselves we can escape our destiny, or that if we fail to see or try to thrust aside the broken threads and knots they will not pertinaciously reappear to puzzle and to bind us. As the needs of civilization increase, our sphere, woman's sphere, has widened, and her work takes her out often into the world, where labor and capital are warring. Is she to walk blindly, with eyes and hands close shut, or is she to clearly recognize her chance to fulfill a noble mission, listen to the call on all sides, and spring to do some labor of love and service of deliverance the memory of which will enhance the sweetness of her own life and smooth the path toward the foot of that hill where sits "the shadow feared of man"?

So let us determine to study together economy of force, proper division of labor, directness of aim, simplicity of spirit, and the best methods of practicing the privileges of giving and sharing, yet aiming, to set always a natural and just value on our possessions and inheritance, and seeking that full command of the present situation which will enable us best to bend all our energies toward the furtherance of those philanthropies calculated to impress on institutions and on the "civil service" that which time cannot readily efface.

Let us cultivate enthusiasm for humanity which shall be balanced by sound judgment, and so may our perceptions be quickened to find the surest and shortest way for the working of noble and lasting ends, and we become, in very truth, one of the agencies that exercises large influence on mind, habit, and character, molding public opinion, and giving counsel by our own course, inspiring and stimulating all with whom we are thrown, making the beginnings of the past the achievements of the present, and ourselves "entering into those labors" of our ancestors of which we read and which should proclaim to us with greater insistence as the years pass by those doctrines

which preach love, purity, the duty of man to his neighbor as a second, but one with his duty to God; that law of love which will take in the future every precaution to prevent wholesale waste of life and joy and no longer allow that depletion of material from which States are builded, for it is the gospel of love for the weak, the fallen, the forsaken, the poor, and the misguided which can alone give us the vivid consciousness of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and that allows us no sense of superiority, but an acute and growing sense of responsibility. So shall we reveal depths of fraternal feeling that will do away with all idea that we are to meet merely for pleasure, merely for self-culture, or the gratifications of small personal ambitions or aims.

Let us demonstrate that our ideal is uplifted, our standards made higher by personal sympathy, willing consideration, and self-sacrifice, by practical work for practical ends; and however general the gloom to-day, making a "celebration" almost ironical, yet we have faith to believe that all clouds will soon or late show to the Daughters of the American Revolution (who "look up and not down and lend a helping hand") their "silver lining," for looking to the source of life and light these clouds may indeed prove a "pillar of fire" to light our steps in this darkness, and, determined to do away with half measures and all forms of incompleteness and untruth, living with fixed resolve in the whole and for the good, the beautiful, and the true, these same clouds may prove a cool shade in the glowing heat of noonday and point us to legitimate places of rest.

Let us indulge in no dazzling dreams of the future; let us battle firmly with the darkness and folly of the present; let us press forward earnestly, and we may be sure of a message of healing and consolation in a deeper knowledge of the brotherhood of man and a surer trust in the freedom of the soul.

CORNELIA GRAY LUNT.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

MINNESOTA WORK.

Upon a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, with its verdure-covered islands and arching bridges, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, is situated the picturesque and commodious "Town and Country Club-house," whose members dwell in the sister cities.

On the afternoon of May 10 our National Flag hung in graceful folds from its walls and staircase, encircling in front of its spacious, ancestral looking fireplace the descendants of the American Revolution, represented by the Minneapolis and Colonial Chapters of Minneapolis and the St. Paul Chapter, who, at the summons of Mrs. R. M. Newport, State Regent for Minnesota and Vice-President for the State of "The National Mary Washington Memorial Association," were gathered together to commemorate the day selected for the dedication of the monument erected in Fredericksburg, Virginia, over the grave of "Mary, the Mother of Washington."

The meeting was called to order at half-past two o'clock by the singing of the National hymn, after which a prayer was offered by Mrs. J. W. Johnstone, Chaplain of the St. Paul Chapter. Mrs. Newport welcomed the assembled members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association," saying:

"An event of National importance occurs to-day—the formal and public dedication of the first monument ever erected by women to a woman, a fitting tribute of regard for one so truly worthy. The American women to-day unveil a monument to the memory of 'Mary, the Mother of Washington.' Do you call this work a sentiment? I am glad. Sentiment is the mightiest influence at work in the world to-day. 'Sentiment has no worthier child than patriotism; none that has done more to raise mankind. The noblest and most generous motives of our nature are inspired by it.' What more touching, tender

tribute could we pay to the memory of George Washington than to care for the grave of his mother, and how eminently appropriate because of what she was in herself—first, because she was the mother of the great general and the greater man, the great general who led the armies of the Revolution to complete victory and made an independent American Government possible; then as a woman, on account of her nobility and remarkable strength of character, which she transmitted to her illustrious son. She is especially entitled to recognition and to have her last resting place marked by a suitable monument because of the interesting fact that it was through her direct agency that her son George was prevented from accepting an appointment he had received from the English Government as a midshipman in the English navy, through the influence of his brother Lawrence. She thus rendered a most signal service to our country and to posterity, such as it is the lot of few women to perform.

"Her dignity, simplicity, and self-denying devotion to the training and education of her fatherless children are worthy of imitation by the women of our time. In my opinion we cannot recur too often to such shining examples of simple and noble living."

Mrs. Newport considered that members of the Daughters of the American Revolution should all, as far as possible, become members of the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association," and stated that Mrs. Metcalf, Secretary for Minnesota, would accept fees and give certificates of membership at the close of the meeting. Mrs. Newport also referred to the amount ($500) which is still due on the "Portrait Fund," and stated that Mrs. Brill, Treasurer of the St. Paul Chapter, would receive contributions. She then called upon the Chapter Regents and Mrs. Adams, the esteemed first Chapter Regent of St. Paul, to express their views upon three important topics, "The kind of work to be done by the Daughters of the American Revolution," "The mission and scope of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE," and "The disposition of Chapter Funds." The papers which followed were extremely interesting, but want of space forbids more than a few suggestive extracts.

Mrs. M. B. Lewis, Regent of the Minneapolis Chapter, said:

"The outlook of the magazine is broad, and it is supposed to be the oracle of its members as a whole, giving conclusions and results; its intention being not to lead, but to reflect only the voice and desires of the National Society. In looking back to part first, volume 1, I read this pledge by the editor from a letter addressed to the Board: 'I will endeavor to make this magazine a bond of union between the Board, the Chapters, and the individual members of the Society.' To a great extent this has been done; some mistakes have been made, but far be it from me to judge. A question I would ask, Have we as members sustained our part of the bargain by subscribing for our representative magazine? We find it contains most interesting articles in history, many suggestions helpful to us in making our Chapters more interesting. It is open to the Chapters for remarks, for reports of their work, for all and anything relating to the interest of the Society. Those who do not read the magazine lose much that is soul-stirring and patriotic, and as time goes on and experience teaches we shall see no doubt that the scope and usefulness of the magazine will grow apace."

Mrs. Lewis then spoke of the work of the Chapters, and considered their efficiency to depend primarily upon the ability, energy, and thoroughness of their officers. In regard to the treasury of each Chapter, Mrs. Lewis thought that while we make many demands upon it in our anxiety to comply with all patriotic appeals, as our dues are small, after current expenses are deducted, there is not enough in the treasury to enable us to make the contributions we should desire to such calls as those for the Portrait Fund, the Liberty Bell, and the monument over the grave of Mary Washington, etc., unless our funds are increased by some outside endeavor, such, for instance, as a course of lectures upon American History, under the auspices of the Daughters of Minnesota. Mrs. Lewis considered such a course of lectures desirable not only because of the benefit to be derived pecuniarily, but also because of the public interest which would be aroused in our National history and anniversaries, and that as Western cities, far from the spots which arouse patriotism, we need to make special effort to nourish our own patriotism and to enkindle it in all women of the State.

"Historians have preserved the names of the heroes of Lex-

ington, Bunker Hill, Quebec, Brandywine, and Yorktown, and the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution will see to it that their glory is not dimmed by the rust of years; but where is the record of the heroic sacrifices of the women? History tells us but little of them; it is ever fonder of writing of the sudden foray, the brilliant charge, or the stubborn stand. It is left for this Society to preserve the memory of those faithful women who cheered our fathers on in the strife for liberty; and what is this Society but as it is made up of individual Chapters? I hear women say they have no interest, no enthusiasm, in this organization; that they do not care for the history of the past; that they are 'entitled to membership and that is enough.' I ask, is it enough? What would the present be if it were not for the fundamental groundwork of the past? We cannot pursue too loyally in the research of the history of our foremothers. It was they who molded the bullets that were to drive from our shores the invaders. They toiled without ceasing at the spinning wheel, loom, and last that the soldiers might be clothed. Much has been said about the plowshare left in the furrows, but who has told of the hand that guided, sowed the seed, and gathered the grain that gave sinew and muscle for the long siege and hot skirmish. The whir of the spinning wheel was martial music, as patriotic as the roll of the drum, and the distaff was a baton no less powerful than the general's sword; the click of the knitting needle sounded reveille before the bugle call, and the crash of the loom and the shuttle's quick recall were the artillery of the reserve. Women of the respective Chapters of St. Paul and Minneapolis, this is our privilege, our duty; let it be our pleasure as loyal descendants of the heroes of the American Revolution to hand down to posterity our rich inheritance. How as Chapters may this be done? By educating influences. Every Chapter should be a power for good in the community in which it exists. Is there need of this influence to-day? Yes; I say it reverently; but were it not, we must all feel that this Nation is born of God, and His hand has guided it through to this present time, and this work comes to us as a sacred mission. There is much to be done by American women of the present and future, not alone in inculcating patriotism, the chief mission of this organization, but as collectors and

even as writers of American history. In a word, the mission of the Daughters of the American Revolution is that of restoration, preservation, and education."

Mrs. Lewis was followed by Mrs. H. Nichols, Regent of the Colonial Chapter of Minneapolis, who said: "Our State Regent has requested a statement from the Colonial Chapter upon the views of the members regarding the aims of the Chapter, the use of money, the scope of the magazine. While I speak with no word of authority, I hope that I shall in a measure be able to express the general sentiment of our Chapter—and first the aims: The motto '*Amor Patriæ*,' 'The love of our native land,' we all feel to be the primal cause of the existence of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but how best to cherish and develop this '*Amor Patriæ*' is for the individual Chapters to determine. So we may have diversity in unity. It is the desire of this Chapter to meet every two or three months on a day of historical interest, to have biographical sketches of our Revolutionary ancestors, to have also papers, perhaps, for the next year upon 'Causes of the Revolution,' 'Colonial furniture and china,' the 'Music of the Revolution,' etc., and to make an especial effort to have the meetings informal and social, not to emphasize discipline or the legal aspect of the organization, but to seek to promote a sympathetic and loyal feeling among all the members. Thus we hope to diffuse a larger spirit of patriotism in our city. We would suggest as one definite aim for the near future a petition to the State Legislature to establish here in Minnesota, as it has been recently in Massachusetts, the 19th of April as Patriot's Day, a legal holiday or a day devoted by school children, Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, to special services and celebrations of that eventful day, when, to quote a somewhat hackneyed poetical line, 'the shot was fired which was heard round the world.' Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made a plea last summer that the Fourth of July should not be utterly given over to fireworks and noise, and, on the other hand, to absolute indifference, but wished, for the sake of our children, that something could be done to keep alive—to arouse by speeches, by gatherings, by historical papers—the genuine spirit of patriotism. It might be well for us to consider her plea. Our Chapter is young; it has but little money

in the treasury, and we shrink somewhat from pledging ourselves to much expenditure. When an object presents itself that is distinctly the duty of the Daughters of the Revolution to aid we would gladly do our part. But have not the objects in the past to which we have been asked to subscribe been objects that appealed to all women in these United States rather than exclusively to the Daughters of the American Revolution? The portrait of Mrs. Harrison, the Liberty Bell, and now the Mary Washington Monument Fund are all patriotic movements, needing the coöperation of all loyal women. I know that these have had the support of women outside of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but our organization has borne the burden of them all. I have no doubt but that in the future we women may be frequently called upon to contribute money for historical purposes, for as our country grows older all famous places and rare relics will become more and more precious, and we shall feel that it is a sacred privilege to help preserve them. But cannot the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution create so high a sense of honor among the men and women of the country that all will gladly give; and so the amount from each one need not be large? Our annual dues are considerable, and the petitions from many different charitable associations continue to be heard. May we not now take the position, therefore, that we will endeavor to do part in all patriotic undertakings, but that we advise the council for the present not to expect large or frequent gifts from the Minnesota Daughters? We very heartily believe in the continuance of the AMERICAN MONTHLY. By means of it we are brought in touch with the work of the other Chapters. We read interesting sketches of Revolutionary people and places and realize that we are something more than a local body. We would suggest that there be less of the biographical and more of the historical (from a woman's point of view). Please do not malign me in the magazine. The heretical Tom Paine once wrote 'The world is my country, to do good is my religion.' It is not for us to analyze this concise statement, but may we not, as Daughters, on the eve of the twentieth century, feel more and more that the world is our country; that perplexing social and economic questions in England, Germany, and Russia should demand our interest as well as our

own difficulties here in America? Assuredly we have a duty here and now. I know that all of us here to-day, gathered in this attractive Town and Country Club-house, take a deep-seated satisfaction in the proud fact that we had ancestors in the War of Independence. Possibly there is just a tinge of Revolutionary blue running through our veins that we inwardly rejoice in. We need not crush out this feeling. They were brave men and we are glad to claim them as our own, but, you remember, Emerson says: 'Don't live upon the glory of your ancestors; be somebody yourself.' So we women to-day ought now to use our influence for bettering all conditions. We should try (not by voting—I doubt if we any of us care for that) to have the best men more interested in political questions, more ready to take office, so that we might see party power wane and only good and great men in office in our country. Somebody recently said that the world was to be transformed now more and more by the influence of women. If this is true in education and religion, why may we not believe that she has, too, a great possibility in the upbuilding of the national life? No one wrote a more powerful book before our civil war than H. B. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' No one wrote a finer war poem than J. E. Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' What may we not hope for in the future from our women who love peace and righteousness?"

Mrs. Mason, Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, said: "That we are associated together in Chapters and are here to-day shows the felt necessity of proving our traditions by official records so that we may leave clear titles to our inheritance for those who come after, so first of all the Chapter should be the custodian of our records. It should awaken in us a greater interest and desire to study the lives of the founders and protectors of our country, that we may keep them in grateful remembrance and emulate their obedience to God's commands, their trust in His providence and their noble deeds, and transmit their history to our children as Moses directed the children of Israel, and that we may not be puffed up by family pride and think 'the visual line that girths us round the world's extreme.' We should study into the causes of the first settlement of our country, the character and nationalities of the founders of the Colonies.

Much of the literature of the day tends in this direction. We do not lack for material for most interesting papers — Mr. Fiske's voluminous works on New England, Mr. Campbell's 'The Puritan in England, Holland, and America,' which treats so exhaustively of the English Puritan, the Dutch, and the Scotch-Irish, and many others of lighter vein too numerous to mention here. In this State, or rather in our Chapter, the Puritan element is the strongest almost prevailing. We have had most interesting papers on certain New England towns and their development, with mention of distinguished descendants of their founders. Our next paper will be on the religious movement and the times of Samuel Adams. After that we hope for a paper from a member of Scotch-Irish descent. Later on our Dutch benefactors will be given an opportunity to refresh our memories in that line.

"I think as Daughters we should study the characters and lives of the women of Colonial and Revolutionary days. How did they train such wise and valiant sons? What books did they read to tinge or color their thoughts and guide their actions? Our grandmothers were not tempted to read many books, but they read much and thoughtfully in their condensed library, the Bible. As they read of the women of Israel I do not wonder they grew like them in spirit and actions and brought up their children to reverence and obey the laws of God, and I hope it may not be said of us as of the later Jews, 'If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.' That ancient book of wisdom, The Talmud, says: 'If a man marries a woman without education and only for money, he will not have children to his wishes.' That our ancestors fought well their part in life proves the quality of their mothers, who were wise in the management of their children, looked well to the ways of their households, and while on perfect equality with their husbands were not of those who, like Miss Deborah Jenkins, of worthy memory, 'despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal, indeed; she knew they were superior.'

"Since our Chapters are united into a National Society it seems desirable we should be kept informed of the proceedings of the Board of Management and such other things as may be of interest carried on in other Chapters. Hence the AMERICAN

MONTHLY. To avoid its being made an organ for any faction that might arise, I should think it advisable that the editor should not be a member of the Board of Management. This office seems sufficient responsibility for one person. It is a well-established principle in the government of societies to guard well the balance of power.

"In reference to the funds of the Society, I think with our former Regent, Mrs. Adams, we should have 'a year book' to preserve the records of the members of the Chapter. I think it would also be very advisable to have a small reserve fund, from which could be paid the annual dues of a few honorary members, who might be in every particular most eligible and valuable members if not otherwise debarred."

As Mrs. Adams was unable to be present, her paper was read by Mrs. Metcalf, as follows:

"As I understand the meeting this afternoon will be not only a social function, but will partake of a friendly conference, I desire to bring before the ladies two subjects which I think should be considered in full council as a State Society.

"The first of these is the publication of the war records, by virtue of which we hold our membership in this Society. It is well known that every organization formed by our husbands, brothers, and sons to perpetuate the memories of their Revolutionary ancestors straightway proceeds to achieve this object in the most direct and indestructible manner by publishing a year book. The Sons of the Revolution have issued a very handsome volume, containing, I believe, the names of the Society as a whole. The Sons of the American Revolution of St. Paul are now actively engaged in compiling their records for publication. I have seen a very inexpensive pamphlet published some time since by the Sons of the American Revolution of Illinois, which contains all the information required.

"Why our National Society with its ample income has not in its four and a half years of existence done this act of simple justice to the heroes it is pledged to commemorate is a mystery that may perhaps be solved by some lady present. I have never been able to understand why these records of the Society as a whole have remained in the obscurity of the Society's pigeonholes in Washington, not even finding a place in the pages of

the magazine conducted under its official sanction. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has been ready to give its pages freely to record the pedigrees of members reaching back through lines of English nobility and Continental potentates, pedigrees interesting in their own place, but which, it is apparent, is not the special function of this Society or its official organ to perpetuate. The great names of distinguished officers, we must remember, are immortalized in the pages of every American history, but it is the record of the subofficers and privates, who endured equal sacrifices with no compensating honors, which our Society is peculiarly adapted to rescue from oblivion and embalm in the truthful, plain statements of the year book.

"Our Society has done much in bringing these heroes to the knowledge of even their own descendants. It has made the old allusion of 'Japheth in search of his father' quite inadequate to express perseverance in search as compared with a 'Daughter of the American Revolution in search of her grandfathers.' These brave and heroic old gentlemen have been in great demand since the founding of our organization, and we are often surprised when we find them to discover that they were only slips of boys after all, Johnnies of fifteen or little more, who, in the very nature of our relation to them, must have 'come marching gaily home' to their patient and equally heroic Revolutionary mothers.

"M. Layard once inquired of an Eastern cadi the particulars of certain antiquarian statistics. The Oriental potentate replied: 'The answer which you seek of me, oh, illustrious friend and joy of my liver, is both difficult and useless to be given.'

"I think all of us have realized how frequently similar answers are returned to us when, in our quest for family information, such as the name of a great great-grandfather, we apply to some aged relative who we feel ought to know. Their lack of intelligence is only equaled by our own former dense ignorance as to the part taken by our ancestors in the glorious history of our early civilization.

"But to return to the practical question of the year book. We have contributed toward our Society since its organization, counting the dues of the present year, nearly six hundred dollars. The Minneapolis Societies must have raised sufficient to

bring this sum to upward of one thousand dollars. Our expenses as a local Society have been very slight. We have accumulated no relics as a Society; we own no property to represent money expended, except six photographs of the homes of Revolutionary ancestors, the cost of which is not included in these receipts, the pictures being presented by one of the members. The only material return we have to show is a contribution toward the portrait of Mrs. Harrison and a sum expended upon the fund to create a Liberty Bell.

"Now, my object in bringing this matter before you this afternoon is to ask that some means be devised by which our funds may be so husbanded as to be used in the publication of the records of our own Revolutionary soldiers and in otherwise preserving in a definite and enduring form the results of our individual efforts and researches as individual Chapters or as the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of Minnesota.

"My second desire for the Society is to have inaugurated during the coming winter a series of lectures upon American history, open to the public, but under the auspices of our Society. In case some distinguished speaker could be secured, such as Mr. Fiske or Miss Jane Welch, who aroused such enthusiasm among literary circles in New York city two years ago, the efforts of all our Chapters would be needed to insure success.

"It has occurred to me, in case so large an undertaking should be found impracticable, that local speakers could be secured for a small sum to speak in small halls or at private homes, probably in the afternoon, each lady in the Society being allowed to bring one or two friends. Thus we might modestly spread a knowledge of our country's history in larger and widening circles. Should the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution join our Chapters I have no doubt that we could bring the best talent in the land to inspire new interest and patriotism in our communities."

Mrs. Newport remarked that she did not believe it would be necessary for us to call upon our brother organization to assist in procuring a course of lectures; that the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State were quite equal to manage it. The remark called forth much applause. Mrs. W. W. Rich, of the Minneapolis Chapter, read the following original

poem, composed for the exercises given at the capitol by the Sons of the American Revolution on February 22:

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Women of lineage high, whose tender feet,
  Encased in silken hose and pointed shoes,
The minuet danced, or proudly paused to greet
  Patrician lords—not theirs to lose
    One whit of real nobility when they
    Exchanged the silken hose for homespun gray
  And dancing days for working ways more meet—
    Those dames whose soldier husbands were away.

Perchance our mothers lost somewhat of those
  Graces accredited as wholly feminine,
And woman's fortitude to bear the blows
  Outraged became a courage masculine
    Not lacking tenderness, and thus she grew
    Helpmeet for man, as even less she knew
  Of selfishness the more dependent shows,
    And soul as well as heart of man she drew.

Not then as theretofore a rivalry was seen;
  Which dainty foot the least of any bear
Its tender weight of satin-robed and high-born queen
  Nestled at ease in cushioned sedan chair;
    Rather on barebacked horse or in a Quaker dress
    They walk or ride swift to relieve distress,
  Or bear intelligence ingenuously they glean
    From British men or drum beat in the air.

And when, God pity them, was sadly borne
  A husband, brother, father, or a son
At morn from battlefield, not theirs to mourn
  In bitterness of grief but just begun,
    But from the arms of love death cold they turn,
    While yet for kiss or dear dead lips they yearn,
  To bind the sword before the day is done
    On yet another well-beloved one.

God gave them strength! man gives them honor due;
  To Sons and Daughters yet a work remains—
Themselves to be unto their lineage true,
  And strike from every fettered soul the chains
    Which greed, society, or apathy has strung
    As links of steel to bind both old and young.
  Daughters and Sons, this work is worthy you
    As any ere by patriot poet sung!

Mrs. Newport then referred to the recent interesting exercises held by the Sequoia Chapter of California in connection with the planting of their "liberty tree" in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and called upon Mrs. J. T. Morris, of the Minneapolis Chapter, who read a poem composed for the occasion and sent to the Sequoia Chapter by the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis. Mrs. S. B. McConnell, of St. Paul, introduced the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mrs. Nichols. A committee was appointed to submit the subject to the proper authorities:

"Whereas our Society aims to cultivate, foster, and maintain 'true patriotism and love of country' and seeks in all proper ways to encourage this spirit and strengthen this feeling; and

"Whereas we are informed that in some places they have allowed the flags of other nations to float over public buildings upon certain occasions and to take a place that should be forever sacred to our own Stars and Stripes; and

"Whereas we look upon such action as improper and prejudicial to the best interests of our own people and as opposed to the sentiments we cherish and are endeavoring to extend: Therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we most earnestly protest against the use of any but our own flag upon public buildings at any time.

"*Resolved*, That the attention of each Chapter be called to this matter and that they be urged to take such action as may be necessary to secure the attention of and action by the proper authorities."

Mrs. Rich, of Minneapolis, introduced a motion to request "the Board of Education of the State of Minnesota that the National hymn be sung daily in the public schools." After some discussion the motion was amended to read once a week instead of daily.

Mrs. Newport said she had written to Mount Vernon for wood for gavels for the three Minnesota Chapters, and hoped to present them in the near future.

Miss Barton, of Minneapolis, invited the Minnesota Chapter to be her guests on June 14, the anniversary of the adoption of our National Flag. The invitation was unanimously accepted.

Mrs. Edgerton stated that she would like to speak privately

Mrs. Newport in one of the adjoining rooms, with which request our Regent complied only after some hesitation, appointing Judge Edgerton, President of the Sons of the American Revolution for St. Paul, presiding officer.

Mrs. Cribben, of St. Paul, then introduced a motion that the three Chapters of Minnesota create Mrs. Newport a life member of the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association" by paying the necessary fee of $25. The motion was unanimously carried, the Chapter Regents being appointed a committee to inform Mrs. Newport of the honor conferred upon her. Our Regent returned amid applause, thanked the Chapters for their graceful action, and announced the meeting would close with refreshments. A pleasant hour was passed in conversation full of enthusiasm for future work, suggested by the afternoon's programme.

June 14, 1894.—One of the hottest of summer days; one o'clock; a ride of nine miles.

These conditions did not deter a goodly proportion of "Daughters" of the St. Paul Chapter from joining in the celebration of Flag Day in Minneapolis by invitation of the Colonial Chapter of that city.

A special open electric car, decorated with the National colors and given the right of way, took us nine miles without a stop and landed us at the nearest corner to the home of Miss Barton, who had opened her hospitable doors to the Daughters of all the Chapters in the State.

Our beautiful flag met the eye everywhere as we entered, thrilling us with joy that we had come so far to honor it. Even the flowers were made subservient, only those being deemed worthy to appear which could repeat the colors which we were all assembled to honor.

In the absence of the Regent of the Colonial Chapter the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Linton, presided. Near her sat the State Regent, Mrs. Newport; the Regent of the Minneapolis Chapter, Mrs. Lewis; the Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, Mrs. Mason.

The meeting was opened, as is usual, by the singing of "America," followed by the Lord's Prayer, led by the silvery haired Chaplain, the venerable Mrs. Van Cleve, a woman honored throughout Minnesota for her good works and known

as one of the pioneers. The first paper was on "Puritanism in New England," by Dr. Helen W. Bissell, of the St. Paul Chapter. The customs and teachings of those days were brought before us in a clear and interesting way, the contrast between then and now being emphasized by extracts read from a primer of early date. A vocal duet followed—"Our Flag," written and composed for this occasion by Miss F. C. Barton and sung by Mrs. S. Brown and Miss Barton. Then a paper, "History of the Battle of Bunker Hill," by Mrs. Francis Burr Field, of the Minneapolis Chapter. This was an interesting paper, containing many extracts from the journal of her ancestors. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by Mrs. Weed Munro. The third paper was entitled "American Revolutionary and Pre-Revolutionary Flags," by Mrs. James T. Morris. Most interesting was the story of colors and banners used as symbols of the feelings of men and patriots until on June 14, 1777, was adopted for the thirteen United States our Flag, symbolic of unity, our glorious Stars and Stripes, most beautiful among all the nations.

The ladies were urged to observe the request of the National Board and display the flag on June 18. A recitation was given by Miss Hoyt, and the exercises proper closed with a piano forte duet—"Fantasia in America," given by Miss Barton and Mrs. C. T. Thompson.

The State Regent expressed the pleasure of all present in the exercises, and extended thanks to the members of the Colonial Chapter. She alluded to the interest felt in the meeting, when members would come in the heat from distant towns and from the lakes, and spoke of a guest present from Chicago who said she felt thrilled with patriotism and would lose no time in making out her papers.

Another guest, Miss Armstrong, who for nine years has been a missionary in India, rose and asked the privilege of joining our organization. She said she had never attended such a meeting and felt it was such a privilege, and that she wanted to carry back to India her certificate of membership. Her great great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill.

At the close of the meeting we were invited to the large dining-room, where we again stood surrounded by our National colors,

over a table beautifully laid with rare china, glass, and silver, an elegant centerpiece of choicest flowers, and, after enjoying the delicious ices and fruits, took our car for the return ride to St. Paul.

Mrs. Metcalf expressed the thanks of the St. Paul Chapter for the pleasure and the hospitality received.

The one regret was that all the members were not present to enjoy this thoroughly delightful occasion and to receive the stimulus and patriotism which every such meeting gives.

HENRIETTA JAMES HOWARD,
Secretary St. Paul Chapter, D. A. R.

STATE CONFERENCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAPTERS.

THE Pennsylvania Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution held their first conference at Cresson Springs July 3, 4, and 5. The Pittsburg Chapter, the largest in the State, made all of the arrangements for rooms at the Mountain House and for reduced railroad fares, and we all feel greatly indebted to them and acknowledge that a large measure of the success of these meetings was owing to the admirable manner in which their plans were carried out.

Cresson Springs was chosen as being easily accessible and a cool, pleasant locality at this warm season of the year, being almost on the summit of the Alleghanies. A few words of our journey thither, through some of the most attractive scenery of our beautiful State, may not be out of place as an introduction to these pleasant meetings. For those of us who came from the eastern part of the State the way lay through Chester Valley, with its gently undulating country; then through Lancaster County, whose well-tilled farms are very suggestive of the good things necessary to our material life. A little farther and we came upon the Susquehanna, beautiful wherever one sees it, with its background of majestic hills. We reached the mouth of the Juniata and followed up its winding course for some hours, crossing and recrossing it, and never wearying of its picturesque beauty. At last the Alleghanies were reached, and as we as-

cended them we looked down into wild ravines above which towered sombre wooded heights, or could catch vistas of mountain range, blue with distance.

The first meeting was held in the parlor of the Mountain House on the morning of Tuesday, July 3, and between sixty and seventy members were present. The large parlor was beautifully decorated with our country's flag, and over the platform occupied by the State Regent and secretaries was inscribed in large blue letters the motto of the Society, "Home and Country," Daughters of the American Revolution. The meeting was opened by singing the last verse of America as an invocation, and then Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hogg, the State Regent, extended a cordial greeting to all present and expressed a hope that she might meet each one individually. Mrs. Hogg presided at each of these meetings with her usual grace and dignity, and as a reason for calling this conference on the Fourth of July quoted from a letter written by John Adams to his wife July 5, 1776: "I am apt to believe that it [July 4] will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

Mrs. Hogg paid a glowing tribute to Pennsylvania as having been foremost in most of the momentous events of the Revolution; "the Declaration of Independence having been prepared within her borders, there signed, and from thence sent forth as a protest against tyranny; and the emblem of freedom, our flag, was first unfurled over her soil—our flag, which, now waving from the masts of vessels and over the doors of consulates, gives assurance of protection to every American citizen the world over."

Mrs. Hogg then proceeded to state the objects of this meeting and the matters to be considered during the three days; the first day's proceedings to be devoted to the reports from Regents of the various Chapters, showing the date of organization, the number of members, and the work accomplished; the second morning, July 4, to be occupied with the reading of historic

papers, and the third to an informal discussion as to methods of work best calculated to advance the interests of the Society.

Two secretaries were then elected—Mrs. Sullivan Johnson, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Gilbert S. Burrows, of the Sunbury Chapter.

Miss Denny, secretary of the committee of arrangements, then read a letter from Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, President of the National Society, regretting that she was unable to accept the invitation to be present.

The reports were then called for in alphabetical order, and the first response was from the Allegheny Chapter, Mrs. Park Painter, Regent. This Chapter has two hundred and twelve members, all of lineal descent, "many being descended from noted names in history: From Commodore Preble, General Murfree, General St. Clair, General Israel Putnam; one from Miles Standish; one from Governor Wentworth; two from John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; two from Mary Dwyer, the only woman martyr who died for her religion in America." "This Chapter now holds, as a gift from Mrs. Mary E. Schenly, the old Block House, all that now remains of old Fort Pitt."

The report of the Berks County Chapter, Mrs. M. Murray Weidman, Regent, was read, in her absence, by Mrs. Annie Muhlenberg Nicolls. This Chapter has twenty members.

The report of the Chester County Chapter was read by the Regent, Mrs. Abner Hoopes. It was organized January 26, 1894, with twelve members, since increased to twenty-two. One member, Mrs. Hannah P. Eachus, is ninety-four years of age, and is one of the few actual Daughters in the Society, her father, Lieutenant Josiah Phillips, having served in the Revolutionary Army. This Chapter has been invited by the Historical Society of Chester County to assist in the celebration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine, and in the unveiling at that time of a monument to the Marquis de Lafayette.

The report of Crawford County Chapter, Miss Frances J. Davis, Regent, was read by Mrs. Schmidt. It has twenty members.

The report of Dauphin County Chapter, Mrs. Francis Wyeth, Regent, was read by Mrs. Frances Jordan.

The report of Donegal Chapter, Lancaster County, was read by the Regent, Miss Lilian S. Evans. She gave an interesting account of the venerable oak called the "Witness Tree," under whose branches the members of Donegal Church assembled on June 4, 1777, and took the oath of allegiance to the cause of liberty. A gavel made of the wood of this tree is used at the meetings of the Chapter.

The report of the Liberty Bell Chapter, Lehigh County, Miss Minnie F. Mickley, Regent, was read by the secretary, no representative being present. This Chapter claims for its Regent the honor of introducing to the Continental Congress the project of making the Liberty Bell.

The report of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Luzerne County, Mrs. Macartney, Regent, was also read by the secretary.

The General William Montgomery Chapter, Montour County, Miss Sara E. Leightner, Regent, made its report through Mrs. Schultz.

Sunbury Chapter, Northumberland County, made its report through Miss Mary Shuman, Regent.

The Philadelphia Chapter, Mrs. Mary E. Diehl Smith, Regent, reported its members all of lineal descent, representing many of the notable heroes of the Revolution. It has one hundred and twenty-two members.

The report of Shikelemo Chapter, Union County, Mrs. Charles T. Wolfe, Regent, was given by Mrs. Walls. The name Shikelemo was chosen as being that of an Indian chief prominent in the early annals of the locality. He never betrayed a trust, was an upright man, and eminently honorable.

Washington County Chapter, Mrs. A. Hopper, Regent, was reported by Miss Sherrard. After the reading of these reports, many of which contained interesting items of local history, the meeting adjourned until 10:30 a. m. on the Fourth of July.

On Wednesday morning, at the appointed hour, the members again assembled in the spacious parlor, and all joined in singing the first and last verses of "The Star Spangled Banner," with piano accompaniment. Mrs. Hogg, State Regent, again presided, and Mrs. Abner Hoopes, of the Chester County Chapter, was chosen as one of the two secretaries. The historic papers especially prepared for this meeting were then called for in

chronological order. These papers contained many facts in early colonial history and some personal reminiscence which has not found its way into published history.

The first paper was entitled "Historic Spots in Lehigh County," written by Miss Minnie J. Mickley, Regent, and read by Mrs. William Moorhead, of Pittsburg. It contained an interesting account of the settlement of that region by the Moravians, of their peculiar religious tenets, and services rendered to the cause of liberty. The second paper was "Early Settlement of the Forks of the Susquehanna," by Mrs. Charles M. Clement. The third was "Reminiscences of Crawford County, or French Creek," by Miss F. G. Davis. This paper was supplemented by some remarks by Miss Sherrard, whose father had been an eyewitness of the cruel murder of Colonel Crawford by Indians, and who had narrowly escaped with his own life. The fourth paper was "A Glimpse into Indian History Prior to 1776," by Mrs. Charles W. Bassett, of the Pittsburg Chapter. It was a graphic account of the struggle between the French, aided by Indian allies, and the English to secure possession of that important point and to make it a link in the chain of forts the French were warily stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico to bind this continent to French domination and Catholicism. This paper was followed by a delightful piano solo by Mrs. Gailor.

The fifth paper was on General William Montgomery, by Mrs. H. S. Schultz, of the Danville Chapter. The sixth was from the Donegal Chapter on "The Lancaster Barracks During the Revolution," written by Miss E. S. Atlee and read by Miss Lilian Evans. The seventh paper was from the Philadelphia Chapter, on "The British Occupation of Philadelphia," prepared and read by Miss Hubbell. The eighth and last paper was upon "Chester County During the Revolution," written and read by Mrs. Joseph T. Rothrock. She prefaced her paper by saying that "in preparing it the difficulty was not to obtain material, but out of the abundant material already collected to select a few facts in the important part Chester County had played during the Revolutionary period."

We wish we could dwell more particularly upon the contents of these papers and the able and careful manner in which they

were prepared, but as they will be published in full, together with all the proceedings of the three days' meeting, they will be within reach of all the members of the Pennsylvania Chapters. At the conclusion of the last paper a rising vote of thanks was given to the ladies who had prepared and read them. The meeting then adjourned until 9:30 a. m. of the following day.

In the afternoon all of the members assembled on the back piazza of the Mountain House and were photographed in a group. The picture will be a pleasant souvenir of this harmonious and successful conference of the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution.

The ladies of the Pittsburg Chapter had arranged for a delightful concert, which was given in the parlor in the evening. The National airs were first played by an orchestra engaged by the house, and while they were played the audience rose and remained standing. This is but a fitting mark of respect to our country's songs and should always, we think, be shown. Vocal solos and duets were delightfully sung by Mrs. Martin and Miss Kennard from Pittsburg. One had a delicious, clear soprano voice, and the other a sweet, sympathetic contralto, and in the duets they blended beautifully. As a finale, Mrs. Martin sang with much spirit "The Star Spangled Banner," with orchestral accompaniment.

The third and last meeting was held on Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Louis Scott, of Lock Haven, and Miss Huber, of Philadelphia, were elected secretaries, and the morning was devoted to an informal discussion upon the best methods of work in the Chapters.

Mrs. Schultz read an invitation (now in her possession) from General Washington to General W. Montgomery: "The President of the United States requests the pleasure of Mr. Montgomery's company to dine on Thursday next at 4 o'clock. 6th Jan., 1794. An answer is requested."

A piece of the "Witness Tree" was shown by Miss Evans, of the Donegal Chapter, and a photograph of the Shawnee Tribe. Miss McCandless showed two photographs—Donegal Church and the mansion of Colonel Alexander Lowrey.

This telegram, just received, was then read: "Please accept

meeting of the Pennsylvania Society Sons of the American Revolution.—JOHN C. PORTER, *Treasurer.*"

All present had found the meetings so pleasant and instructive that a motion made by Miss McKnight that the proceedings of the conference be printed, embodying the full report of all papers read, was unanimously carried. A motion that the Chair appoint the committee of publication was also carried. This committee is actively at work preparing all of the material for publication in pamphlet form, and it will soon be within reach of all the members of the Chapters throughout the State who may wish to obtain it at a trifling cost.

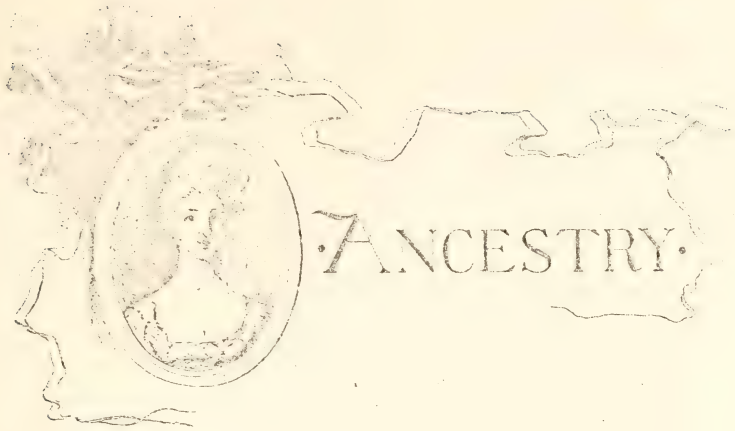
Miss McKnight asked if this occasion should be an annual custom. Each Regent was called upon for her opinion, and a very general wish was expressed that an annual, or at least a biennial, meeting should be held to bring the members into closer personal relation with each other and increase the efficiency of the Chapters. The State Regent thought it could not be decided at present, as there is no State organization, and it was left for future action.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to the Pittsburg Chapter for their kind aid and activity in arranging this first State conference.

Mrs. Hoopes moved that "thanks be tendered to Mrs. Hogg for her untiring and unselfish efforts in promoting the welfare of the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution and for carrying the lineal amendment of the Constitution successfully." The resolution was adopted by a most hearty rising vote, and the State Regent expressed her thanks for the generous coöperation of the members and the pleasure she had felt in being able to meet them.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

MARTHA MAY ROTHROCK.



GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Verily much every way, as the fascinating records of the ancient and honorable town of Durham abundantly prove. What Daughter of the American Revolution can turn their yellow pages and trace the quaint biography—the birth, the baptism, the marriage, the public offices and honors, the private joys and sorrows, the death—without living in imagination in those days of dignity and simplicity and being thrilled with the emotions which pulsed in human hearts a century ago; for these plain, unvarnished records of the past become strangely vocal, not alone with the exultant pæans of patriotism, but also with the "still, sad music of humanity."

Durham is not among the oldest daughters of Connecticut. While, among the colonists at Hartford, their far-seeing and liberty-loving leader, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, "of majestic presence and noble mien," was working out the first constitution ever written and adopted by the suffrages of a people, planting thereby the seed principles which were thereafter to produce the fruit of our independent, national life; while Wethersfield and Windsor, Saybrook and New London were involved in Indian treaty or Indian massacre; when Fairfield and Stamford were fighting the Dutch, even while New Haven was breaking the heart of gifted John Davenport by surrendering her individuality to Connecticut; while Mettabassett was

changing her name to Middletown and spelling it with one d. Durham was but the swamp of Coginchaug—a happy hunting ground for the brave Mettabessetts.

Battles carnal and spiritual had been fought out to a peaceful issue, dissent and controversy had been somewhat quieted in the primitive Colonies when Durham began her chronicles. Their colonists had been Englishmen; her founders, two generations later, were Americans.

The transformation from Coginchaug to Durham is interesting. As early as 1662 land grants were made from its territory, and for a period following it was the pleasant custom if a public man merited the gratitude of the colony, by wisdom in council, by bravery in battle, or by preaching a "good election sermon," to reward him by the grant of a farm in Coginchaug. It was doubtless in this way that Abraham Pierson, first president of Yale College; Rev. Joseph Elliott, son of the apostle, and other clerical gentlemen became owners of real estate in Coginchaug swamp. These grantees purchased their rights of the Indians in spite of Governor Andrews's sneer that the "signature of an Indian was no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." One could hardly dispute his remarks, from an æsthetic point of view, after a perusal of the marvelous deed given by Chief Tarramuggus and his tribe to the purchasers of Coginchaug. In 1699 the petition to the General Court for a township was granted, and in 1704 the name was changed, the proprietors having requested that "the plantation shall be called by the name of Durham, and have this figure for a brand for their horsekind, D." According to tradition, the new name was chosen from the city and country seat in England which had been the residence of the Wadsworth family. Among the thirty-four original proprietors to whom, "in the seventh year of our sovereign, Lady Ann of Great Britain," the patent of Durham was issued, we find with quickening interest the name of James Wadsworth, who, with Ruth, his wife, and his only son, James, came from Farmington to the new settlement. He was the son of John Wadsworth, who came from England with his father, William, in 1632. Other descendants of this family are Captain Joseph Wadsworth, who was supposed to be responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the famous charter, having hidden

it in the venerable oak and retained it in his possession for many years, and General Daniel Wadsworth, who founded the Hartford Atheneum. Among the colleagues of James Wadsworth, who was the grandfather of our hero, are familiar names—Caleb Seward and Samuel Camp, the Robinsons, Coes, Pomeroys, Beach, Roberts, Baldwin, Fairchild, and Chauncy. These were soon joined by the Tibbals and Merwins, the Newtons and Guernseys, and many others, until the town soon reached its later average of one thousand people. An enthusiastic historian thus eulogizes the favored town—no longer Coginchaug swamp: "Beautiful for situation is the town plat of Durham, skirted by a prairie on one side and a cultivated valley on the other; girded by mountains, neither too near nor too remote. Beautiful is the village of Durham and its long, broad streets, studded with neat habitations, the abode of peace and virtue, of contentment and religion." When the town was on the great mail route from Boston to New York and six stages daily passed through it, passengers, as they stopped for breakfast or dinner at the Swathel House, would often declare that they had seen nothing on their way which for beauty of landscape surpassed it. Here George Washington and other distinguished men stopped for rest and refreshment. But our interest in these early days now concentrates upon General Wadsworth's noble grandfather, who, without prominent military achievement, was as remarkable as his grandson, whom our Chapter seeks to honor. He was born in 1675 and lived until the general was twenty-six years of age and able to succeed him as proprietor's clerk and town clerk, offices which he had held for fifty years. A lawyer by profession, he was honored by almost every office at the disposal of the people of Durham, and his name appears in nearly every public document of his times. At the very outset he successfully represented Durham before the General Assembly in the settlement of her boundary lines with Middletown and her other neighbors. "When his abilities and moral worth came to be generally known he was honored by appointments by the Colony. He was the first justice of the peace and he had command of the first military company at its formation. Upon the organization of the militia in 1735 he was constituted colonel of the Tenth Regiment. He was Speaker of the House in the

Colonial Legislature, 1717, and assistant from 1718 to 1752. The election to that office was by a general ticket, and such was the confidence of the Colony in his ability and integrity, at a period when ability and integrity were the indispensable qualifications for office, that on the returns for the year 1732 he had the highest vote of any one in the Colony. In May, 1724, he was appointed, with several other gentlemen, to hear and determine all matters of error and equity brought on petition to the General Assembly, and from 1724 he was one of the judges of the superior court. At the October session of the Assembly, 1726, a grant of three hundred acres of land in Goshen was made to Colonel Wadsworth, Hezekiah Brainerd (father of the missionary David Brainerd, of Haddam), and John Hall, of Wallingford, in return for public services." In fulfilling the public duties assigned, his ability and integrity were alike conspicuous, while an exemplary attendance upon the worship and ordinances of the Lord gave a dignity to his character. He exerted a salutary influence upon the town—more so, indeed, than any one except his "personal friend, the minister;" for as soon as Durham was settled negotiations were commenced by which the town should call a spiritual guide, and at the ordination of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey Colonel Wadsworth and Caleb Seaward were chosen to call the council and arrange the entertainment thereof. The colonel himself contributed the beef, to the value of sixteen shillings, and secured from others two piggs (spelled with doubled g), a generous quantity of rum, beer, and cider, and a very substantial collation. The new minister became the strong personal friend of Colonel Wadsworth, and they spent fifty years together in the care of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the town. In their deaths they were not divided, the one dying in January and the other in February, 1756. The Rev. Mr. Chauncey was a remarkable man, even for those heroic days. He was the first to receive a degree from Yale College, and his influence was always powerfully exerted in favor of learning as well as piety. David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary, dates his "frequent longing" for a liberal education to his one year's residence in Durham, and he commenced his classical studies, as did many another lad of the parish, under Mr. Chauncey's influence. He owned one of the largest private libraries in the

State, and was always a deep student. One of his admiring hearers writes: "He was not a large man, but a man of great presence. He looked like a man. When he was seen approaching the meeting-house on the Sabbath we were all careful to be in our seats, and when he entered the house we all rose to receive him and continued standing until he took his place in the pulpit. His sermons were carefully studied and deeply interested his congregation. On one occasion, in his preaching, Deacon Crane arose after service and said: "Reverend sir, will you please to explain further on that point of doctrine in your sermon?" "Deacon Crane, if you will go with me to my study I will explain it to you." Accordingly the minister and the deacon hastened to the parsonage, when lo! the whole congregation followed. It was in Mr. Chauncey's arms that the little grandson of his friend, Colonel Wadsworth, was placed, when on a July Sabbath, in 1730, he was brought to the meeting-house to be baptized and to receive the already honored name James Wadsworth. We wonder if as the years went on and the venerable pastor's tones of solemn earnestness began to show the feebleness of age the little lad, James Wadsworth Third, sitting with the other boys on the pulpit stairs, did not sometimes during the long, cold hours of the winter Sabbath cherish wandering thoughts about the nooning and the delights of the blazing fire and the substantial lunch awaiting him in the Sabbath-Day House near at hand; and if, as he later reached the dignity of young manhood and a seat in the gallery, his thoughts did not sometimes become diverted from Mr. Chauncey's doctrinal discourse as he caught a glimpse of fair Katherine Guernsey among her sisters in the singing seats.

The father of our hero came, as we have seen, when a lad, with his father, the colonel, to settle in Durham, and there his life of eighty-seven years was spent. He seems to have been less prominent in colonial life than his father or his son, but eminently useful in the affairs of the town. For instance, he was one of the committee to review the woodpile of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey, and he later assisted in the ordination of Mr. Chauncey's successor.

But we may now leave the noble ancestry of our hero and trace in the ancient chronicles of Durham the events of his own

long life. Turning first the leaves of the church register, we find in Mr. Chauncey's own handwriting the baptismal record, "July 12, 1730, James Wadsworth, son of James and Abigail Wadsworth." Fortunate, indeed, it was for the future glory of the Wadsworth name that the infant of six days survived the outing, and that it was July and not January in which he was carried to the meeting-house. Two years later his brother, John Noyes Wadsworth, was baptized at home, and when he was thirteen his little sister Ruth, the namesake of the colonel's wife, who lived until her grandson James was forty-four years old.

Education went always hand in hand with religion, and the school-house had long stood upon the village green when little James Wadsworth Third began his preparation for Yale by studying the "primer and the Psalter and the spelling book." In this modest hall of learning, twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad, we can imagine the future general with his playmates—on the girls' side, Tamar Coe, Mercy Johnson, Mindwell Beach, Experience Strong, Submit Seaward, Zipporah Fairchild, Concurrence Smith, and many another quaint little maiden, while among the boys were Sharon Rose, Gideon Leete, Israel Squire, Abiather Camp, and Zimri Hills.

A very important influence must have been exerted upon these young seekers for truth by the establishment of the Book Company, 1733, which founded the first library in the Colony, of which an enthusiastic historian writes: "For nearly a century the books were circulated extensively through the town, and being read in the families, nourished for two or three generations strong men, who understood important subjects in the various elevated branches of human knowledge. It was this library which helped to make the voice of Durham potent in the Legislature for sixty or eighty years. It was this library which helped to refine the manners of the people and gave a high character to the schools and which created a taste for a liberal education which for a long time characterized the town. There was no light literature in this collection. "The great principles of the civil and ecclesiastical government, the great doctrines of the Gospel, the great duties of morality, the cardinal virtues—the chief end of man—became in their element so

familiar to the leading minds of the town that superficial views of truth or of duty would not satisfy them."

In his later life, when the cruel war was over, General Wadsworth was for many years librarian of the Book Company, and the volumes were kept at his own house. One of the lads who used to frequent the library says: "He was very dignified, but very courteous in his manners, as I well remember. He sometimes had a word of encouragement in regard to reading certain books." But we must return to the days of his youth. From the school on Meeting-house Green he was soon promoted to the pastor's study, to begin his classical education with his grandfather's friend, Mr. Chauncey. In 1745 he received the degree of bachelor of arts from Yale College, at the age of eighteen. In this year occurred the death of his mother. Having studied law, James Wadsworth settled in Durham and was soon advanced to office in both civil and military life. On the death of his grandfather, the colonel, in 1756, he was elected town clerk, and continued in that position for thirty years. In this period he was described as "a man of dignified manners, of sound understanding, and of the strictest morals." He was a member of the General Assembly for many years, and in a letter written from Middletown in November, 1775, to Silas Deane, then at Philadelphia, he is mentioned as one of the "principal palavermen in the House." Before passing to his military career we may read between the lines of the town records the story of his private life. One of the first services performed by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, the successor of Mr. Chauncey, was the marriage ceremony of Captain James Wadsworth, as he was then called, and Katherine, daughter of Ebenezer Guernsey, on January 13, 1757. His fair young bride must have been his playmate in earliest childhood, and remained his companion in joy and sorrow until four years before his death.

What chapters of pathos these simple records of the church reveal! "Admitted to full communion October 30, 1757. Catherine, wife of Captain James Wadsworth." "Baptized December 25, 1757, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth."

Facing that mysterious door of motherhood which swings both ways, her mind full of sweet and solemn thoughts, Kath-

Catherine Wadsworth consecrated hopes and fears alike upon the humble altar of the little village church. We turn the yellow leaf and find the record: "Died February 2, 1759, Abigail, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth," for the little namesake of the general's mother lived hardly more than a year. Another daughter, Catherine, came to comfort the saddened home, but in 1763, in her third year, her name is entered in General Wadsworth's own handwriting among the deaths.

We greatly regret that the military achievements of our hero are so inadequately recorded. It would have been an inspiration to the Daughters of the American Revolution to dwell upon the details of the life of the general as fully as we have upon those of the man; but at present we can only enumerate his offices and let the imagination complete the picture of his military greatness. In 1775, being colonel of the militia, he was appointed with others a committee to provide for the officers and soldiers who were prisoners of war.

In consequence of a pressing request from General Washington in January, 1776, the Council of Safety voted that four regiments be raised, each to consist of seven hundred and twenty-eight men, including officers, to serve at the camp near Boston until the 1st of April. The first regiment thus raised was placed under the command of Colonel James Wadsworth, Lieutenant Colonel Comfort Sage, and Major Dyer Throop. The General Assembly of Connecticut, at the December session, 1776, formed the militia of the State into six brigades under two major generals and six brigadier generals. James Wadsworth was at once chosen one of the six brigadier generals, and later he was appointed second major general.

He was for one session a member of the Continental Congress. In 1777 he was one of an important committee appointed to revise the militia laws of the State for the more effectual defense of the country. In March, 1777, General Wadsworth was ordered to march one-fourth of his brigade to New Haven to defend the coast. In April, 1778, the Council of Safety directed him to inquire into the state of the guards at New Haven and to dismiss the militia there, in whole or in part, at his discretion. For a time he was a member of the Council of Safety in

the State. For several years he was justice of the quorum, and then judge of the court of common pleas in New Haven County. In 1776–'77 he was controller of public accounts in the State, and from 1785 to 1789 he was member of the Council. Colonel Elihu Chauncey, the eldest son of the minister, though twenty years his senior, was a congenial associate, and between them there existed a strong and generous friendship. They were both men of the highest moral principle, which no office could bribe them to desert. Both were, to some extent, martyrs to their principles. When the Revolutionary War was impending, Colonel Chauncey refused to violate his oath of allegiance to Great Britain. He therefore, from high moral consideration, gave up public office, but he continued to enjoy the confidence of his fellow-men, because they considered him true to his principles of honor and moral obligations. When in 1788 the new Federal Constitution was brought before the State convention at Hartford for adoption or rejection, General Wadsworth made the great speech against it. The special town meeting which had appointed General Wadsworth a delegate to this convention had rejected the Federal Constitution, four voting in favor and sixty-seven against it. In taking the vote, those on either side of the question were arranged in line, running south on the green from the south door of the meeting-house. In one line four, in the other sixty-seven. The vote was given in the negative from the apprehension of the people of the town that the Federal Government to be created by it would take advantage of the powers delegated to it to assume other powers not delegated. This fear remained with General Wadsworth. He thought that, though the convention that formed it supposed that they had guarded the rights of the States, advantage would be taken of it in times of popular excitement to encroach on the rights of the States. However, the vote at the Hartford State convention stood one hundred and twenty-eight in favor to forty against the new Constitution; and afterward, on high moral grounds, he always refused to take an oath to support the Federal Constitution. His oath of fidelity to Connecticut, in his judgment, would be violated by taking that oath. He was offered office—even, it is said, that of Governor of the

State—but no; he must remain true to his oath of fidelity to the State of Connecticut.

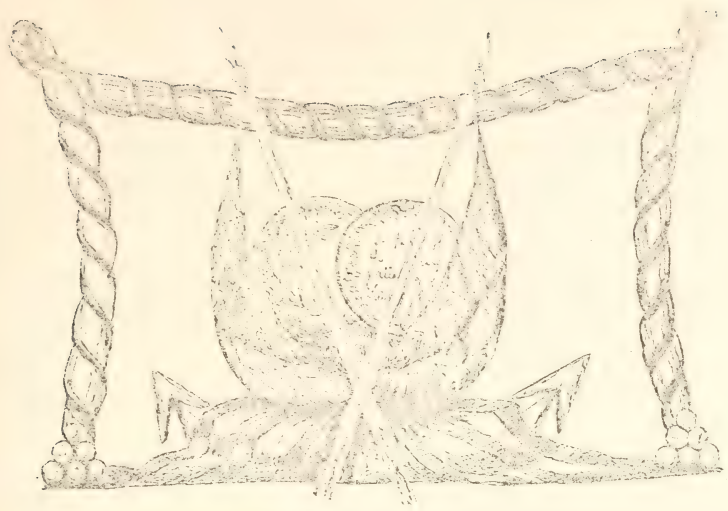
In the year 1794, notwithstanding his refusal to take the oath to support the Constitution, the General Assembly appointed him to "settle accounts between the State of New York and the State of Connecticut and to receive the balance which may be due this State on such a settlement."

A letter is in existence, in copy at least, written by Jonathan Trumbull in 1777 to Major General Wadsworth, concerning the exchange of prisoners, in which, in the stately fashion of olden days, he signs himself, "I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, Jonathan Trumbull."

Of the later life of General Wadsworth there remains but little to record. One of the historians of Durham writes: "I remember that the boys of the Center School, often when they saw General Wadsworth coming on his Narragansett pacer, with his large, erect, military figure, with his broad-brimmed hat and his Olympian locks, would run across the green to the road to take off their hats and make a low bow. This courtesy he returned to each one of us, taking his hat quite off and bowing to each one. Thus he encouraged good manners, of which he was a model." By invitation of his nephews, James and William, who had amassed great wealth and honor in Geneseo, New York, he spent a year or more with them; but, though surrounded with everything that he could desire, his heart yearned for Durham, and there he remained, honored and beloved, until on the 22d of September, 1817, his life of eighty-seven years came to its close.

On account of the high offices in civil and military life which General Wadsworth honorably filled and the intrinsic excellence of his character, both intellectual and moral, the Daughters of the American Revolution in Middletown may well be proud to bear his name.

LOUISE McCOY NORTH.



ONE HERO.

A COMPARATIVE study of the history of those nations we may strictly call modern presents to our view many wonderful victories gained by armies, many acts of personal bravery, the deeds of men inspired by patriotism, and battling to the death for those rights an inherent love of which is implanted in the human breast. Undoubtedly they have been important factors in promoting the evolution of the world's progress in the ethics of good government; but in the history of no country have the wars been signalized by more surprising victories in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, or victories pregnant with greater results, than in the history of the United States. So numerous were these instances in our first struggle for independence and in the wars immediately following that we might almost say our history was unique. Certainly it has been so in the outcome of those wars—the rise of a great and powerful nation, whose life was conceived in the breasts of a mere handful of sturdy yeomen enthusiastically arrayed against a great power, determined to oppress them with legislation the result of the doctrine of the "divine right of kings," and acting on the principle that "might makes right."

Dear to the hearts of our countrymen are the names of Lexington and Concord, for here was offered up on the altar of pure

exalted patriotism the initiatory sacrifice of the blood which has since been so freely given by a devoted people in order that their country's life might be saved and she continue a living link in the chain of nations.

The old fable of the dragon's teeth has repeated itself in the history of our country, and from a soil bathed and enriched by the crimson tide which flowed on that bright morning of April 19, 1775, sprang a race of sturdy sons of the soil armed with the sword of a righteous cause, unsheathed to fight for the triumph of right over wrong, protected by the shield of a faith that the right would triumph over the wrong, and proclaimers of that liberty, equality, and fraternity which gives assurance that eventually peace shall cover the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

Since this first victory, fit presage of all that has since transpired in our National history, there have been many battles fought—great in the number of those slain, great in the issues that have resulted—but none has taken a stronger hold on the popular imagination than the battle of Lake Erie. No heroes are more tenderly enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen than they who fought under the gallant Perry on that memorable day.

Of this conflict we have many descriptions, and the bravery and heroism displayed by both officers and men was an indication of the spirit that inspired them, while greater valor in a conflict sanguinary and deadly from its inception was never shown.

On the "Lawrence" (Perry's flagship) twenty-one men lost their lives and sixty were wounded. How they fought was testified by the sickening spectacle after the engagement had ceased. The deck ran red with the life tide of these men, each one of them a hero; the groans of the wounded and dying rent the air, and headless trunks and shattered limbs were strewn in all directions.

Among those engaged in the battle of Lake Erie none fought with greater bravery than John Joliffe Yarnall, Commodore Perry's first lieutenant, and none received greater commendation from a grateful country. Lieutenant Yarnall was descended

from an English family, who early emigrated to "the new countrie in order that they might enjoy the freedom to worshippe God" as they thought right. They were Quakers, and when living in England bore for their coat of arms two hands clasped in friendship.

This boy, born of Quaker parents and reared amid Quaker influences, was nevertheless from earliest childhood impressed with a strong desire for a military life. The stirring times in which he lived no doubt influenced him, as did also the knowledge that an uncle had been put to death, in the presence of his wife and children, by a body of English soldiers for refusing to fight against the land of his adoption and in opposition to his Quaker principles. This atrocious act imbued him with an inveterate hatred for a nation whose soldiery had perpetrated so great a crime against an innocent member of his family. Headly, in his "Battles of the Lakes," does full honor to the men who took part in this deadly conflict, and especially praises the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Yarnall.

In writing of this most memorable battle a historian says: "The dying who strewed the deck would turn their eyes in mute inquiry upon their youthful commander as if to be told they had done their duty. The living, as a sweeping shot sent huge gaps in the ranks of their companions, looked a moment into his face to read its expression and then stepped quietly into the places left vacant by those who had fallen."

"Lieutenant Yarnall, with a red handkerchief bound around his neck and another around his head to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, his nose swelled to a monstrous size from a splinter having passed through it, disfigured and covered with gore, moved amid this terrific scene, the very genius of havoc and carnage. All the men in his command were killed; he asked Perry for more. The men were given him only to share the fate of those first under his command. Again he asked the commodore for reinforcements, to be told, so great was the carnage, there were no more men, and he must 'get along by himself and man his own guns.'"

In Commodore Perry's second dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy he said: "When I went aboard the 'Niagara' I left the 'Lawrence' in charge of Lieutenant John J. Yarnall, who

; was convinced from the bravery already displayed by him would do what would comport with the honor of the flag."

An epic poem by Richard Emmons, written to commemorate the heroes of the war of 1812, contains the following lines on Lieutenant Yarnall:

> At length the "Lawrence" scarce could man a gun;
> To Yarnall Perry feelingly begun;
> His cheek was swelled and black, his arm was broke,
> His thigh was bleeding; still an untamed look
> Revealed to Perry that his soul yet stood
> Firm like an oak, the proudest of the wood.
> "Yarnall, defensive with the 'Lawrence' stand;
> Thy blood will be an unction to the land.
> From this to the 'Niagara' I sail,
> And urge her forth, if heaven inspire the gale.
> The valiant live not long; when dead they bloom;
> Yea, wreathes of glory flourish on their tomb;
> A hero grows and brightens in his fame
> Like the fixed star that pours a quenchless flame.

These lines may not belong to a high order of poetry, but they present a vivid picture of a most sanguinary conflict, engaged in by men animated with so high and noble a purpose that, looking back on them in after years, they appear against that lurid background of smoke and flame like the Titans of old battling against their unjust and unnatural parent. As from the blood drops of those Titans sprang Aphrodite, most beautiful goddess, created to palliate the woes of life, so from this battle and those which preceded and followed it was evolved Columbia Victrix as the result of our struggles—youngest of the great nations, raised from between the oceans to help to mold the destinies of the race and be to the world the grand object-lesson of a Government that is "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

For his gallant conduct in the battle of Lake Erie Lieutenant Yarnall was highly honored by his country, and three States—New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia—especially vied to commemorate his services by testimonials of respect and admiration.

The State of New York presented him with a gold medal, and Pennsylvania with one of silver, each bearing inscriptions testifying to his bravery. Virginia, Lieutenant Yarnall's native

State, presented him with a fine sword in a silver scabbard plated with gold. This sword bears the following inscription: "In testimony of the undaunted gallantry of Lieutenant John Joliffe Yarnall, of the United States ship 'Lawrence,' under Commodore Perry, in the capture of the whole English fleet, the State of Virginia bestows this sword."

These interesting relics are still in possession of the descendants of Lieutenant Yarnall. The sword and silver medal belong to Mr. John J. Yarnall, now of St. Louis, Missouri; the gold medal to Professor Mordecai Yarnall, of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., who, on his death, willed it to his son, Dr. John Yarnall, of Washington, D. C.

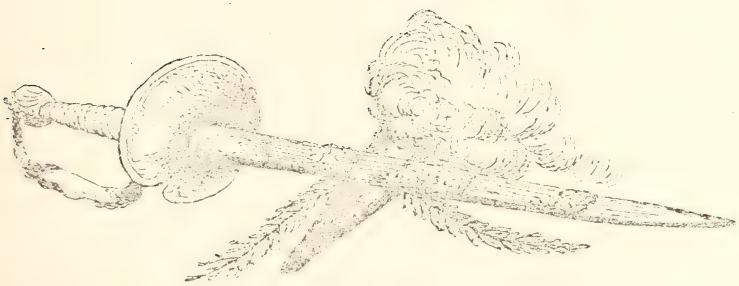
During the late war the sword was worn by General Kelley in several battles, having been loaned him by Mr. Yarnall, who was pleased to have it used in the service of that country which had so highly honored his ancestor in its bestowal. Friends, however, fearing the loss of so valuable a relic, induced Mr. Yarnall to have it returned to him. This historic sword and the medals were exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair held in Philadelphia during the late war.

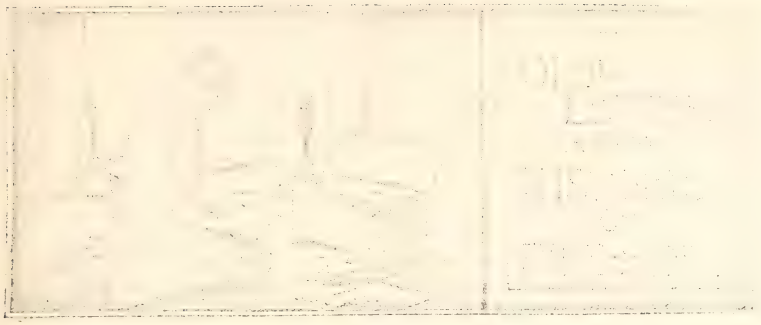
Virginia during the civil war, was like the old Graeni's land, the debatable land between North and South, and was so constantly overrun that no one felt certain of retaining property or valuables of any description. An old slave woman devoted to the family, and who at the advanced age of ninety-eight still remains in it, herself a relic of the old régime, conceived the idea that these sacred mementoes were not safe in the place where they were usually kept, and might be appropriated by marauding bands merely for the value of the metal of which they were composed. Mary's master proposed depositing them in the safety vault of a bank; but, with the authority no one knew better how to assume than these old and devoted slave women of Southern families, she said, "No; banks might be robbed or burn down. She had cared for old massa's sword all her life and she was still able to do so." One morning the sword and medal had disappeared from their accustomed place, and for a time all was dismay and consternation, as it was supposed they had been stolen. However, on being questioned, Mary told her master she had hidden them, but refused to divulge where they

had been secreted; nor did she do so until after peace was declared, when, going to the orchard, she dug them up from the roots of an apple tree.

The death of Lieutenant Yarnall was thus announced to the Navy Department: "John J. Yarnall, first lieutenant, warranted as midshipman January 16th, 1809, commissioned as lieutenant July 24th, 1813, was lost in the 'Epervier' on his return from Algiers; was last seen when within twenty-four hours of land."

Thus died one of the many who have willingly laid life and happiness on the altar of patriotism.





GOSSIP ABOUT COLONIAL WOMEN.

First, I will tell you some stories of the women of my old own Colony of Connecticut, who, although Puritan in their religion, seemed to have held in common with their Knickerbocker sisters of New York, and Quakers of Pennsylvania, and Catholics of Maryland, the same lovable as well as heroic qualities.

The spirit that led Susanna Hooker, wife of Rev. Thomas Hooker, the founder of the Colony, to let herself be removed while ill, and borne on a litter through the woods from Newtown, Massachusetts, to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1636, is typical. In the War of the Revolution Faith Trumbull, wife of Governor Jonathan Trumbull ("Brother Jonathan"), was at church with her husband at Lebanon, Connecticut, one Sunday morning when an appeal was made for contributions of all kinds for the suffering soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. In the words of Stuart, the historian—

> Madam Faith Trumbull rose from her seat near her husband, threw off from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, a present from Count Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French allied army, and advancing near the pulpit laid it at the altar as her offering to those who in the midst of war and suffering were fighting the great battle of freedom.
>
> It was afterwards taken, cut into narrow strips, and employed as trimmings to stripe the dress of American soldiers.

The history of the Griswold family, of Black Hall, Connecticut, who for over two hundred years have lived at the old home in Lyme, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, is full of interesting anecdotes of the old days, of which I will give you a few samples.

I quote from a paper by Professor E. Salisbury, of Yale, pub-

lished in the Magazine of American History of March, 1884, some stories of the love affairs of Matthew Griswold, who was deputy governor of the Colony from 1771 to 1784 and Governor from 1784 to 1786:

He had some time desired to marry a lady in Durham, Connecticut, of a family since distinguished in western New York. She, however, preferred to marry a physician, and kept Matthew Griswold in waiting, ready to accept him in case the doctor did not come forward. With some intimation of this state of affairs, and aroused by it, Matthew Griswold at last pressed the lady for a decision. She answered hesitatingly that she "wished for more time." "Madam," said he, rising with decision, "I give you your lifetime," and withdrew. She took her lifetime and never married. Naturally diffident as he was and rendered by this discomfiture still more self-distrustful, he might have never approached a lady again. His second cousin, Ursula Wolcott, and he had exchanged visits at the houses of their parents from childhood till a confiding affection had grown up between them. His feelings were understood, but not declared. Time passed; it might be that he would take his lifetime. At last Ursula, with the resolution, energy, and good sense which characterized her, seeing the situation, rose to its control. Meeting him about the house she occasionally asked him: "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" "Nothing," he answered. Finally meeting him on the stairs she asked: "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" "Nothing," he answered. "Its time you did," said she.

History goes on to say that the future Governor then found his tongue and spoke to the purpose, the result being a happy marriage and its results a long line of notable descendants. In fact, Ursula Griswold was through this marriage enabled to boast that her immediate family furnished five Governors to Connecticut—her father, Roger Wolcott; her brother, Oliver Wolcott; nephew, Oliver Wolcott, Jr.; husband, Matthew Griswold, and son, Roger Griswold, all filling that office in due season and with great credit.

Roger Griswold, the issue of this marriage, was Governor of Connecticut from 1802 to 1812, when he died in office at Norwich, Connecticut, at the house of Judge Calvin Goddard, grandfather of the present writer.

Governor Roger Griswold had seven daughters so beautiful that they were christened by the Connecticut poet, J. G. C. Brainerd, "The Pleiades," but so lively and full of fun that the neighbors called them "The Seven Black Hall Boys," and in the way of field sports few boys could surpass them. The

eldest sister was long wooed by a Lyme lover to whom she was engaged, but who could not make her name a wedding day. One summer day he rode down from the village to urge a speedy marriage, to which she finally yielded a half consent, whereat the lover hurried for her father, the Governor, to perform the ceremony. When he appeared the lady changed her mind. After a brief argument the Governor said to the lover, "I must go and rake hay; come for me if she relents." A half hour later the lover ran into the meadow shouting, "She says she will. Come Governor, but come quick, before she changes her mind." The Governor came, and this time the wedding ceremony was performed.

Massachusetts is especially rich in collections of the journals and letters of its Puritan founders. In a recent collection entitled "Old Puritan Love Letters," which are selections from the correspondence of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and his wife Margaret, from 1618 to 1638, it is interesting to note, amidst the Puritanic and Scriptural expressions of affection and commendation of each other to the care of the Divine Providence, there are many allusions to the comfort of the inner man or woman. For example, Margaret writes to her husband in 1627, and, after committing him to the Lord's care, in closing her letter adds this postscript:

Goodman Cole would intreat you to buy him a pound of such tobacko as you buy for yourself. You shall receave by the carier two runlets of sider; the carage is payed for.

In one of the Governor's letters to his wife he writes:

I will remember M., her gown and petticoat, and the children's girdles. So with my most affectionate desire of thy welfare and my blessing to all our children, I kiss my sweet wife, and commend thee and all ours to the gracious protection of our Heavenly Father, and rest

THY FAITHFUL HUSBAND,

still present with thee in his most unkind absence.

That there is nothing new under the sun is evident from the fact that the Governor, who must have been a devoted husband, writes to his wife in October, 1629:

I send down by Jarvis two pieces of Lokerum, 26 elles of one peice and 18 of the other; cloth for a sute and cloak for Forth and for a night-gown for thyself, with books for the children. Let me know what trimminge I shall send for thy gowne.

In her reply Mrs. Winthrop writes a very pious letter, full of injunction and commendations, signed herself "Thy unworthy wife," M. W., and then, woman like, puts the important part of the letter into her postscript as follows:

I have not yet received the things you sent. When I see the cloth I will send word what trimmings will serve.

For a terse and expressive little letter, what can surpass the following:

FOR MRS. WINTHROP, AT BOSTON.

MY SWEET WIFE: I prayse God I am in good health; peace be to thee and our family; so I keep thee and hope shortly to see thee. Farewell.

Hasten the sending away Skarlett and gathering the Turnips.

The wife of the first President of the Continental Congress, John Adams, was a woman of great force of character, as is shown by her published correspondence with her husband. That he recognized this is shown by an extract from one of his letters, in which he criticises the generalship of the British officers and sneers at General Howe for his tardiness, saying:

A woman of sense would not let her husband spend five weeks at sea at such a season of the year. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago.

All the published letters of Mrs. Adams are well worth reading. Her comments upon the missent package of tea that was sent to her from Philadelphia by her husband while a member of Congress and which reached Mrs. Samuel Adams, wife of the famous "Boston Tea Party" patriot, who was also a member of Congress, are quite amusing. It appears that Mrs. Samuel Adams gave a party, at which she served some of this tea, and that Mrs. John Adams was one of the guests. The latter clearly hints that Mrs. Samuel Adams must have known that that tea was meant for her guest rather than for herself.

In a letter of a much later date, written to her husband when he was one of our embassy to France, Mrs. John Adams severely criticises the conduct of Benjamin Franklin, of which her husband had written her, in fondling and being made much of by the women of the court of Louis XVI. She congratulates herself in her faith that her own husband never could be guilty of such conduct, and then proceeds at much length to give him a

great many excellent reasons why it would be very reprehensible for him, a married man with a loving wife, to be guilty of such trifling conduct as that of Mr. Franklin.

In a volume entitled "Through Colonial Doorways," by Annis H. Wharton, published in Philadelphia in 1893, are many charming stories of life in Philadelphia during and after the Revolutionary War.

The book gives a detailed account of the famous "Mischianza" performance, given under the auspices of Major André during Howe's occupation of Philadelphia. In the list of the American ladies present we read such familiar names as those of Shippen, Chew, Bond, etc. It appears that the American officers, who were at that very time suffering the agonies of that dreadful winter at Valley Forge, were indignant that these ladies attended the performance. General Wayne wrote later on this point:

> Tell those Philadelphia ladies who attended Howe's assemblies and levees that the heavenly, sweet, pretty red coats—the accomplished gentlemen of the guards and grenadiers—have been humbled on the plains of Monmouth. The knights of the blended roses and of the burning mount have resigned their laurels to rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of those virtuous daughters of America who cheerfully gave up pleasure and affluence in a city for liberty and peace of mind in a cottage.

The head-dresses of the belles of that day are said to have been so elaborate that some of them sat all night with their pyramidal heads propped up against pillows because the hairdresser could not make his rounds without attending to some heads the night before the ball.

A clergyman, who was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, when Congress was in session at Philadelphia, expressed to the beautiful Mrs. Gerry his surprise that Philadelphia ladies rose so early, saying that he had seen them at breakfast at half past five, when in Boston they would hardly see a breakfast table before nine without falling into hysterics. Mrs. Gerry replied that she had become inured to early rising and found it conducive to her health.

When Dolly Payne Todd, the young widow who later became Mrs. President Madison, first met her future husband, who was

presented to her by Colonel Aaron Burr, she wrote of him as "The great little Madison," and says she wore "a mulberry colored satin with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would appear."

When Dolly Todd was married the girls present cut in bits the lace of the groom's shirt ruffles and showered the pair with rice as they drove off.

Another famous beauty of Mrs. Washington's republican court was Mrs. John Jay, of New York, daughter of Governor Livingston, who shared with Mrs. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, the distinction of being called the most beautiful and charming woman in America. Marquise Lafayette, who was a warm friend of Mrs. Jay, says that "Mrs. Jay and she thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad, but happiness only at home."

In a letter by Mrs. John M. Bowers she stated that when she was six years old Washington dandled her on his knee and sang to her about "The old, old man and the old, old woman who lived in the vinegar bottle together." General Greene wrote that at a dance at his quarters General W. and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down," adding, "Upon the whole, we had a pretty little frisk."

Bishop White, one of the first American bishops, was fond of telling how he helped his friend, Benjamin West, the artist, to secure his bride, Betty Shewell. West was poor and in England, and the Shewell family opposed the match, and when West wrote for her to come to England with his father, locked her up in an upper room. She escaped thence by the aid of Bishop White, then a very young man, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Francis Hopkinson, who succeeded in getting a rope ladder to her and having a carriage round the corner by which she reached the ship and escaped to England. The bishop used to say, "Ben was a good fellow and deserved a good wife, and I would do the same thing again to-day."

As is well known, one of the belles of the "Mischianzia," Miss Shippen, married Benedict Arnold; another, Miss Margaret Chew, in whose honor Major André appeared with the motto, "No rival," became the wife of Colonel John Eager Howard.

of Maryland; another, Miss Rebecca Franks, became the wife of the English general, Sir Henry Johnson. Years later General Winfield Scott, then a young man, called upon the bright-eyed old lady at Bath. She said to him, "Is this the young rebel?" but before the conversation was ended confessed that she was very proud of her countryman and wished that she had been a patriot, too, "although heaven had not failed to bless her with a good husband."

This book is authority for the statement that Benedict Arnold made one love letter do double duty. Having first offered himself to a Miss A., of Philadelphia, who refused him, he later used the same letter with a few changes to offer himself to the beautiful Miss Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia, whom he married in 1779.

In Marion Harland's "Story of Mary Washington" there is an amusing account of a call made by Lafayette upon the venerable mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, in the autumn of 1784, when she was some seventy-eight years of age. The visit was unexpected, and the imp of a grandson took the distinguished Frenchman by a side gate directly into the garden where the old lady was working among her flowers in her garden garb of linsey skirt, the short gown we would style a sack, and broad-brimmed straw hat tied over the plaited border of her cap. She was raking weeds and sticks together into a heap, of which to make a bonfire. With the brief introduction, "There is my grandmother, sir," the boy subsided; but the venerable matron dropped her rake, took the hand of the nobleman, and, as he bared his head and bowed before her in deepest reverence, greeted him with the words:

> Ah, Marquis! you have come to see an old woman, but come in. I can make you welcome without changing my dress. I am glad to see you. I have often heard my son George speak of you.

Preceding him into the house, she seated Lafayette, and removing her hat listened to his enthusiastic praise of Washington, replying simply, "I am not surprised at what George has done. He was always a good boy." It is pleasant to read that before she let the Frenchman go she mixed with her own hands a mint julep, which she presented to him with a plate of home-made ginger cakes—a true Virginian to the last.

There is an old letter extant, dated in 1722, in which this same lady is spoken of in her girlhood as follows:

Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about sixteen years old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her hair is like unto Flax, Her eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her.

In the collection of letters by William Eddis, who was the Royalist surveyor of customs at Annapolis from 1769 to 1777, which has been published in book form and which the speaker reviewed in an address before the Maryland Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in October, 1893, there is much pleasant mention of the women of the Colony of Maryland. In one of his letters he says:

It is but justice to confess that the American ladies possess a natural ease and elegance in the whole of their deportment, and that while they assiduously cultivate external accomplishments they are still anxiously attentive to the more important embellishments of the mind. In conversation they are generally animated and entertaining, and deliver their sentiments with affability and propriety. In a word, there are throughout the Colonies very many lovely women who have never passed the bounds of their respective provinces, and yet, I am persuaded, might appear in great advantage in the most brilliant circles of gayety and fashion.

Elsewhere in the volume Eddis praises the beauty of the American women, notably that of the ladies of Annapolis, but says that it is not lasting, and that our men do not possess such good stamina as the natives of Great Britain, though possessing charming social qualities. He also thinks that good servants were scarce in Maryland at that time.

In the memoirs of Alexander Graydon, printed at Harrisburg in 1811, are some very interesting stories of life in Philadelphia before and during the Revolutionary War. The Graydons were a very good family, but had become reduced in circumstances, and his mother kept a boarding-house in Philadelphia. Among the boarders was Rivington, the well-known New York printer. He seems to have been a Shakespearean crank, who insisted upon addressing Mrs. Graydon as Desdemona, which name, shortened into "Desdy," became fixed upon her by the the rest of the boarders. She was very popular with her guests, who loyally supported her on the occasion of a midnight riot, when a certain Dr. Kersley, mounted on horseback, rode into

the back parlor and even upstairs, to the great disturbance of the family; "for," as young Graydon writes, "it may well be supposed there was a direful clatter."

Graydon says that his grandfather was once at a friend's house at dinner in Philadelphia, and when asked to take some punch found several flies in the bowl. He removed them with a spoon, took his drink, and with great deliberation was proceeding to replace them.

"Why, what are you doing?" exclaimed the host.

"Putting flies into the bowl."

"Why, I don't like them," was the reply.

"But I did not know but you might."

His "mode of suggesting that the bowl should be covered" quaintly adds Graydon.

Elsewhere he says "that over the stage of the Philadelphia theater of his day the actors had inscribed the motto of *Totus mundus agit histrionem*—"The whole world acts the player." The writer says:

Some young ladies one evening, among whom was one of my aunts, applied to the gentleman who attended them for the meaning of the words. Willing to pass himself off for a scholar, and taking for his clew probably the word *mundus*, he boldly interpreted them into "We act Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays," and the ladies were satisfied; but, to the lasting disquiet of the unlucky beau, they were not long after undeceived by some of their more learned acquaintance.

Illustrative of the low condition to which some of the Episcopal clergy had fallen in this Colony in the times before the Revolution, Graydon speaks of one of the clergy who got the better of him in a horse trade as—

In all respects to be what was then called in Pennsylvania "a Maryland parson;" that is, one who could accommodate himself to his company and pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe, as occasion might require."

After criticising the appearance and manners of certain Colonial officers he pays the following tribute to Maryland:

There was none by whom an unofficer-like appearance and deportment could be less tolerated than by a city-bred Marylander, who at this time was distinguished by the most fashionable-cut coat, the most macaroni cocked hat, and hottest blood in the Union

He follows this compliment by a description of the gallant conduct of the Maryland officers and men generally in all the battles in which they were engaged.

Graydon speaks of Major Otho H. Williams, later General Williams, the well-known Maryland soldier, as a very gallant and distinguished officer. While Graydon and Williams were fellow-prisoners on Long Island, the former was visited by his mother, who he says, availed herself of the opportunity of learning from Major Williams "the art of making johnny-cakes in the true Maryland fashion," and a good part of the afternoon was spent in that notable cookery.

Of Mr. George Lux, of Baltimore, who married Miss Biddle, of Philadelphia, Graydon speaks as the greatest reader in a certain line that he had ever known, and adds that Mr. Izard, of South Carolina, who had traveled much in Europe, said of Lux:

> To what purpose is it that I have been traveling all my life when this gentleman, who has never left his armchair, knows more of the countries I have visited than I do; and what perplexes me most of all is that he knows even better than myself the public business I was employed in and which was of a secret nature.

A study of these old-time records impresses one with the fact that human nature does not change with years and customs, or costumes. The men who fought under Washington loved fun and frolic as much as did those who fought under Grant and Lee. They had their jealousies, their passions, their loves and hates as do we of this day and time, but they answered the calls of duty and patriotism then—as the best type of American has ever answered them. The women of that time loved "assemblies" and tournaments, wore court plaster on their faces, and painted and powdered on occasions, but they were, as all their descendants of the same sex—those of whom a poet of our own day has truthfully said:

> Such have there ever been
> Since human grief has followed human sin,
> The patient, perfect woman; as they climb
> With bleeding feet the flinty crags of time,
> Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown,
> They bear the cross and wear the martyr's crown.
> * * * * * *
> Their fairest earthly crown, the wreath that twines
> Not around loud platforms, or proud Senate domes;
> But those pure altars, those perpetual shrines,
> Which grace and gladden all our Saxon homes.

MISS JACKSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The American Historical Association will hold its next session in Washington in December. We hope the "Sons" and "Daughters" will not lose the opportunity of attending these meetings. We can well be congratulated that these opportunities come to our doorway. The progress of this society is not only a benefit to American scholars, but to all thoughtful Americans who desire that their children and the coming generations shall understand aright the history and principles that govern their country.

The time is coming when history will be taught better in our schools and colleges, and, in fact, over the world, and when impartial history will be demanded, when the writers of history will cease to write encomiums upon favorite measures or men—sometimes false, sometimes true—as their own biased opinion would dictate. What the public will demand is, What are the results of all the differences of opinion that have swayed the action of men, when selfishness, strife, and demagogism have passed away? Who were the best builders in the superstructure, is what the people will want to know. If there is a class in the commonwealth of this country who ought to be undivided by walls of prejudice, who ought to eliminate party lines to such a degree that one idea alone should guide them—how shall principle be made permanent in the changing movements of human affairs?—we should look among the men of letters for this class. But, alas! what are the facts? When we read of college presidents and professors teaching and preaching anarchistic doctrines in a free republic to young men who in the future are to hold the reins of government, we say at once they are out of place, and are not fit instruments to make or write history. Their work is more destructive to the splendid superstructure laid by our ancestors than all the machinations of partisanship combined, for, after all the strife and bitterness of politicians, the love of country does predominate; their different ways of

according to it may be "ways that are dark," but the corner-stone they would not destroy.

The anarchistic self-poiser and false teacher would have men "reap where they have not sown," and when men sleep they sow tares among the wheat, and we read that "the enemy that sowed them is the devil." Therefore let us demand better things from the men of letters, and let us see to it that the tares are "gathered and burned." In the mean time, let the members of the American Historical Society remain fast by the soul of things, and, after the sifting, tell us what of the hour, and who among men are the builders for all time.

What Chapters Can Do.—Write your town or county histories.

No more promising field of work presents itself to-day and which will add so much to our sum of historical knowledge as a painstaking, correct, critical history of the townships and counties of the different States. One of the underlying truths of our Government is that all political power must emanate from the people.

James Madison wrote of the Constitution as follows: "The Constitution is in strictness neither a National nor a Federal Constitution, but a composition of both."

The State was established to enact general laws for the government of all persons within its borders. It was further provided that there should be a division of the State into counties, each with its local government, and that the counties be subdivided into towns, and in many States into school districts. The Northern and Eastern States are so divided. The Southern and Western States, most of them, are divided into counties.

From the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror down to to-day municipalities have been formed and lands held in division.

Whoever undertakes to give the genesis of a township from its foundation in the past centuries and holds the thread in unbroken continuity to the full development of to-day will be doing royal work for the Societies of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution.

A word of suggestion as to the *modus operandi*.

Do not follow the example of some English writers on municipal history. They would advise the seekers after historical knowledge to content themselves in consulting sepulchral inscriptions.

One voracious town historian of Croyden, in an attempt to write a cheerful preface, encourages his readers by stating that he has not, like other unscholarly historians, relied upon copying inscriptions engraved upon the brasses, tablets, and monumental marbles erected in the chancels and aisles of churches, but with great ostentation tells us that he has gone into the graveyards and copied all the inscriptions.

It might be edifying, but not altogether instructive, to a real seeker after historical knowledge to be assured of the fact that—

Here, under this sod
And these trees,
Lieth the bod-
Y of Ichabod Pease;
He is not here,
It's only his pod;
He's shelled out his soul,
And it's gone up to God.

Perhaps a little more definite than the historical researcher would find of—

Ann Twilight—
Here she lies;
Nobody laughs,
Nobody cries;
Where she's gone
And how she fares
Nobody knows,
Nobody cares.

If the town recorder was on a still hunt for economists he might find fruit for his research in the following—one stone served the bereaved to indite:

Of two husbands
I am bereft;
John upon the right,
Richard upon the left.

Antiquarian and genealogical research are all right, and even the records on tombstones have their place, but no town or county history is worth the writing until the public records have been searched. Here is found the richest source of valuable information. These carefully noted will lead up to the growth of civic constitution and of municipal government.

Every local history written will show us the builders in the structure, until at last we find the keel, the ribs, the spars, the sails in the old Ship of State. Who will begin writing these local histories?

A HINT TO WRITERS FOR PUBLICATION.—Write upon one side of the page—commercial note size most available. Do not roll manuscript. Number the pages, and do not pin them together. Leave margin to the left of page and an inch at the bottom. Sign name to the manuscript and address on first page, upper left-hand corner. In writing to the editor, mention *title* of manuscript. The editor will not then be left in doubt, and it saves time.

WE ARE GLAD to round out our points of compass by adding the name of Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, of Kentucky birth, to our list of Associate Editors. She is the great-granddaughter of the Rev. Lewis Craig, who was the pioneer and the military leader of "The Traveling Church." Pastor, officers, members, and all made their exodus from Virginia into Kentucky in 1781.

Miss Johnson is the author of "Portraits of Washington," of "Christmas in Kentucky" in 1862, and other dialect stories, and has now in publication "Washington Day by Day," which will be a book of wonderful interest, giving some act of Washington every day from the time he became a public man. Thus we are gathering around us women of letters; women who love our country and are trying to disseminate history and patriotism, and who will work for the interest of the AMERICAN MONTHLY for love of what it represents.

CHANGING NAMES OF CHAPTERS.—It is hoped that Chapters will think twice before changing their names. It not only makes great confusion at headquarters, frequent mistakes occurring thereby, but a Chapter loses all prestige gained by former work.

WANTED—At this office the following numbers of the magazine: July, September, November, 1892, and January, February, March, 1893. Twenty cents apiece will be paid for them.

CHAPTERS.

FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.—On the 6th of June was organized in Evanston, Illinois, near Chicago, a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In response to the invitation of Miss Lunt, the Chapter Regent, some forty ladies gathered at her hospitable home. Out of doors the June loveliness spoke only of nature's infinite peace and seemed to put far off all thoughts of horrid war, but within the radiant Stars and Stripes caused quick heart-beats and stirred memories of brave deeds and heroic ancestors. Everywhere was draped the National emblem, and to each member and officer were presented tiny flags, while the other guests were decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons. Even the flowers glowed with the same hues, and the combination of American flag and blue carnations served to increase the illusion that by some anticipatory process this instead of the 14th of June was Flag Day. The exercises were conducted under the auspices of Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, State Regent of Illinois, and were opened by the reading of Miss Forsyth's "Washington's Birthday Hymn" by Miss Lunt, which touched the keynote of consecration to worthy purposes and lofty ideals. The report of the Chapter Regent was next presented, from which it appeared that there were seventeen actual members and eighteen potential ones, with the following corps of officers: Regent, Miss Lunt; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Burt; registrar, Miss Gillette; secretary, Miss White; treasurer, Miss Stone.

Some discussion as to the name ensued, and the proposition that it be called the Fort Dearborn Chapter was accepted with enthusiasm; and most fitting was it that in perpetuating the memories of the Revolution here on this Lake Michigan shore, which during that stormy period echoed only the footsteps of the savage, and whose first knowledge of American Government was gained from the gallant garrison at Fort Dearborn, that that name should be linked with noble ancestors of an earlier

day. The Chapter was then declared duly organized by the State Regent in a short speech breathing the warmest patriotism. She urged the members to cherish the high aims of the Society and to keep undimmed the luster of their precious inheritance. Several selections and poems of a patriotic nature having been read, the exercises were concluded with the reading of a paper by the Chapter Regent, Miss Lunt.

The occasion was a most memorable one, and the thanks of all present were accorded to both State and Chapter Regents for the great success of this initiatory meeting and for their words of inspiration to high resolves and warmer love of country than ever cherished before.

CHICAGO CHAPTER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—An unusually interesting meeting of this Chapter was held at the Palmer House "Flag Day," June 14. The club room was decorated for this historic day in the National colors—red, white, and blue flowers, silk flags and banners; dainty flags being worn by the members as badges and souvenirs. Several entertaining and instructive papers were given. Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, the State Regent for Illinois, gave a fine paper on "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and Mrs. William Thayer Brown a most instructive paper on "The American Flag," Mrs. P. L. Sherman and Mrs. E. A. Otis read enjoyable poetic selections, and with music appropriate to the day furnished by Mrs. Clara Cooley Becker, this was made a particularly pleasing session to the Chapter.

GASPEE CHAPTER.—One of the most delightful days in the history of the Gaspee Chapter was the celebration of "Gaspee Day," June 11, in Concord, Massachusetts, by invitation of Miss Mary C. Wheeler. The party left the Providence depot for Boston on a special car at nine o'clock, and arrived in Concord at noon, where the members were met by their hostess, who had provided carriages for their transportation to the battle ground and other places of interest. On the battle ground the roll was called and responded to by fifty-three members, representatives of prominent Revolutionary families. After the roll-call the party viewed the monument that marks the spot on which the British fought. The inscription on this plain granite

monument was written by Dr. Edward Jarvis and reads as follows:

Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army, and on this spot the first enemy fell in the War of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in love of freedom this monument was erected A. D. 1836.

At the monument the historian of Concord, Mr. George B. Barrett, joined the Daughters, and to him they are indebted for many valuable historical items. With Mr. Barrett the party crossed the bridge to the side where the Americans fought, and which is marked by the bronze "Minute Man," represented as leaning on an old-fashioned plow and grasping an olden-time, flint-lock musket. It is, perhaps, needless to say that every Daughter was impressed with the appropriateness and beauty of the statue that commemorates the valor of the Revolutionary heroes.

Recrossing the bridge, a copy of the old North Bridge, the ladies paused beside the graves of the soldiers who were buried hastily "on the afternoon of the fight by two Concord men, who made a grave for them just where they had fallen."

The party was then taken to the Thoreau House, where Miss Wheeler had made arrangements to entertain her guests and where a bountiful lunch was served. Luncheon over, the Daughters were taken to the other places of interest, stopping at the "Old Hill Burying Ground" and at "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery." In the latter cemetery the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts were visited. Leaving "God's Acre" with feelings of tender reverence for the illustrious dead buried there, the Daughters entered the waiting carriages and were driven past "The Old Manse," where Emerson wrote "Nature" and Hawthorne sent into the world his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and where the "Holy Ripley" also lived at one time. Other houses passed, of literary interest, were the homes of A. Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the latter visited by the Daughters through the courtesy of the present owners.

It was then time to turn homeward, and, with a lingering

glance at Walden Pond, which rises and falls, though "it is impossible to tell what laws govern it," the Gaspee Daughters returned to Providence, accompanied by their hostess, to whom they extended a vote of thanks for a very happy day.—ELIZA H. L. BARKER, *Historian*.

WATAUGA CHAPTER.—I have the honor and pleasure to report Watauga Chapter ready for its charter, with nineteen members in good standing and with a record already established for fine, progressive work. In applying for a charter, I beg leave to make a short statement in support of the above claim.

From the small beginning of four members transferred from Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, with its full consent and approval by yourself in April last, for the specified purpose of forming a new Chapter to foster the growth and objects of the Society in Memphis, we have steadily progressed to present conditions. Having honored me (by appointment) with the Regency, commission dated March 22, 1894, the other three transferred members were appointed to office in the order named in the list appended, and have proven themselves capable and efficient officers. The fifteen additional members are proof of growth. In our short life of scarce three months we have celebrated the following historical events and anniversaries of importance: The battles of Lexington and Concord on the day we organized, Ticonderoga, and also noted the unveiling of the Mary Washington Monument; assisted in conducting a beautiful commemorative ceremony at the grave of Mrs. Dorothea Spottswood Winston, who was a daughter of the illustrious Patrick Henry, on "Memorial Day;" celebrated by making a study of the battle of Bunker Hill and the investiture of Washington as commander-in-chief of the American forces, and are now busily arranging, in conjunction with the Dolly Madison Chapter, a beautiful and appropriate programme for a public celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" at the Auditorium.

We have forwarded to the "National Treasury" the full amount of fees and dues of the first eight new members, two dollars from each of the other seven, and five dollars to pay for our charter, making a total of forty-three dollars to the "National Treasury." The annual dues of the first four orig-

inal members were paid through the Dolly Madison Chapter. We have still two dollars in our treasury, with prospects most favorable for quite a number of new recruits to our ranks and an inexhaustible supply of zeal and enthusiasm animating the hearts of those already enrolled, as follows: Mrs. Keller Anderson, Regent, by virtue of descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland; Mrs. William H. Horton, Vice-Regent, by descent from James Henry Slack, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania; Mrs. John M. Judah, recording secretary, by descent from Asa Burnham, of Norwich, Connecticut; Mrs. Thomas Day, registrar, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland; Mrs. Luke E. Wright, treasurer, by descent from Colonel Oliver Spencer, of New Jersey, and from Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Mrs. Thomas R. Boyle (Virginia Frazer-Boyle), poet, by descent from Colonel Alexander McClenahan, of Virginia; Mrs. T. J. Latham, by descent from General Thomas White and Ensign John Trabue, both of Hanover County, Virginia; Mrs. William Decatur Bethell, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland, and from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, both of Virginia; Miss Mary Bethell Parker, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Maryland, and from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, of Virginia; Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, by descent from Colonel Oliver Spencer, of New Jersey, and from Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Mrs. Clarence Churchill Selden, by descent from Colonel Samuel McDowell, of Augusta County, Virginia; Mrs. Samuel Watkins Morton, by descent from Henry Randolph, of Portsmouth, Virginia, a member of Washington's Life Guard; Mrs. Carrington Mason, by descent from Nathan Boddie, of North Carolina; Mrs. A. B. Caruthers, by descent from Colonel George Davidson and Captain Patrick Boggan, both of North Carolina; Mrs. Richard J. Person, by descent from General James Winchester, of Maryland; Mrs. Dabney M. Scales, by descent from General James Winchester, of Maryland; Mrs. J. Malcolm Semmes, by descent from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, both of Virginia; Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, by descent from Colonel Alexander McClenahan, of Virginia; Mrs.

Hugh L. Bedford, by descent from Brigadier General William Russell, of Virginia.

We have also elected the following ladies as honorary members: Mrs. B. J. Semmes, Mrs. M. C. Gallaway, Mrs. S. E. Greenlaw.

Thanking you for your tireless help, your contagious enthusiasm, and your cheerful words and deeds of encouragement, it is my pleasure and privilege to subscribe myself your loyal subject and faithful friend,

JEAN ROBERTSON ANDERSON,
Regent, Watauga Chapter.

OFFICIAL.

APPOINTMENTS OF STATE AND CHAPTER REGENTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August* 18, 1894.

Miss Desha, acting for the Vice-President in Charge of Organization of Chapters, presents the following report:

I have the honor (for Mrs. Geer) to present the following appointments of State Regents:

Mrs. John U. Chandler, for Maine; Mrs. William H. Sims, for Mississippi; Mrs. M. G. Slocum, for Colorado; Mrs. Mary C. Prince, for New Mexico.

Also the following Chapter Regents: Mrs. Thomas Hill Rich, Chapter Regent of Lewiston, Maine. (Mrs. John Palmer reports the formation of a Chapter in Portland, Maine, and one is also forming in Bath, Maine.) Mrs. Charles M. Green, State Regent of Massachusetts, presents the name of Mrs. Emily J. Cartwright as Regent of the Paul Revere Chapter, Boston, and the resignation of Miss Emma C. Hamlin as Regent of Lexington, Massachusetts. Mrs. de B. Randolph Keim, State Regent of Connecticut, presents the names of Mrs. E. M. Andrews as Chapter Regent of Moosup; Mrs. Frederick Stanley, Chapter Regent of New Britain; Mrs. Alfred S. Comstock, Chapter Regent of New Canaan; Mrs. Theodore P. Terry, Chapter Regent of Ansonia; Mrs. William Beardslee Rudd, Chapter Regent of Lakeville. Mrs. R. C. Bacon, State Regent of South Carolina, reports Mrs. Kate Cheatham as Chapter Regent of Edgefield; Miss Emma Mayberry, Chapter Regent of Greenville; Mrs. Hugh Charles, Chapter Regent of Darlington, and Mrs. W. H.

Hunt, Chapter Regent of Newbury Court House, are forming Chapters. (Mrs. Lucy Goode Law, Chapter Regent of Spartanburg, South Carolina, reports the formation of a Chapter there.) Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, State Regent of Georgia, presents the name of Mrs. Hattie Chase Kemme as Chapter Regent of Washington, Georgia. Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, State Regent of Tennessee, presents the names of Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher as Chapter Regent of "Campbell Chapter," East Nashville, Tennessee, and Mrs. Amelia Chamberlain as Chapter Regent of the Chickamauga Chapter, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mrs. Henry L. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky, presents the names of Mrs. M. Louise Marshall as Chapter Regent of Augusta, Bracken County, Kentucky; Mrs. Bertha M. Smith as Chapter Regent of Richmond, Madison County, Kentucky, and Mrs. Rebecca Tevis Hart as Chapter Regent of Versailles, Woodford County, Kentucky.

Very respectfully, A. C. GEER,
Acting Vice-President in Charge of Organization.

Two hundred and ninety-five application papers were presented by Mrs. Burnett, approved by herself and Miss Wilbur.

The membership of the Society has reached 6,175.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

JULY, 1894.

Ruth Heath Chapter, Meriden, Connecticut	$4 75
Mrs. M. T. Robbins, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Mrs. Leland Standford (subscriber), San Francisco, California	100 00

AUGUST, 1894.

Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Maryland	7 25
Sarah Ludlow Chapter, Seymour, Connecticut	4 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,
Treasurer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 4, 1894.

MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
President General, N. S. D. A. R.

MADAM: In the April number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, the official organ of the Society, page 402, you can read, "It was moved and carried that Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, be made a charter member of the National Society." Charters have a limit as to time and number, according to the Constitution, and the term charter member is an expression of the fact that membership existed prior to the limit. A fact, a truth cannot be created at will, neither can a "motion" make a "charter member," as the limit of the charter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution had expired. If it is unconstitutional, the "Board," which is supposed to be the custodian of the laws of the organization, ought to rescind the act, or the matter be referred to the next Congress. If one Daughter can be made a "charter member" by a "motion," there is no reason why every Daughter, past and future, should not be a "charter member;" hence a title without reason or truth.

Respectfully referred and information solicited, by

MARY CAMFIELD WYSONG.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 17, 1894.

MRS. MARY CAMFIELD WYSONG.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your letter to the President General was presented to the Board, and I was instructed to answer it. It is true, as you so well express it, that "charter member is an expression of a fact, a truth," and it was in recognition of this fact that Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan was given a charter number. Mrs. Morgan stated that she had filled out the application papers, complied with all conditions, and placed the

papers in the hands of the State Regent in September, 1891. The State Regent neglected to file them until after October 11, 1891. When that statement was made to the Board it was unanimously decided to give Mrs. Morgan a charter number that was vacant. She was not made a charter member "by a motion." The motion was simply a recognition by the Board of a fact which, in their minds, already existed. Neither Mrs. Morgan nor any member of the Board would willingly violate any rule of the Society, and if the members of the Society are dissatisfied with their action the matter can be brought before the Congress of 1895.

I was also instructed by the Board to express to you their appreciation of your able letter. I wish to add my personal gratification that it shows the interest taken by the members and a determination to allow no infringement of the laws of the Society.

Very respectfully, MARY DESHA,
Corresponding Secretary General.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

What is a charter member?

A charter member in the Daughters of the American Revolution is a member whose papers were filed between October 11, 1890, and October 11, 1891. There are eighteen hundred and eighteen charter members, and their lineage will be published in the first Lineage Book.

What is understood by being a member of the National Society?

Every one whose papers are accepted by the National Board of Management is a member of the National Society. Members living in one locality, for pleasure or profit, may form themselves into Chapters, but that in no way interferes with their membership in the National Society.

How can a member be transferred from one Chapter to another?

By resigning from a Chapter or asking for a transfer card, making a copy of her application papers, applying for membership in the other Chapter, filing her papers with its registrar

and notifying the Treasurer General of the change, that her account with the Chapters may be correct. Copies of papers should be made so that the records of the Chapters may not be destroyed.

The transfer card should read as follows :

This is to Certify, That M..... ....
is a member in good and regular standing in.....
Chapter, City of.....State of..... She
desires to be transferred to.....Chapter.....
City of.....State of..... .....

..... *Regent.*
....*Treasurer.*
.....*Registrar.*

The Regent signs it as a matter of etiquette, the Treasurer to show that the dues are all right, and the Registrar that the eligibility is unquestioned.

Members wishing their questions answered through the Magazine should address their letters, "Notes and Queries," AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Corresponding Secretary General will take great pleasure in answering any question pertaining to the Society.

BOOK NOTICES.

"In ye Goode Olde Colony Dayes," by Alvin Probasco Nipgin, is a dainty little volume containing nine choice poems with characteristic illustrations. This attractive book is the production of a young author, an undergraduate of Yale. The unique illustrations are by well-known Yale artists. It is issued under the direct patronage of the New Haven Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is most flatteringly dedicated to the descendants of God's true noblemen, the Daughters of the American Revolution. We trust our godchild will be liberally taken into our homes and cared for.—ED.

One of the most highly appreciated publications on our exchange list is "Public Opinion." If you want to know the thought of the world on American or foreign affairs, on finance and commerce, on science or religion, on education, art, or literature read, "Public Opinion."

REMOVAL.

The headquarters of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be found at 902 F street, southwest corner, rooms 52 to 54, fourth floor.

The Society has at last been successful in securing quarters in a fire-proof building, much to the relief of all interested in the valuable documents now in the Secretary's possession.

ETHAN ALLEN.

"I COMMAND YOU IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS TO SURRENDER."

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. V. WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1894. NO. 4.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

[An address before the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, June, 1894.]

TO KEEP ever alive the sacred flame of patriotism, to revive the memories of the brave men and heroic women of the Revolutionary period, to foster among us a warmer devotion to our common country—these I understand to be the objects of this Association. It is for this reason that I respond with unwonted pleasure to the invitation with which you honor me, to speak of the first important battle of the Revolution. The Battle of Bunker Hill is a great epoch in the history of liberty, a landmark in the progress of mankind toward self-government. In the impressive words of Shakespeare, it is

> "A theme of honor and renown,
> A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

The loud echoes of the musketry of the 17th of June, 1775, startled the whole continent, and reverberated even to the distant shores of Britain. The flames that went up from the homes of blazing Charlestown lighted the way to a union of all the Colonies in the great struggle for independence. The sturdy and obstinate resistance of the raw recruits from the farms and shops of New England to the drilled and disciplined regulars of the British Army took out of the Tories the conceit which they had nourished, that the Yankees were cowards who would run at the first fire. It did more: It inspired the Americans with a spirit and a hope stronger than had been felt before. It demonstrated that even with far inferior numbers, inferior equipments and ammunition, inferior generalship, and inferior experience, they could cope with the flower of the British Army.

Thus it came to pass that though forced at length to retreat from their hastily improvised intrenchments, leaving the enemy in possession, their physical defeat was in effect a moral victory. Before leaving their rude breastworks, constructed in a single night, they had inflicted upon the British a loss in killed and wounded greater by two or three times than they themselves sustained. Without military experience, without unity of plan or movement, without any leader in full command, without food or drink during most of the day, without a single cannon that could be used, and in the last hour of the struggle without ammunition for their muskets, they held their ground with a constancy and a fortitude which extorted even the admiration of their enemy. No wonder that all America felt an electric thrill of pride, while British journals printed laudations of the bravery of the rebels. No wonder that the foremost of British statesmen declared that a few more such victories as Bunker Hill would cost them the dominion of the Colonies.

In studying the military history of the event which we commemorate, there is no lack of authorities. Besides the strictly official reports of the generals in command on both sides, we have what may be styled original materials in the form of many narratives or letters of eyewitnesses. Then there are numerous second-hand accounts from the pens of more or less industrious and painstaking collectors of facts. In all, there are between forty and fifty different publications giving some account of the Bunker Hill Battle, besides the almost countless sketches of the event in American and British histories and biographies. Unfortunately the discrepancies and contradictions met with by the careful student of history are numerous. While this is no novel experience to those addicted to such investigations, the stickler for the truth of history is often baffled by running up against absolutely opposite and irreconcilable statements upon some action or detail of the battle. While the authorities mainly agree in the great salient facts of the struggle and its result, as to many minor points they are hopelessly divided. Perhaps the most notable point in controversy is—what General was in actual command of the American forces engaged in that battle? While the great majority of writers concur in giving this post of leader to Colonel William Prescott, some have zeal-

ously insisted that General Putnam was in command, others that General Joseph Warren shared that honor, and others still that all the officers present were under command of General Artemas Ward, although he was not on the ground at all, but in camp at the American headquarters at Cambridge. Under stress of the conflicting evidence, an unsophisticated inquirer might perhaps be pardoned for concluding that no one was really in command at Bunker Hill—a conclusion somewhat supported by the undoubted facts of the very independent and undisciplined actions of many of the private soldiers concerned in the fight. Here is what so good a contemporary authority as John Adams wrote upon this subject, in a letter to George Brinley, of Hartford, in 1818:

"Massachusetts had her army, Connecticut her army, New Hampshire her army, and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge and imprisoned the British Army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united, or, rather, congregated, army, and who its commander-in-chief? *It had none.*"

While Colonel Prescott unquestionably commanded the troops of Massachusetts during the action, General Putnam was in actual command of the Connecticut soldiers, and Colonel Stark of those from New Hampshire. The two latter, however, appear to have been but little engaged until late in the eventful day, while the Massachusetts men, under Colonel Prescott, were nearly all under fire from first to last.

Another fruitful subject of controversy has been the conduct of General Israel Putnam during the battle. While all are agreed that he accompanied the army of intrenchment to Bunker Hill on the night of the 16th of June, it is strenuously denied by some authorities, and as strenuously asserted by others, that he took part in the fighting on the 17th. He is declared to have been bent upon fortifying another hill than the one defended by Prescott and his men, and to have actually drawn off his troops, with intrenching tools, for Bunker Hill, to the sound of the enemy's cannon. On the other hand, his bravery and daring are lauded as unimpeachable during the whole of this critical day's struggle.

We may fairly be excused from the ungrateful task of balancing the one-sided statements of the partisans to this controversy.

which has filled so many tracts and volumes with unseemly strife and unnecessary rancor. Suffice it for us to know that with all his faults, which were neither few nor small, General Israel Putnam was honored by Washington, on the close of the war, with a letter warmly commending him for the distinguished aid he had contributed toward the freedom of his country, "in whose service," he wrote, "you have exhausted your bodily strength and expended the vigor of a youthful constitution."

A further source of embarrassment to the inquirer, solicitous only for facts, is found in the wide discrepancy in the evidence as to the numbers engaged and the killed and wounded on both sides. Colonel Prescott and Peter Thacher gave the number of troops under command of the former as about 1,000; William Tudor and the Provincial Congress state that there were 1,200; Isaac Lothrop gives them as only 700; Captain Hide carries the number up to 1,500, while "a gentleman in Providence" and another in Weathersfield, writing soon after the battle, both mention 2,000 as about the number engaged on the American side.

Equal confusion attends the arithmetic of the British forces. The Provincial Congress sets them at 3,000 to 4,000; William Tudor and General Burgoyne at 2,000; Peter Thacher and Captain Hide, 3,000; the Massachusetts Spy, 2,000 to 3,000, and Isaac Lothrop and "a gentleman in Providence" carry the roll of the British troops engaged up to 5,000 men.

Less wide discrepancies are found in the accounts of the military losses. General Folsom and the unknown "gentleman of Providence" set the loss of the Provincials down at 200 men; William Tudor at 280, and the official statement of the Provincial Congress states it at 449, viz, killed, 115; wounded, 304, and missing (taken prisoners), 30.

On the British side, Tudor and Lothrop say that 1,400 were killed and wounded; Peter Thacher and the Provincial Congress, 1,500; the Providence Gazette carried the number up to 1,700, the extremest statement, while General Gage's official report admits a loss of 897, of whom no less than 191 were killed and 706 wounded, which was afterwards increased to a total loss of 1,022, as reported by Gage himself.*

* Hist. Mag., June, 1868, p. 398.

The unpracticed reader, under these bewildering and mutually contradictory figures, is forced to the inevitable, if unwelcome, conclusion that history is not an exact science; and the more he reads of military history, the more bewildered he is liable to become, until he will perhaps conclude, finding that most historians do little except to repeat one another's errors, that all history is a series of romances, mingled more or less with facts.

Still another difficulty remains which has perplexed many readers, involving the actual locality of the battlefield. While Bunker (then called Bunker's) Hill was ordered to be fortified, it was not done, but the height nearer to Boston, and known as Breed's Hill, was taken for the defensive works, as better suited for the military exigency. Thus the fact that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought on Bunker Hill at all, but on a quite different field, and that the present monument stands not upon Bunker Hill, but upon Breed's, remains among the many paradoxes of history.

It was such contradictions as these among the writers upon the subject that drew from Charles Hudson his ingenious pamphlet of historic "Doubts Concerning the Battle of Bunker's Hill," published in 1857, in which he affects to show, through the conflicting testimony as to the officers in command, the troops engaged, the mistaken locality, and the discrepancies as to losses on both sides, that no such battle was ever fought.

We may, however, by assiduous sifting of the numerous accounts of the battle and what went before, gather together a sufficient number of well-authenticated facts to give a clear idea of what actually happened on that memorable Saturday, one hundred and nineteen years ago. After Lexington and Concord, just two months earlier, had shown the Colonists of New England that they were to be subdued by force of arms, if British power and British bayonets could do it, they had gradually gathered an army of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men in the vicinity of Boston. The British, occupying that city, had Charlestown directly under their guns, and patrolled the harbor and the rivers which hemmed it in by their well-armed war-vessels. The town of Charlestown contained from two to three thousand people, which were then reduced, since

the daily threatened destruction of their homes, to only about three hundred, the most of the citizens having fled to places of greater safety, scattered about the country. The Provincial Army was mostly encamped at Cambridge, three miles distant from Charlestown and six miles (overland) from Boston. Some ten thousand of them were of Massachusetts, under General Ward; about two hundred from Connecticut, commanded by General Israel Putnam, at Roxbury and Dorchester; twelve hundred from New Hampshire, led by Colonel Stark, encamped at Medford, and a single regiment from Rhode Island, with whom was General Nathaniel Greene. He, as well as Stark and Putnam, afterwards rose to distinction in the military history of the Colonies.

The troops they commanded were made up mostly of country yeomen, hastily gathered into companies, undisciplined, almost unorganized, and ignorant of the art of war. They were all volunteers, summoned only by post-riders on horseback or alarm bells on meeting-houses, to face a common danger and a common enemy. They wore no uniforms, but were clad in home-spun shirts and summer frocks or jackets. Their arms were their old home fowling-pieces and muskets, such as had been used for a generation or more upon wild squirrels, wolves, and woodchucks; and if they knew nothing else, they did know how to shoot. Their enlistment, such as it was, was pretty much during convenience. All their officers, from the lowest sergeant up to General Washington, found to their cost that the provincial soldier was a singularly independent body. He might stay, as some of them said, "for a spell, to see what was up in camp," or he might depart at any hour without leave or notice, to look after his haying, or to provide for his family. "The American troops," wrote William Tudor, "were little better than an armed mob." The army in camp, before the day of Bunker Hill, had no commissary, no military supplies, no roll-call, no hospital, and hardly any tents. The towns from whence the men came were expected to supply them with subsistence. When the twelve hundred were sent out at night to fortify and to hold Bunker Hill, they were furnished with rations for only a single day, while the British regulars, dispatched on the spur of the

moment to dislodge them, carried three days full rations in their haversacks.

The motley companies of the patriot army included literally all sorts and conditions of men. The Minutemen of Danvers elected a deacon of the church as their captain, and the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, the pastor, as his lieutenant. There were farmers and merchants, blacksmiths and millwrights, lawyers and physicians, carpenters and masons, wood-cutters and fishermen, gentlemen and day-laborers, among the ranks of the Provincials. Their camps were so arranged, surrounding the city of Boston on every side except the sea, that they presented the strange spectacle of Americans beleaguering their own chief city, which held over ten thousand British troops, and less than eighteen thousand other inhabitants. For weeks after the Concord fight the patriotic citizens of Boston had been gradually thinning out, multitudes removing to the country, under an arrangement by which General Gage permitted all to withdraw who would leave their arms behind, and pledge themselves not to aid "the rebels" in hostilities against the British. Boston was, of course, full of Tories, and the feeling of bitterness between them and those who espoused the cause of Colonial liberty was getting to be at white heat. Families were broken up, and relatives and friends were estranged.

Such were the circumstances and the surroundings when the decisive movement which led to the battle we commemorate was determined upon. It was ordered in pursuance of a vote in the "Committee of Safety," on June 15, that the heights of Charlestown and Dorchester should be at once taken possession of. Generals Artemas Ward and Joseph Warren (who had just been appointed a major-general) were doubtful about the expediency of taking up positions which must be defended against the whole British Army, reinforced by at least twenty-five armed vessels in the harbor. General Gage had strongly fortified Boston; and his batteries on Copp's Hill commanded Bunker Hill at easy raking distance. But the more daring counsel prevailed, reinforced by the impetuous but not always prudent Putnam, and General Ward issued the order to Colonel William Prescott to prepare secretly during Friday, the 16th, to take with him wagons with intrenching tools, and to march at nightfall, under

cover of darkness, to Bunker Hill, to fortify it and hold it against the enemy. The detachment was drawn up in front of the clergyman's house occupied by General Ward as head-quarters, and just as it was ready to march, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Langdon, President of Harvard College. Those were men who feared God as well as trusted in Him, and who believed in praying as well as in fighting. The march to Charlestown began at nine o'clock, and not until they encountered the wagons with intrenching tools, on Charlestown Neck, did the troops know the destination or the object of this most secret expedition. Still less did the British know it, for all their sentinels and patrolling vessels appear to have slumbered in peaceful security all that night, until the solid earthworks of the rebels on Bunker Hill greeted their astonished vision at daylight on Saturday morning.

The intrenching party was kept waiting after arriving on the peninsula of Charlestown by uncertainty as to which of the heights was actually to be fortified. The order designated Bunker's Hill, which was an eminence one hundred and ten feet high, while Breed's Hill, nearly half a mile south of it, though only sixty-two feet in height, was much nearer to Boston, and commanded the British lines and defenses. It was also the spot which the enemy would have occupied, to the great danger of the Provincial Army on the farther summit, if the Americans failed to possess and fortify it. The Congress of Massachusetts, in their account of the battle, said that Breed's Hill was occupied and fortified by a mistake. Yet it seems clear enough from the topography of the region that Colonel Prescott chose the one spot for his redoubt which was best fitted both for aggressive and defensive warfare, having in view the position of the enemy. Much of the confusion that has prevailed about the two summits arises from the fact that the heights of Charlestown were vaguely termed Bunker's Hill, the name of Breed's Hill not having been commonly used until a later period.

The hesitancy about which hill should be fortified was at last compromised, on the urgent warning of Colonel Gridley, the engineer in charge of the work, that no time remained if it was to be completed by morning. So General Putnam (who was the stoutest advocate in favor of Bunker Hill against Pres-

cott and others, who were in favor of Breed's) yielded so far as to give the priority to the latter, with a reservation that Bunker's Hill was to be fortified as soon after as possible.

The spades and pickaxes were now vigorously plied, for midnight had come. Colonel Gridley marked out a redoubt one hundred and thirty feet square, with a breastwork about four hundred feet long, running from the top of the hill toward the Mystic River. Four hours the strong arms of the patriot band toiled on under the bright starlight, until the early dawn began to streak the eastern heavens with red. There is in that midnight march, and that daring challenge of an improvised fort in the very face of the enemy, something very touching, something also sublime. That handful of ill-furnished, poorly armed sappers and miners, silently toiling all night to build up a fortress from which to beard the British lion in his den, liable to be enfiladed at any moment by the enemy's batteries pouring their deadly shot upon the works, and subject to instant attack from ten thousand veterans skilled in the art of war—it was indeed an audacious, a heroic enterprise. It is certain that they worked under pressure of fearful anxiety, not less than of settled and grim determination. The celerity with which the American works were improvised was a complete surprise to the slow European soldiers.

The moment that the morning light revealed the industrious rebels, and the intrenchments that had sprung up like magic in a night to the height of seven feet, the British cannon opened upon them from several points at once. The floating batteries in Charles River and the man-of-war "Lively," which lay nearest, poured out volleys of shot and shell, while the Copp's Hill battery in Boston, only twelve hundred yards distant, joined its fire to theirs.

The brilliant day came on apace, full of the tranquil beauty of a New England summer—the earth all adorned with freshest green, smiling under the sunlight, and all unconscious of the fearful tragedy of blood on which that day's sun was to set.

As the morning advanced, the day grew intensely hot. The weary soldiers were without water, and many without food. Still, the larger share of them kept on working in the trenches, not heeding the showers of balls, which had already killed one

soldier who ventured outside the works. Colonel Prescott was urged to send to Cambridge for another detachment, to relieve his exhausted men and to hold the fort. He was resolute against this, declaring that those who had built the works were best able to defend them, and deserved the honor, which he ventured to predict, of a sure victory. The courage of the commander inspired fresh spirit in the men. It is related that General Gage, reconnoitering through a glass on Copp's Hill, saw Colonel Prescott, and asked of Counsellor Willard, at his side, "Who is that officer commanding?" Willard, who recognized in him his own brother-in-law, named Colonel Prescott. "Will he fight?" asked Gage. "To the last drop of his blood," replied Willard; "but I cannot answer for his men." Prescott could answer for his men, and nobly did they redeem the confidence of their commander.

By nine o'clock the movements of the British troops toward an attack of the Bunker Hill works in front were plainly visible from the redoubt. Colonel Prescott saw that a heavy force was about being prepared to attack and carry his position. Swallowing his pride, he now sent a courier to General Ward for reinforcements, and Colonels Stark and Reed, with the New Hampshire troops, were ordered from Medford to the point of danger. They were hastily equipped, each man with a gill of powder and fifteen balls. The lead organ pipes of the church in Cambridge were beaten into slugs to suit the caliber of the muskets used.

Prescott's men worked on until noon, when they saw the glittering ranks of several thousand British soldiers, landed from twenty-eight barges, and moving up the hill to attack them in front. While they were yet forming their lines, the Connecticut men, under the brave Captain Knowlton, constructed another line of defense for the Americans by using a rail fence which ran in the rear of the redoubt some seven hundred feet toward the Mystic River. The ingenious Yankees pulled up another fence hard by, and set it in a double line with the other, filling the space between with sticks, stones, and fresh-mown hay, which lay on the Charlestown meadows. This made an improvised rampart, which, however rude and slight, served well its purpose of a screen, from behind which the soldiers could discharge their muskets at the enemy.

Just before the fight began, General Warren, who was President of the Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety, arrived on the field with his musket. Putnam and others tried to dissuade him from exposing his life, but he demanded to know where the enemy's attack was likely to be the fiercest. Putnam pointed to the redoubt, where Prescott and his men stood intrenched, and Warren, being recognized by that officer as his superior, said that he had come as a volunteer, and would serve under Colonel Prescott's orders.

The fateful moment of the first attack was near. The Provincials stood intent, their firelocks ready cocked, eagerly watching the advancing enemy. Their officers ordered them to withhold their fire until the British were within one hundred and fifty feet, and, when they could see the whites of their eyes, to aim directly at their waistbands. Some of the men, chafing at this restraint, discharged their muskets, but Prescott sternly threatened death to any who should repeat it, and told them he would give the word of command at the proper time. A few moments of breathless suspense, and the word "Fire!" rang out loud and clear. The hundreds of guns were discharged at the same moment, with sure and deadly aim; the front ranks of the assailants were mowed down by hundreds. The Provincials reloaded their weapons, and poured another volley into the reforming ranks, which broke under this galling fire, until General Pigot, their commander, gave the word for retreat. The Provincial soldiers, well protected by their works, lost but a few men from this first onset of the British.

Meanwhile General Howe had made another attack, at a different point, upon a part of the rebel army posted behind the rail fence. Here General Putnam and Captain Ford met the British advance with the six pieces of artillery brought from Cambridge, and the deadly musketry which their men knew so well how to wield. Heaps of the fallen soon strewed the ground, and Howe's detachment was compelled to retreat in its turn, some of the flying rushing for their boats to escape the "Yankee devils," whom they had before despised.

On the American side there were some instances of cowardice and desertion, inevitable in any army; but the great majority were as true as steel. They had indeed a spirit and a cause

which gave them a great advantage over the mercenary troops who opposed them. They were fighting for their homes, and for the principle of self-government—two things dearer to them than life. They felt that they had a country worth living for, and a country worth dying for.

But now General Pigot's command, reinforced by four hundred fresh soldiers from Boston, prepared to renew the assault upon the redoubt. At the same time, General Howe had sent an order over to Copp's Hill to Burgoyne and Clinton to fire Charlestown, if possible. This was quickly done by shells, and over two hundred dwellings were soon in a blaze, adding a new horror to the scene of carnage.

The British lines again advanced, marching steadily up the hill, their officers stung with their first defeat. The Provincials again had orders not to fire till the enemy were within eight rods, when they poured in a deadly discharge of musketry, which was even more fatal in its effects than the first, since the Americans had learned just how to aim and to fire. For a few moments only, the British stood the tremendous fiery ordeal, then, with men and officers fallen in heaps, though General Howe made frantic efforts to rally them, and some of his brave soldiers even made ramparts of their dead comrades, behind which to renew their fire, they broke in wild retreat, amid the shouts of victory from the American lines.

Once more the assault was renewed, this time with a reinforcement under Clinton, who had witnessed the two successive repulses of his countrymen from Copp's Hill with rage and mortification. The regulars came on this time divested of their heavy knapsacks, which in the terribly sultry day were so much dead weight upon their efficiency, and they were ordered to stand fire on the first attack, and then to rush in immediately with the bayonet, charging the rebels in their works. One of Prescott's men had incautiously cried out that their ammunition was almost spent, and this rumor was spread among the British. The little band of exhausted but devoted patriots remaining, barely one hundred and fifty, as avouched by Colonel Prescott himself, rallied around their brave leader, received from his own hands the few rounds of powder left, and when that was spent they clubbed their muskets against the foes (having no

bayonets), and with stones and butt ends of guns kept up an unequal hand-to-hand conflict against the bayonets, slowly and reluctantly retreating from the bulwark of a night, so heroically defended, as the British soldiers poured into the redoubt, until the remnant of the brave garrison, their faces still mostly toward the foe, reached the American lines to the north of Bunker Hill. General Warren was one of the last to leave the lost redoubt, when a musket-ball struck him in the head, and proved instantly fatal. Fame and a grateful country took care of his illustrious memory.

The other body of Provincials under Putnam, after fighting long at the rail fence, were overpowered by numbers and hostile artillery, and in spite of General Putnam's mingled prayers and curses (for he swore terribly under adequate provocation) they straggled back, each his own leader, toward Cambridge. The British might have pursued, and perhaps even taken the ill-protected camp at headquarters, but they were so badly cut up and demoralized that no pursuit was made.

Prescott, his clothes all pierced and torn, hastened to report to General Ward, bitterly and justly complaining of the failure of reinforcements, and begging for only three regiments to retake the blood-stained field of Bunker Hill. Prudence, however, prevailed over valor, and nothing was done except to occupy and fortify Prospect Hill, a height distant a mile from the battle-field, until General Washington arrived, two weeks later, to take command of the American Army.

The battle lasted something more than two hours, and was over at five o'clock. All night and all the next day (Sunday) the transports were engaged in carrying the wounded and the dying over to Boston. The hospitals were all crowded to overflowing, and new ones improvised from public buildings and private houses. All Boston was in mourning. How officers high in the British Army viewed it may be seen from the report of their chief commander, General Gage: "The rebels," said he, "are not the despicable rabble too many suppose them to be;" and he speaks also of their "military spirit," and "uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm." Another British officer wrote: "They [the Americans] behaved with the most unexampled bravery. The victory has cost us very dear, nor

do I see that we enjoy one solid benefit in return. We have, indeed, learned one melancholy truth, that the Americans are fully as good soldiers as ours." General Nathaniel Greene, ten days after the battle, wrote: "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," the grim irony of which well depicts the feeling uppermost in the minds of the Americans. And General Burgoyne wrote:

"And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived: If we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left, the enemy, pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land; and in the arm of the sea, our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze—the church steeples, being timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us, the church steeples, and heights of our own camp, covered with spectators of the rest of our Army which was engaged; the hills round the country covered with spectators; the enemy all in anxious suspense; the roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubts, with the objects above described, to fill the eye; and the reflection that, perhaps, a defeat was a final loss of the British Empire in America, to fill the mind; made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to."

Finally, what was the military and what the moral effect of the battle, and what its lessons? High British military authority has pronounced the contest at Bunker Hill "one of the most sanguinary battles on record." Its effect in England was immediate and long-continued. It enlightened, if it did not revolutionize, the public opinion of Englishmen regarding the true character of the Americans. The falsehoods and slanders of the royal governors, who had represented them as cowards, under the lead of a few noisy demagogues, were conclusively disproved. General Gage's report of the battle was received by the ministry with dismay. The people received the news with feelings of sympathy or of resentment, according to their opinions of the justice of the struggle. Burke and Pownall and Chatham, and other powerful friends of America who had denounced the rashness of the ministry in undertaking the conquest of the patriots, were fully vindicated. There was a shower of remonstrances, petitions, and public assemblies, which gave vent to the popular

censure of the Government and the war. The enlistment of fresh levies to replenish the decimated ranks at Boston was slow and difficult. Free-born Englishmen did not relish the business of cutting down in battle their own fellow-subjects, or of being themselves made food for powder. High bounties had to be paid, and Hessian and other mercenaries to be hired. The battle and the discussions and agitations that resulted added to the already large number of the avowed or secret friends of America, and thus inured greatly to the advantage of the Colonies. On the Continent, the news of Bunker Hill traveled fast, and filled the world with its fame.

At home, the effects of the fight at Bunker Hill, both in a military and a moral sense, were yet more conspicuous. While some have declined to view it as either the most critical or the most important action of the eight years' war that followed, all must admit that, viewed in its results, it was chief in the calendar of the battles of the Revolution. This initial conflict, so bravely and admirably fought, against every military disadvantage, powerfully influenced the public opinion of the whole continent in favor of the Patriot cause. It did more: it drew the line, at once and decisively, between the friends and the foes of that cause; it put an end to lukewarmness and half-hearted patriotism, to trifling and to whiffling; it unmasked the Tories, and sent them into the British camp, where they belonged; it enabled the Colonists to say, as they armed for fresh struggles, "He that is not for us is against us."

Another thing that it did was to stop the current of petitions and prayers which had so long been poured into the deaf ears of the British ministry. Britain had now flung the sword into the scale, and the American patriots frankly accepted the challenge. Though independence was not formally declared until a year later, the minds of men were everywhere getting prepared for independence. It was felt that it was a very different thing to assert independence of a country full of brethren, and under the sway of mild and equal laws, and a country which was sending thousands of invading troops to enforce the most odious and tyrannical laws, to lay waste their homes, to burn their towns, and to murder their people.

Again, the brave and almost successful defense at Bunker

Hill had an immense moral effect upon the Colonists, who had before them a long and exhausting war. As the story ran from mouth to mouth, or was read in the broad-sides of the newspapers, it worked like a tonic in the blood, to nerve every patriot heart in the land to new determination and to fresh devotion. In this view it is not possible to exaggerate the importance of that day's action. The keynote of the Revolution had been struck in that simple, that sublime, appeal sent to England just before, with the pathetic news of Lexington and Concord:

"Appealing to Heaven for the justice of our cause, we determine to die or be free!"

So is it ever with all those, in every age, who nobly do and dare for the great cause of human liberty. Theirs are the laurels of immortality. They who, like the patriots at Bunker Hill, have sacrificed life to honor; they who have devoted all that they have, and all that they are, on the altar of their country's freedom; they who have conspired or died in the noble warfare against tyranny, will win the gratitude of mankind and the guerdon of immortal fame.

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die,
Is where he dies for man."

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD.

THE MEMORY OF JOHN ADAMS.

[Congressman Everett pays it a tribute of praise.]

REPRESENTATIVE EVERETT, of Massachusetts, delivered a brief but eloquent address before the Martha Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their celebration of the 17th of June, at Marshall Hall, Maryland, opposite Mount Vernon. Dr. Everett's remarks were heartily applauded and warmly complimented. He said:

"I thank you deeply for the honor of being selected to address you on this venerable spot and on this doubly sacred day. I cannot claim Bunker Hill Monument itself, for, though it casts its shadow over the dwellings in my district, the actual shaft

rises just over the boundary; but the redoubted Charlestown Neck, the site of the fence where Knowlton's heroes held the wing of the British at bay while Prescott was withstanding their onset at the breastworks; the village street whereby Putnam hurried his scanty supplies of ammunition to the rescue and the gallant Warren ascended to his doom—this hallowed soil of Charlestown is in the district I call mine, as it was my father's before me.

"Old as is the story of the Bunker Hill battle and hackneyed as its incidents may seem, they do not exhaust all the glories of the 17th of June, 1775. When the council of war was sitting in Cambridge, under the very shadow of Harvard College, on the night of the 16th, in the house where our charming poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was born, and which I had myself the privilege of occupying as a residence for many years, an equally solemn council was sitting in Philadelphia, deliberating on the choice of a commander for the Provincial forces just mustered at Cambridge. To choose a captain was not easy. The North was feeling the brunt of the war, and her troops were the first in the field; but as the news of the first bloodshed had gone

FLASHING FROM BOSTON TO SAVANNAH

it had kindled the fire of patriotism in every Colony, and, leaping the Alleghanies, had baptized the first settlement on Kentucky's dark and bloody ground with the name of Lexington. The South had made the cause of the North her own. She was sending regiments to the field in defense of our joint and inseperable rights; and, as has happened since, the shrewd sons of New England saw that if they wanted anything practical done for the whole nation it would be very good policy to offer the leadership to a Southern man.

"Happily the Southern man was not far to seek. There was but one; his courage, his energy, his foresight, his self-control had been household words in the whole country for twenty years. His future greatness had been prophesied by the president of Princeton College, as well as by the savage of the frontier, and Massachusetts told Virginia that to keep the Colonies one in war, as they were by nature one in peace, she would cheerfully place her troops under a commander from

the Old Dominion. When John Adams, on the 15th of June, gave his controlling voice in the Continental Congress that the chief command of the Armies of Liberty should be given to George Washington, the Father of his Country appeared on the 16th before the Congress, and, with his unfailing modesty, excused himself as unequal to the tremendous task. But the Congress well knew what they were about, and on the 17th of June, at the very hour when their brethren were contending on Bunker Hill, they formally pledged him their undivided and unflinching support. The formal motion for his appointment was made by Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, but the proposal, it was well known, came from John Adams.

"From the home where I live in the ancient town of Quincy I see swelling to the sky a woodland hill, and it rises above the lowly farmhouse

WHERE JOHN ADAMS LEFT HIS WIFE

on his departure for the Continental Congress. On the 17th of June, 1775, Abigail Adams led her eight-year-old boy to the top of the hill, which I see almost peering into my southern windows, and bade him look northward, where volumes of smoke were rising over another hill, ten miles distant. She told the boy that that smoke came from the burning dwellings of Charlestown, fired by Sir William Howe in his attack on Prescott's redoubt on Bunker Hill, and she made her son understand what was the cause in which those dwellings were the sacrifice. The lesson entered into the boy's blood; it made over his whole being. When his time came he maintained his country's independence as tenaciously as his father had done before him, and the 17th of June, 1775, received its full commensurate fruit when, on the 4th of July, 1826, that boy, as President of the United States, witnessed the deaths of the twin founders of independence—his father, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson.

"Daughters of the American Revolution, maids and matrons of the Potomac, these are the memories of the 17th of June. You have done well to revive the recollections of that and its kindred days; you have done well to teach them to your sons, your husbands, and your brothers. Oh, see to it, Daughters of the American Revolution, that you not only revive the tale of

THE OLD HINGHAM CHURCH, HINGHAM, MASS.

the past, the lives and exploits of our fathers, but that you inspire those you love with their principles and their spirit, that those in whose hands are the destinies of our beloved Nation shall prove by lofty words and noble deeds that they are indeed worthy to be successors of Putnam, of Prescott, of Adams, and of Washington."

HINGHAM IN THE REVOLUTION.

[Delivered at the gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Hingham, July 4, 1894.]

ONLY under the magical influence of some master of research who combines a statesmanlike judgment of the importance and proportion of events with an artistic and poetical power of depiction can we become actors in that about which we eagerly read, feel the glow of participation in occurrences which have become grand with the lapse of time, understand with the understanding of experience the motives and movements of some mighty historical epoch, breathe its spirit, throb with its passions, hope with its hopes, and at the same time live in and be a part of its rich product.

To comprehend alike the causes, the development, the present position, the apparent or real tendency of a people's growth, of a religious or political departure; to rightly weigh a military conquest, a diplomatic triumph; to bring together two periods of time and view with one intelligent eye that which was and that which is, and then to tell the story of it all in words that instruct while they charm, and stimulate aspiration while enkindling the imagination—all this is to grasp a historical period and so color and shade the descriptive canvas that while accurately picturing the past there shall be suggested the light of a new departure in humanity's progress.

Such was the work of that broad mind and recreator of the past, Francis Parkman, who, while crowding his pages with glowing narrative, kept his heart full with belief in the present and hope for the future. With him we have learned to know the Iroquois, the Huron, the Mohawk; have mingled in their

savage orgies, sat at their council fires, triumphed in their bloody victories.

The privilege of conspiring with Pontiac; of threading the dark forests and floating in the Great Lakes of the North with the Jesuit fathers, imbibing their devotion and glorying in their sacrifices; of seeking with the fur-trader the haunts of the otter and the beaver; of idling with the French gallants at Versailles and becoming confidants of the intrigues of the court of Louis XV—all this has been as a living panorama passing before our eyes. We have seen, too, the iron hand of Pitt bringing order out of chaos, and a British army once more strike with energy and with purpose.

The brave defense, the pitiable massacre at Fort William Henry, the brilliant spectacle of the English army on Lake George, the gayeties and treacheries of the little court at Montreal, where during the long winter the old nobility of France danced and sung and flirted, while the fir balsam and the pine surrounded them and stretched somberly away into illimitable distance. The tragedy of Acadia, the splendid victory of Montcalm at Ticonderoga—we have been at them all.

With Wolfe we have floated on the St. Lawrence and listened while he repeated to his officers, the night before his death, Gray's majestic elegy, then just written; and with him have climbed the Heights of Abraham, seen his flush of triumph, caught his dying words. With crushed hearts, and far from his home in sunny France and the wife and mother he so loved and hoped soon to rejoin, we have laid Montcalm to rest in the Convent of the Ursulines. Following the lilies of France and the cross of St. George, the splendid pageant set in the magnificent framework of the beauties of a continent passes before us; the tragedy and the triumph are here and now. Nay, more, as the brilliant colors commence to fade, there come to us, under the same guidance, comprehension of motives, understanding of purposes, influence of ambitions. We perceive something of the destiny of peoples; the meaning of the great struggle becomes apparent; the combat of races, yes, of civilizations, which once appeared but a strife for territory, bears fruit in the birth of a new nation. France and England in the New World have finished one mighty act, taught one great lesson.

With unequaled grace Parkman has thus written the prelude to the American Revolution. Its matchless story is yet to be told, and one of the objects of the Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution is, while stimulating an enlightened public opinion and devotion to the duties of American citizenship, to gather and preserve the apparently unimportant, as well as the obviously valuable, threads of historical incident, which, added to the accumulated resources, may in the hands of some future genius be welded and woven into a beautiful and powerful memorial of that wonderful milestone in Liberty's progress.

To us who live in this beautiful old town of the Pilgrims and the Puritans there comes the satisfaction and pride of being descendants of participators in not only that conflict from which the United Colonies emerged a nation, but of those who faithfully served and bravely died in the preliminary struggles, as well as of them who later never suffered her to falter in the cause of humanity or the sacrifice for country.

You need not be reminded that Jotham Gay and Joseph Blake led your ancestors in Nova Scotia; that near half your Hingham company, under Major Samuel Thaxter, was slaughtered at Fort William Henry, or that your townsmen followed the King's standard from the St. Lawrence to the Mohawk. You recall, and not without a tinge of satisfaction, that when the war whoop rang out from the galiery of the Old South on the afternoon of December 16, 1773, four Hingham men were there to respond to the summons; and our blood stirs the quicker that Amos Lincoln, Jared Joy, Abraham Tower, and Samuel Sprague were among those who dared to forcibly resist the tyrannical edict of Parliament and King. And so we find it in all those stirring and exciting years and months preceding the opening days of that contest which changed the face of the world and which we are here to commemorate.

Wherever aid, sympathy, counsel, preparation, and remonstrance could be of value were found the voices and the hands of the people of Hingham. Her citizens sat in the Provincial Congress, served on committees of safety, gathered military supplies, and prepared for war.

Picture to yourselves for a moment the town as it must have

appeared one hundred and twenty years ago. Its deep-rutted grassy lanes, with the wild rose on either hand and the violet blooming along the footpath; the cosy cottages shingled and weather-stained, with generous barns adjoining, and little gardens where old-fashioned hollyhocks and thyme seem ever blooming. Here and there, too, are stately dwellings, where paneled doors bear landscapes painted upon them, and grand staircases and wide-tiled fireplaces and tapestries give an air of grandeur. There, too, is the old meetinghouse on the hill, already venerable with its ninety-odd years, while the church at Glad Tidings Plain is stained and brown with the New England winters and summers. There are mills—sawmills, several of them; cornmills at the Cove, at Cushing's Pond and elsewhere; fulling-mills at Fulling Mill Pond and at Crooked Meadow River. Cooper shops abound near the shipping, and the farms look thrifty in the forward spring. See the bright blue harbor lined by wharves and shipyards, with stores filled with West India goods and barrels of mackerel. See the cod drying on the flakes, and smell, if the wind is right, the odor of the fish. More than all, see the white sails of near a hundred brigs and ships from almost every quarter of the globe, riding at anchor or coming into port.

It was a busy place, this little town of two thousand or more people, with many and prosperous forms of industry; ships were built here, all along the water front; cloth was woven; logs sawed; boxes and pails and buckets, thousands of them, turned out; great flax fields were cultivated; sheep were raised; rum and molasses and knickknacks imported; fish cured.

The beautiful street through which you have just driven to this charming spot was a lane barred at another lane leading to Crow Point, and then continuing on nearly to these grounds.

Many fine old houses then standing are now gone; more we still have, some altered in appearance, others nearly as then. General Lincoln's home is much as when he left its peace and comfort to lead the militia of New England to the victory at Saratoga.

The Anchor Tavern, on the site of which Mr. William O. Lincoln's house now is, and which was famous in its day, was pointed out a few years since as the temporary abode of the

Marquis de Lafayette when on a tour of inspection of the fortifications along the South Shore; the Pine Tree Tavern on the same street, a little farther west, has gone also; but another near Ship street (then Fish street), and known as the Nye Tavern, is interesting as the place where were quartered officers of the British army—prisoners of war. The old garrison house, still standing on North street, near Cottage, was even then one hundred and thirty years old.

At the foot of Fish street was the shipyard of Captain Francis Barker, and at the mill pond two cornmills sang merrily as they ground the yellow grain.

The splendid elm in front of Captain Peter Cushing's house at Rocky Nook was even then a noted tree. An inscription tells us that it was transplanted in 1729, nearly fifty years before. We know, too, that a company of soldiers marching for duty here rested and listened to a farewell sermon by Reverend John Brown, himself a veteran of the French and Indian wars.

At Broad Bridge the town brook came babbling along from the meadows above, and here broadened into a pond, where cattle and horses paused to drink its sweet waters.

The village graveyard crept down the hill which happy children now climb in going to Derby Academy, and at its foot nestled then, and nestles still, the cozy cottage of Elisha Cushing, now the Hollis House, while where the road runs in these later days some of Acadia's lost and exiled children were then sleeping their long sleep. On the crest of the hill and southeast of the Academy the old fort, erected an hundred years before against King Philip, kept watchful eye over the harbor and the town. It is there now, too, and within its grassy ramparts quietly rest many of Hingham's first settlers—the hardy toilers who felled her forests, tilled her soil, fished in her waters; the brave men who defended her homes and followed her colors in the swamps and morasses of Rhode Island, to the frowning ramparts of Louisburg, on the placid waters of Lake George, in the frozen woods of Canada.

It was a lovely town, this of ours, in that time, with the loveliness of the days of a century and a quarter ago, when the roads were rougher and the buildings less finished, but when also the forests were more extensive and the streams purer. It was a

martial town, too, as it had been from the days of the war with the Pequots; and so when on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, straining ears caught the sharp click, click of the hurrying horse's hoofs through the streets, and the rider's cry, "To arms! to arms!" the drums commenced to roll and rattle, and the fifes, to awaken the sleeping patriots, and in the morning there marched out four companies of Hingham men, commanded by veterans, with the crimson colors of the King floating over them, but with the spirit of the Commonwealth, the stern determination to secure self-government, stirring in their hearts. One of those beautiful banners, at least a part of one, never again to be marched under or fought under by an American, I hold in my hand. It was carried by Lieutenant and Ensign Nathan Lincoln, my own great-grandfather, in whose right, in part, I am here to-day, as in the right of the brave service of those others most of you are here.

We need not follow these men in the details of their service then, or of the hundreds who with them in the succeeding days and months and years never faltered in the hour of need. It is enough that when that shot whose reverberating echoes are still heard wherever Liberty is menaced went ringing out at Concord Bridge and sounding the tocsin to freemen, our fathers were already on their way; that Joseph Thaxter, preaching as a candidate for the ministry at Westford, seized his pistols and dashing to the scene of battle on horseback, there received the fire of the British and gave to Hingham the honor of participation in the first conflict of the Revolution; that a month later, almost to a day, from the shores of the beautiful Huit's Cove, but a step from where we are gathered, these same men and their countrymen from Scituate and Quincy and Weymouth beat off a British force foraging on Grape Island, and thus brought to the old town the proud distinction of being one of the battle-grounds of the Revolution; that in the trenches at Dorchester, the disasters in Canada, the bitter cold and starvation of Valley Forge, the victories of Trenton and Princeton, the expeditions to Rhode Island, the glorious triumph at Stillwater, the defense of the Hudson, the protection of the coast at Hull, the garrisoning of our own post at Broad Cove, the retreat through the morasses of Georgia, the long march through Virginia, and the

crowning success at Yorktown, Hingham men filled the ranks and fought the fight. We cannot forget that hot, windy, dust-filled, disastrous day in September, 1777, when at Brandywine young Joseph Andrews, only twenty years of age, and in command of a battery manned by Hingham men, persisted, though already wounded, in fighting his gun with such bravery, and until a cannon shot ended his manly life, that forty years afterwards Lafayette recalled it to one of our townsmen. From Lexington to Yorktown there was no shadow of turning. All through these long eight years, in camp, march, battle, and siege, your and my townsmen and ancestors formed part of that noble body that knew the faces of the enemy, waited patiently that they might see the whites of the eyes before firing, stood like the rocks of New England in the hour of danger, and when others fled, panic-stricken, gave hope and confidence to Washington and heard his grateful "God bless the Massachusetts line."

Do not your hearts throb and thrill with it all? Mine does, and I thank God that my fortune has been to be descended from one—yes, from four—who were participators in the immortal days when Washington led and brave men followed. More, that this grand old town, filled with its traditions and memories and history, is my town, as you are, also, that it is yours. Hingham, the home, the first American home of such families as the Lincolns, than which no other has rendered equal service to the country in peace and war; the Otises, the Fearings and Cushings and Herseys and Burrs and Towers and Barnes, the Spragues and Wilders and Whitons, the Thaxters and Shutes, the Gays and the Wares. The community which knew no religious persecution in the days even of the greatest intolerance, and where a more liberal and kindly spirit and a broader Christianity almost may be said to have received its birth at the hands of Dr. Gay.

The native place of such artists as the Gays—Allan and Walter, who are adding fame to American achievement every year in the city of France; the birthplace of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet; the mother of soldiers like Samuel Thaxter and Benjamin Lincoln; the seat of culture, almost, in this Commonwealth, for many years in the early part of the century,

when there came even from the West Indies scholars to attend her then newly founded Academy; the sturdy old town where the New England town government still exists in all its purity and vigor, in whose bosom rests the great civic general of the Revolution, Benjamin Lincoln, and the great champion of freedom during even a mightier struggle, John A. Andrew.

Salem, Deerfield, Concord, Lexington, Plymouth, Hingham! What a heritage have the children of any of them! What traditions to keep alive, reputations to preserve unsullied!

The smoke and the tumult of battle have long since rolled away. We have come to know the American Revolution better in another way in these last few years—more broadly, more justly; to comprehend its causes and its meaning as never before: to understand that it was not an end, but only a beginning; to see that not resistance to taxation, but a faith in self-government and a determination to enjoy self-government was its cornerstone; to know that in the progress of mankind it is the great milestone of the later centuries; to feel that when humanity had almost ceased to move forward it was the propelling force that opened the gates of promise to the future.

Daughters of the American Revolution, daughters, most of you, of the men of Hingham, we all—the thoughtful, sober-minded, conservative lovers of American institutions—have a growing duty to perform in these days when anarchy and socialism and nationalism come with their new promises and their dark menaces. Not only are such societies as yours to preserve the traditions of the past, to encourage the study of history, to commemorate its great names and events which have made it luminous, but with open hearts to welcome that which the experience of time shall develop as wiser and better than that which has gone; to stamp upon indifference to public affairs as treason for which there can be no forgiveness or tolerance; to insist at all times upon a pure, upright, loyal, active American citizenship; to make brave, manly men of your sons; sweet, pure, womanly women of your daughters, and to stand for liberty under God at all times, in all places, whether in adversity or in prosperity, in peace or in war.

WALTER L. BOUVE.

THE MONTH OF MAY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

[The following paper was read at a recent meeting of Mary Silliman Chapter.]

WHEN it was first suggested that I write up the historic events of May it seemed to me that, carrying it through the eight years of the Revolution, I must find a large mass of material at command; but it is astonishing to observe how perversely great events seem to have avoided this particular month. For instance, the opening battles of the Revolution, Lexington and Bunker Hill, around which cluster so many interesting incidents, fall the one just before May 1, the other shortly after May 31.

Throughout the whole period of the war critical actions seem to have taken place somewhat later in the year; but some minor affairs are connected with May, and the first of these, the capture of Ticonderoga, is especially interesting to us because it was planned by members of the Connecticut Assembly and executed under the leadership of a man who, though cherished as one of the heroes of Vermont, was yet of Connecticut birth—Ethan Allen.

For three weeks before the fight occurred at Lexington vague hints and rumors were flying about in regard to the seizure of Fort Ticonderoga. Not only would the ammunition stored there be of great assistance to the Colonists, but its position was such that it held the key to the entrance of Canada. The idea did not take definite shape, however, until eight days after "the embattled farmers" fired "the shot heard round the world." Then several members of the Colonial Assembly at Hartford planned the affair as a private enterprise, but they afterwards obtained a grant of money from the Colony to assist them.

Only sixteen men started from Connecticut, but they were joined as they went through Massachusetts by forty or fifty more, and upon reaching Bennington found Colonel Allen, who had been apprised of the expedition, waiting for them with a company of his Green Mountain boys. At this juncture Colonel Benedict Arnold appeared with a commission from the Massachusetts authorities, who were unaware of the Connecticut move-

ment, to organize an expedition for the capture of the fort. As the Vermonters flatly refused to serve under any one but their own leader, Colonel Arnold finally solved the difficulty by joining their company as a volunteer.

May 10, 1775, very early in the morning, Colonel Allen, with eighty-five men, not daring to await the arrival of the rest, who were to be brought over in small boats, crept up to the fort and woke the garrison with cheers. So complete was the surprise that scarcely any resistance was made, and a few moments later Allen stood before the commandant's door demanding his surrender. The captain, who had arisen hastily on hearing the noise, appeared at the door half dressed, his pretty young wife peering over his shoulder, and upon recognizing Allen, with whom he had some acquaintance, inquired by whose authority he made that demand. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," was the reply. Some one has remarked that the British captain probably had as much respect for the last as Allen himself had for the first-mentioned authority; but however that may be, the words have become inseparably associated with Allen's memory, and two summers ago when I visited his grave in the old burying ground near Burlington, I found them inscribed on his monument.

Thus easily did the Colonists gain possession of a post which it had cost Great Britain £8,000,000 to fortify, and two days later Crown Point was also taken. The prisoners, I believe, were most of them sent to Hartford, and Connecticut assumed charge of the two forts. In the glow of victory Allen desired to push on into Canada, and if he had been permitted to do so, possibly the disastrous failure of the Americans before Quebec the next year might have been averted.

On the same day that Fort Ticonderoga was taken the Second Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia, but nothing of importance resulted from its meetings during this month. Its expressions of opinion and its advice to the Colonists were on the whole rather timid and hesitating, though it showed a commendable spirit of firmness in upholding Massachusetts in her resistance to British oppression.

During this whole month Boston was in a state of great excitement. The British held it under military rule, and the

patriots shut them in so closely it was difficult to get food into the city. There was a struggle between the parties for the possession of the islands in the harbor, many of which were well stocked with cattle and hay, being the homes of prosperous farmers.

In these little skirmishes the Americans were usually successful, and in one affair near Noddle's Island they quite covered themselves with glory. This happened on Saturday, May 27. A party of Americans set out to secure the cattle from Hog and Noddle's Islands, which are near Chelsea. The British, perceiving their movements, sent against them a sloop, a schooner, and some small boats filled with marines from a man-of-war. The Americans were driven from Noddle's Island, but not till they had burned a house and barn and secured most of the stock. On their retreat they stopped on Hog Island, drove off more cattle, and landed on Chelsea Neck, where, receiving reinforcements under General Putnam, they began to fire at the enemy. This was kept up until the schooner had to be abandoned, and it subsequently ran aground and was plundered and burned by the Americans. The next day firing was renewed, and the sloop so disabled that it had to be towed off. As a result of this affair the patriots not only gained a large amount of cattle, but a considerable sum of money and several pieces of cannon. Even so slight a success as this was quite encouraging and gained a great deal of praise for General Putnam and his men.

A few days previous to this engagement the three British commanders, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, arrived in the port of Boston, and in their arrogant English way they pooh-ed at the idea of the British army being shut up in Boston, remarking that they would soon "make elbow-room." This expression was repeated and passed into a byword, and it is related that after Burgoyne's surrender, when he was brought to Boston and a great crowd had gathered to see him, an old woman who occupied a post of advantage in an upper window called out to the men in the street, "Give the General elbow-room," to Burgoyne's great chagrin.

During this month also the fathers of the State of Kentucky held their first council, and began their task of founding a great State in the wilderness.

In May, 1776, the American Army, which had been besieging Quebec during the winter and had suffered terribly from lack of food and clothing and also from the ravages of smallpox, gave up all hope of accomplishing its object, and began to retreat.

May 2, 1777, General Wooster died in Danbury. You remember that after the burning of Danbury, on April 27, Wooster pursued Tryon, and in a skirmish near Ridgefield received the wound which caused his death in a few days.

During the remaining years of the war May furnishes us no very striking occurrences. In the irregular guerrilla warfare carried on in the South during this period, it is difficult to single out any one important action, excepting perhaps the capture of Charleston by the British in 1778. After a siege of several months, during which the Americans, in spite of the wretched condition of their forts and defenses, held out obstinately and refused several times to ratify terms of surrender proposed to them, the garrison finally capitulated, receiving terms which would have been favorable if adhered to faithfully, but which were soon ignored by the English on the ground that British supremacy had been re-established in South Carolina.

There are two other matters of which I should like to speak, namely, the Mischianza and the founding of the Society of the Cincinnati. Although they are not, strictly speaking, events of the war, yet they are so closely connected with it that I may perhaps be pardoned for referring to them. Mischianza is an Italian word meaning medley, and was the name given to a celebration which took place in Philadelphia on May 18, 1778. The entertainment was given by the officers of the British army in honor of their commander, Sir William Howe, and his brother, the admiral, on the occasion of the former's departure for England. The leading spirit in this unique affair was Major André, who was then only a captain. He designed the elaborate tickets of admission and superintended the decorations, and he seems to have felt very proud of his success, for in a letter to a friend he describes the entertainment as being the most magnificent ever given by an army to its commander.

The celebration lasted all day and all night, too, and was divided into three distinct parts. First, there was a regatta on

the Delaware River, in which gaily decorated barges and flat-boats took part, the guests of honor, with large parties of ladies and gentlemen, being conveyed in these beautiful galleys. They filed down the river to the music of military bands and landed at the foot of the lawn belonging to the old Wharton mansion. The lawn was filled with troops, between whose ranks the guests passed until they reached two triumphal arches, buttressed with pavilions. Here were tiers of seats from which they witnessed a tournament, given with all the splendor of the old days of chivalry. At the close of the tourney the guests entered the mansion to take part in a grand ball and banquet. During the evening a fine display of fireworks was given from one of the triumphal arches, after which followed the banquet, then dancing was resumed and went on till daylight. By that time we can imagine the revelers must have been thoroughly exhausted. The Wharton house was lavishly decorated for the occasion, the supper-room alone being lined, it is said, with eighty-five mirrors all draped with bright silks and garlanded with artificial flowers. It is no wonder that this scene of folly and extravagance aroused much unfavorable comment, when we consider the privation and want then existing throughout the country; but it drew to a fitting close a season of such frivolity and license as to justify Franklin's biting jest that the British had not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia had taken the British.

And now in speaking of our last topic, the Society of the Cincinnati, we are brought to the very close of the Revolution. This society was founded May 10, 1783, by the officers of the Continental Army, which was then in camp at Newburg. The cause of it lay in the uncertainty that prevailed in regard to the fate of the men who were expecting to be disbanded soon and to return to civil life. Their future looked very dark. During the weary years of the war they had spent their fortunes as well as their strength in fighting for liberty. Many of them had been obliged to run deeply into debt to maintain themselves and their families; their pay was in arrears; the people showed the proverbial ingratitude of republics toward those who had sacrificed so much for their country; the workhouse or the jail seemed their only resource. The state of feeling may be dis-

covered from Washington's letters to Congress in regard to the matter of paying the soldiers. He says in one letter that if his requests are not complied with he shall then learn what ingratitude is.

In view of these facts it is no wonder that the officers of the Army should band themselves together in some way, so that when they should disperse to their homes they might still have some common interest, and bring their united influence to bear upon any matter that seemed to require it, and that they might aid and comfort each other in every way possible. Accordingly a meeting was held at Baron Steuben's headquarters, May 10, at which the society was formed, and having, as it is expressed in their constitution, "high veneration for the character of the illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus," they thought they might "with propriety denominate themselves the Society of the Cincinnati." It was further agreed that their eldest male descendants, or even collateral branches that were judged worthy, should be eligible to the society. The meetings of the State societies were to be held annually on July 4, but the general society meetings were to be triennial.

Bitter opposition was raised against the society by civilians, who believed that the members were trying to establish a kind of aristocracy in the new republic, and as a matter of expediency Washington himself finally advised its dissolution; but the State branches refused to accept the recommendation of the general society to this effect, so that some of them remain even to the present day. The Connecticut branch, I am sorry to say, dissolved in 1804, for some unexplained reason. I understand that the New York and Pennsylvania societies are now most flourishing.

Of the many brave and famous Frenchmen who were members of the original society it is said that few survived the French Revolution, and as far as I could learn no traces of the organization can now be found in France.

BESSIE BISHOP HANOVER.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

COULD we find heroines in these days
  By marching our broad State through?
Could we walk in the old, heroic ways
  As grandmother used to do?

Could we hand the musket to son and spouse,
  And bid them be leal and true,
Then take up their labor of spades and plows,
  As grandmother used to do?

When, paid by the British to work us harm,
  Came howling the Indian crew,
Could we, ourselves, the old kings arm,
  As grandmother used to do?

When the heartless troops of the Red Coats came
  To burn homes that were dear and new,
Could we, still undaunted, behold the flame,
  As grandmother used to do?

Would we cut into soldiers' clothes our cloaks
  When our handsome things were few,
And go humbly to church, dressed like poorer folks,
  As grandmother used to do?

When we look at her picture, within its frame,
  That a once famous artist drew,
We think we could do some things the same
  As grandmother used to do.

We think that, perchance, if we powdered our hair,
  And had therein pearls to strew,
We would look in the mirror almost as fair
  As grandmother used to do.

And then if the generals came to dine,
  In their uniforms buff and blue,
We would meet them—elegant, straight, and fine—
  As grandmother used to do.

We think at a ball or reception grand,
  While many stood round to view,
We could dance, when the general gave his hand,
  As grandmother used to do.

But when from such visions and dreams we wake,
These little words still pursue,
"Would we give all for liberty's sake,
As grandmother used to do?"

Yes, surely there are 'midst the daughters here
The many—not one, nor two—
Who would give up all that they hold most dear,
As grandmother used to do.

Who, besides holding her beauty and charm,
Would weave, and would spin and brew,
And give their sons, and work the farm,
As grandmother used to do.

In the century past the tender flower
Of womanhood grew and grew,
Till we think deeper, and more to the hour
Than grandmother used to do:

Yet in these days, when mother, and wife,
And daughter each holds a "view,"
It will bless us to think of the deeds of life
That grandmother used to do?

MRS. HOWARD J. CURTIS.

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

[The following paper was read at a meeting of the Mary Silliman Chapter, at which the State Regent, Mrs. Keim, was present.]

ON OCTOBER 17, 1777, the Royal British Army, for the first time in the history of the struggle for independence, under the command of the proud-spirited Burgoyne, after a long and disastrous campaign, laid down its arms in submission to the American General Gates. A more fitting time could not have been chosen for unfurling to the breeze for the first time in a formal and conspicuous way the new standard of the young Republic, the "Stars and Stripes"—the white flag of the infant navy, and the red flag of the army in alternate parts palewise, and in a canton in dexterchief, azure, a new constellation, a cluster of stars representing the Union of the thirteen Colonies. Four months before, June 14, 1777, this flag had been adopted

by Congress, Washington himself submitting the design to a Mrs. Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, who with one slight correction followed the original drawing in the making of it. During the following winter at Valley Forge it no doubt sustained and cheered the suffering patriots; it waved victoriously at Yorktown, at the evacuation of New York (though the British left the royal ensign nailed to its staff on the Battery, with the halyards removed, and pole well greased), and it shared in all the glories of the last days of the Revolution.

For some time previous to the Revolution, and even after the Declaration of Independence, a variety of flags was displayed in the revolted Colonies. The Connecticut troops bore as their standard the arms of Connecticut, with the motto "Qui transtulit sustinet." General Putnam used the same legend on one side of his flag, with the words "An appeal to Heaven" on the other side. The rattlesnake with the motto "Don't tread on me" and the "green pine tree" are both familiar to all of us.

At Fort Moultrie we hear of the "white crescent in a blue field" that Sergeant Jasper, leaping the parapet, fixed firmly upon the bastion, amid a shower of bullets, in plain sight of the whole British fleet, and of that other flag, "richly embroidered," presented to the regiment by the wife of Colonel Elliot, and which the same brave Jasper gave his life to save. The battle-flag of Colonel William Washington, that waved at Cowpens and Eutaw Springs, was a square of crimson brocade cut from the back of a drawing-room chair by his fiancée, mounted on a hickory pole, and never Fleming followed the "Black Lion of Flanders" or Protestant Frenchmen the "white plume" on the "helmet of Navarre" with greater devotion or loftier enthusiasm. In the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore, carefully preserved in a glass case, is the banner made by the Moravian sisters, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, of crimson silk, and presented by them to Count Pulaski, and carried through many a martial scene until he fell, at Savannah, in 1779. The flag carried by the "Washington Life Guards," a body of picked men, selected from all the Colonies, and often in battle, is in the museum at Alexandria, Virginia, and bears the legend, "Conquer or die." To tell how our Starry Banner has grown

in power is to tell the long and thrilling story of victories gained as step by step the feeble thirteen Colonies have grown into a great nation—a growth unequaled by that of any of the other nations of christendom.

On May 1, 1794, by the act of Congress, two stars were added for Vermont and Kentucky, and the number of stripes was increased to fifteen. No further alteration was made until 1818, when it was resolved to retain the thirteen stripes in memory of the original thirteen colonies, and make the number of stars represent the Union, a new star to be added on the 4th of July next succeeding the admission of any new State, and down to the present time it has continued thus established.

Though we cannot claim great antiquity for our flag, it is older than the present flag of Spain, or Germany, or China, or Japan, or the French tricolor, and twenty-four years older than the present flag of Great Britain. To the brave Scotchman, John Paul Jones, was given the honor of first displaying the new ensign upon a man-of-war, the "Ranger," and later, September 23, 1779, when the "Bon Homme Richard," "the gallant craft cut entirely to pieces between decks, from the mainmast to the stern, with the rudder gone, with five feet of water in the hold and her rigging on fire in several places," fought the "Serapis," it was the captain of the "Serapis" that struck the flag of England to the flag of the United States, giving to it in all foreign waters a reputation never since lost.

In 1805, at Derne, in Tripoli, our first flag was planted upon a fortress of the Old World. Eight years later, America and England met in single naval combat, afterwards in squadron combat, every ship striking its colors to the Stars and Stripes. When, as the result of the annexation of Texas, the United States invaded Mexico, with what pride was followed the Nation's ensign as it floated triumphantly from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, then over the almost impregnable castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and with what breathless expectation the country waited during the fifty days the Army was hid from view, and with what wild joy they hailed the glorious banner when it was flung to the breeze over the halls of the Montezumas, where three hundred years before the colors of Spain had been planted.

Years after, many of these brave men who had fought side by side on the splendid heights of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec were engaged in fratricidal conflict. Sometimes the "Stars and Stripes" went down before the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy. With heroic sacrifice she fought for her opinions and was defeated. Forever furled her banners lie! Time has closed the breach, and now on anniversary days on battlefield and on burying ground the Blue and the Gray mingle in brotherly harmony, pledged to the support of one government, loyal to one flag.

Only a piece of bunting! Yet how the romance of conflict and the strength and glory of the people concentrate about it. We can easily understand how eagerly Francis Scott Key watched in the "dawn's early light" for the "broad stripe" and "bright stars" from his confinement on the British ship.

> And when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
> In foreign harbors shall behold
> That flag unrolled,
> 'Twill be as a friendly hand
> Stretched out from his native land,
> Filling his heart with memories
> Sweet and endless.

And may it evermore be a "fair vision" to the sight, from the eastern coast to the sunny western slopes, from the icefields of Alaska to the orange groves of the South, on mountain top and boundless prairie, on fortress and schoolhouse, representing all that is heroic in courage, princely in liberality, magnanimous in victory, and grand in compassionate, tender humanity, guarding the rights of all classes, the pride and glory of every American citizen.

MARTHA EDWARDS BEACH.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

October stands—mouth Midas-fingered—
  Where the forests skyward lift,
And each idly wandering zephyr
  Laden comes with golden drift.
Myriad hues of blended blossoms
  Banner bright the woodland ways
Where King's Mountain frowns imperial,
  Diademed with purple haze.

* * * * * *

Backward, backward cast thy vision
  Through the cycle's rolling mist.
Lo, the same scene, scarlet tinted
  Where the early frosts have kissed.
But beneath the placid beauty
  Drowsy with its droning life,
Stirring patriot blood to fury
  Heaved a tidal wave of strife.

For the tyrant British leader
  Sent his minions through the land,
And their desolating passage
  Wide they marked with blade and brand;
Till the hardy mountain heroes
  To repel the vaunting foe
Gathered in the deep-set valleys
  Where the Western Waters flow.

Gathered, as the storm clouds muster
  Ere the outburst of the blast,
And their threats, like muttered thunder,
  On the wind went speeding past.
Every cliff gave back its echo,
  Every cave and rocky steep
Thrilled with cries of right and freedom,
  Startled from their mystic sleep.

Arms and war's supplies were scanty,
  But each dim-lit mountain cave
Frosted with its crystal splendor,
  Garnered store of niter gave;
And the powder's needed charcoal
  Calm-eyed women, undismayed,
Burned upon their lowly hearth stones
  Where the thoughtless children played.

And the red glow every evening
Filled the humble homes with light,
Touched a maiden dreaming shyly
Of her lover's last goodnight;
Crowned with gold the silver tresses
Of a dame whose youth was dim;
Wrapt in warmth a frail young mother
Singing sweet her cradle hymn.

All these scenes the flashing firelight
Caught within its tender glow,
And the embers gave no token
They were death-fraught for the foe.
For the foe who on King's Mountain
Pitched their white tents in the light,
Deeming not the hated "rebels"
Dared assail that dizzy height.

Little knew they all the valor
That assaulting band would show;
Men who fight for home and honor
Strike with God to guide the blow.
And no man among them wavered,
Eye nor visage told dismay
As their thin line girt the mountain
On that wan October day.

On the crest the British leader,
Like a wolf trapped in his lair,
Struck out blindly, but each movement
Closer drew the fatal snare.
Vain—in vain his soldiers rallied
To redeem and save the day,
For the mountaineers' keen rifles
Picked them off like birds of prey.

Then as moved by one grand impulse,
One intent and purpose high,
Forward surged that line of heroes
With a glad, exultant cry;
For a voice struck through the sunlight,
Through the deafening roar of war
With its call of "Up," and "Onward!"
Though no man the speaker saw.

'Twas the voice that startled Israel
By the Red Sea's sounding shore,
And that Tell heard in its glory
On the Alpine heights of yore,

At whose call above Platæa
All of Sparta held its breath,
And whose echoes bleeding Poland
Caught amid the throes of death.

Now above King's lofty Mountain
Once again that cry floats free,
And the charging patriots know it—
Know the voice of Liberty!
And responsive to its summons
Up they spring from crag to crag,
Up—to where the British banner
Flutters like a crimson rag.

Up and on—no thought of danger,
(How the ringing rifles flash!)
All of England had not stayed them
In that headlong, upward dash!
Ferguson, the British leader,
Gave his life to stem the tide,
And his horse without a rider
Plunges down the mountain side.

Then from o'er the topmost bowlder
Sinks the red-crossed flag from sight,
And another, white and drooping,
Wavers in the fading light,
Sadly, dumbly asking quarter
For the furious fight is done,
And the patriots stand as victors
In the last light of the sun.

* * * * * *

Once again the placid autumn
Crowns the peak with purple haze,
Once again the soft-hued blossoms
Banner bright the woodland ways.
Years have left no scar of battle,
But at times I seem to see
Those bold heroes on King's Mountain
Turn a nation's destiny!

SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

Memphis, Tennessee.

FRONTIER LIFE DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From the beginning to the end of the war the Tories sought in every way possible to harass the Patriots by encouraging the Indians to kill or make captive the inhabitants of the straggling settlements on the frontier. From Port Jervis to the Water Gap the better dwelling-houses were stockaded and known as "forts." The people in this region lived in constant terror, for although they were supposed to be under military protection they had few officers and a mere handful of drilled men. Many heroic deeds were enacted in these wilds by men and women who served their country with true patriotic hearts, though they now fill unknown graves. Those who were nearer the cities or were so fortunate as to be with the main army have received their full portion of honor. On Analomink Creek, three miles from the Delaware Water Gap, in Pennsylvania, there stood, in 1770, a large stone mansion owned and occupied by Jacob Stroud. Early in the war he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel, and at his own expense he stockaded his dwelling and named it Fort Penn. Thus, not only his services but the best of his worldly possessions were given to his bleeding country. Colonel Stroud owned many acres of land surrounding the house, which it was his intention to eventually convert into a town. This he successfully accomplished in 1795, giving it the name of Stroudsburg. It is now the county seat of Monroe. Colonel Jacob Stroud was well qualified for the position he occupied. When scarcely of age he had served in the French and Indian wars. He was with Monroe at Fort William Henry, and was one of the few who by dexterous dodging and swiftness in running escaped from the savages at the surrender of the fort—a butchery which Montcalm cruelly and treacherously sanctioned. He followed Wolfe when he scaled the heights at Quebec and landed on the Plains of Abraham. He was, in fact, one of the three who carried Wolfe from the field, gave him his last drink, and told him of the fight of the French.

Jacob Stroud never hesitated for one moment as to which

cause he should espouse. That he had the confidence of his township is evident, for he was elected, only four days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a delegate to the convention which formed the first constitution of Pennsylvania. After the war he was sent by Northampton County as a representative to the House, where he served for three years. This was before Great Britain acknowledged our freedom, which was not until September 3, 1783. In his legislative career, as in everything which he undertook, he showed much exemplary punctuality and diligence.

On July 3, 1778, occurred the frightful massacre at Wyoming. This has formed the theme of poet and painter, but how few of us at the present day fully realize all the subsequent horrors of that dire event. A large number of those who escaped the scalping-knife fled for protection to Fort Penn and its immediate vicinity. These fugitives made a mad, wild rush over sixty miles, through wood and stream, fearing naught but the war-whoop, which seemed to their frightened ears ever about to resound. Bands of women and children, with but here and there a man, traversed the marshy plateau of the Pocomo Mountain, through well-nigh impenetrable undergrowth. Children were born and died, as they struggled through the dark, murky water, which was filled with loathsome creeping things. This fearful swamp is still known as the "Shades of Death." Some irretrievably lost their way; others were unable to bear the fatigue and hunger, and so perished. The larger number, however, fed upon the whortleberries which a merciful Providence had caused to abound that year, and were kept alive until they reached shelter. Words fail to convey an idea of what a sixty-mile march under such circumstances meant. These poor creatures were generously and comfortably cared for by the inmates of Fort Penn. They were also kindly helped on their way, as the following passport shows:

Permit the bearer, Sergeant William Searle, with twelve women and children in company with him, to pass unmolested to some part of the State of Connecticut where they may be able, by their industry, to obtain an honest living, they being part of the unhappy people driven off from Wyoming by the Tories and Indians, and are truly stript and distressed, and their circumstances call for the charity of all Christian people, and are especially recommended by me to all persons in authority,

civil and military, and to all Continental officers and commissaries, to issue provisions and other necessaries for their relief on the road.

Given under my hand, at Fort Penn, July 14, 1778.

JACOB STROUD, *Colonel.*

We may be sure that Elizabeth (Macdowel) Stroud, loved and trusted wife of Colonel Jacob, did her full share in succoring the distressed. Her husband often asserted that the greatest mistake of his life was in not marrying sooner. He had full confidence in the wisdom of her opinion, and averred that he always consulted her in every new undertaking. Her tombstone states that "she was one of the best and most exemplary of women." There is not a shadow of doubt but that she was as staunch a Whig as her husband, since he consulted her and followed her advice. To live in barracks and oversee the provender for a company of soldiers, who were not provided with regular army rations, was no slight service to her country.

Letters were written by Colonel Stroud and are on file asking aid of the Council not only for ammunition, of which they were sadly in need, but for help to obtain actual necessities. Salt brought from eight to twenty dollars per bushel, and sometimes could not be obtained at any price. A kind of fern was often used when in great need, but it was a poor substitute. A letter from Colonel Stroud to Colonel Matlock, bearing date October 16, 1779, says:

I must beg of you, if it is in your power, to assist me in getting twenty-seven and a half bushels of salt that I engaged and paid Abel James for last April. * * * being alarmed by the Indians, I would not send for it and looked on it as safer than it would be here, for every day we may be driven off. We are so far away, we do not stand any chance of getting salt, * * * and as for sending flour down, we cannot do it, as the Army has taken all our grain.

The cattle were driven to the cities and they had little or no meat. Tallow was equally scarce, and they were forced to use the stems and twigs of the candleberry bush in its place. When they were boiled a peculiar grease came to the surface, which was skimmed off, and thus little by little enough was procured to be dipped and molded. These candles were of a delicate green color and gave a pale though clear light. A letter of Colonel Stroud to the President of the Council gives further account of their distress:

FORT PENN, *October* 23, 1778

DEAR SIR: The Indians and Tories have gone to Coshickton with their plunder and expect to get reinforcement and be down immediately on us. The greater part of these Tories are persons who have their wives and families in the settlement, with whom they are in correspondence. Wyoming can be of no service to us as a frontier. The small party at Wyoming are barely able to keep that fort. The Indians that we fear will come down the Delaware River with canoes to the mouth of the Mahaughkamack Creek, which is just above our settlement, or they may come a little lower. I know of nothing to prevent. I assure you there are but very few people left above Michael Yensalis' mill, which is twelve miles from my house. Between me and the great swamp there is no settlement, but bare woods. Indians are not like other enemies that we can live with and about. Where they have their camp they destroy all. The Indians came near the time of the oath of that woman, the account of which we sent by Esquire Van Campen, and had it not been for the high waters they would have done more mischief, for there was nothing to hinder them. It was two days after they were gone before the militia could be collected. So I must leave the matter with you and the Council, hoping that you will do, at this distressing time, something for us and give us relief. We have our eyes on you, for we have no other place to apply.

I am, sir, your very humble servant,

JACOB STROUD.

The next year, July 19, 1779, John Van Campen wrote President Reed as follows:

I was the spectator of great distress of many families left bare and destitute of all necessaries of life, who lived formerly in the midst of plenty. Colonel Jacob Stroud acts the part of a brave officer with a few of the neighbors who scout in the woods with him.

Colonel Jacob Stroud was the son of Bernard and Keziah (Harker) Stroud. He was born at Amwell, New Jersey, January 15, 1735. He was decidedly social, very easy in manner, and quick at repartee. At one of the early elections he was accosted with, "Don't you think, Colonel, that one man is as good as another?" "Yes," was the ready response, "and a great deal better." He owned several slaves who lived in his family after freedom and were always loyal to "Ole Massa." With all he required prompt obedience and punctuality. It is related that he once noticed a door which had been carelessly left standing open; he inquired who had been there last, and upon being told the name of the man, with the additional information

that said person was working in a field a mile distant, he replied, "Send him to me at once." When the transgressor appeared with the question, "Did you want me, Colonel?" he was silenced by, "Yes; close that door." The rebuke was understood, and no further comment needed. All orders were given in few words, but they were imperative.

He much disliked intoxicating liquors and always abstained from them. His health was good, and he would probably have lived to a great age had not a chaise in which he was riding accidentally overturned, thereby throwing him with such violence against the stump of a tree as to cause a serious injury to the liver. A settled jaundice followed, which produced his death on the 14th of July, 1806, at the age of seventy-one and a half years. He is buried at Stroudsburg, in the burial ground he presented to the town.

SUSAN STROUD ROBESON.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW LONDON.

The historic feeling is so strongly developed in New London that there will be sure to be a deep interest in the commemoration of the 250th birthday of this town, May 6, 1896. Not every place can attain so ripe an age, and although of the feminine gender, there is a genuine pride in New London in seeing the years roll over her head, each bringing more honor and more of hope; and there have been few cities having more glorious records than has been the history of this Connecticut town, whence heroes and statesmen have gone forth to win renown, which has had a part in all that is of prominence in Connecticut doing, which has contributed to the literature of the land some of its best expressions. In two years more there will be a grand display by the entire city. To-day the Daughters of the American Revolution, many of whom have the blood of the first settlers in their veins, have undertaken to prepare the way for the grand and general commemoration of two and one-half centuries, which will be held in May, 1896. As usual, and as it may be ever, it is the ladies first.

Again and again the part which Winthrop played in the founding of New London has been reverted to in every allusion to the place; but it can be related often, for it is evidence of the far-sightedness and wonderful business sense he possessed. John Winthrop, the younger, was the son of the leader of the second Puritan emigration, the most talented man of his age, a member of an ancient Suffolk family, which sent him to the University of Dublin, which he left to join the army of the celebrated Buckingham before Rochelle. In the train of this nobleman he had opportunity to gain the courtly address which made him such a favorite with Charles II. Winthrop left his patron before the assassination whereby Fenton removed one of

the most brilliant and dissolute men of the time. The young Winthrop gravitated toward his father's way, and in 1631 came to America, but returned to England after the death of his first wife and married Elizabeth Read, the stepdaughter of Hugh Peters, the Puritan divine who tried to make Charles I. listen to his prayers the night before the unfortunate king's execution. Thoroughly imbued with the sentiments of the Puritans by this time, Winthrop entered the service of Say and Sele and Lord Brooke, and by them was commissioned to begin the Say-Brook settlement. Not satisfied with the limits set in his instructions, he followed along the coast until he came to Pequett Harboure. It needed not a second glance to convince his far-reaching intellect of its magnificent possibilities. He had already settled on Fysher's Island for a baronial estate, but now he determined to add to this the beautiful region he saw spread before him.

But the Pequot war arose almost immediately. The conflict between the natives and the whites ended with an act of atrocious cruelty. In June, 1637, about one hundred prisoners were taken in the Pine Swamp, Groton. The men, thirty in number, were brought out into the middle of the river and there encased in bags and drowned, while the women and children were sold as slaves.

Although deferred, Winthrop's determination had not decreased. In the interim he had gained the favor of Sashious, sachem of the Nahanticks, and obtained from him the grant of a considerable portion of his territory. In 1640 he received from the General Court of Massachusetts the grant of Fysher's Island. On June 22, 1645, he had already settled upon Pequot, but the dating of New London's natal day is from the record of the General Court of Massachusetts, which, May 6, 1646, gave John Winthrop permission to settle at Pequot.

Faire Harboure was the name settled for the town by the General Court, but the people were determined to have New London, and after nine years of pertinacious struggle were victorious at last, and to-day we have New London.

THE DAUGHTERS' CELEBRATION—EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION OF THE NATAL DAY ANNIVERSARY.—The programme arranged by Lucretia Shaw Chapter was as follows, the exercises being held in the Crocker House parlors, commencing at 3.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon:

1. Music—"Star Spangled Banner."
2. Origin of the National Society, D. A. R., by Ellen Hardin Walworth. Read by Mrs. W. R. Denison.
3. Sketch of Lucretia Shaw . . . Jane R. Perkins, historian. Read by Mrs. M. P. Eakin.
4. Music . . . . . Utopians.
5. Organization and Progress of Lucretia Shaw Chapter, Mrs. M. R. H. Stayner.
6. Poem—The Pathway of the Years . . Mary L. Bolles Branch. Read by Annie B. Rogers.
7. Music—"Yankee Doodle."
8. The Sacrifice to the Revolution . Charlotte Molyneux Holloway.
9. Music . . . . . Utopians.
10. National Hymn—"America."

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY IN HINGHAM.

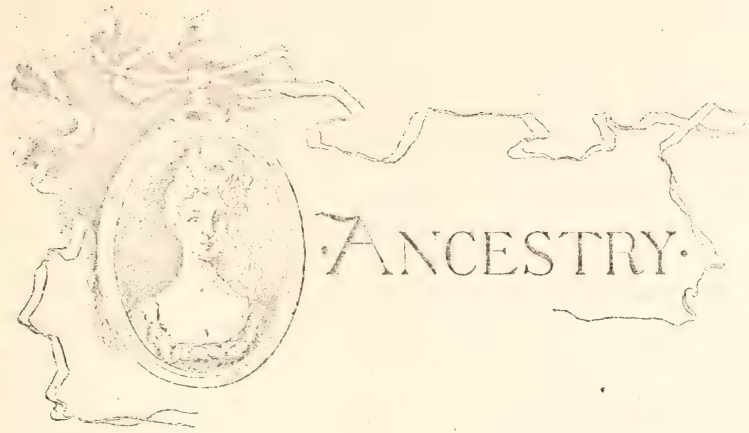
THIS year, for the first time within the memory of the present generation, Independence Day was celebrated in the historic old town of Hingham in a manner befitting its origin. This was due to the efforts of the energetic Old Colony Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, recently formed in that vicinity.

The day dawned hot and sultry, and ominous-looking clouds hung over the horizon, but before three, the appointed hour for assembling, the storm had burst and the air was delightfully fresh and clear, and the drive to the Polo Grounds (where the exercises were to be held) over a smooth road, bordered on either side with grand old trees and fragrant flowering bushes, was a pleasure never to be forgotten by those permitted to enjoy it.

The guests were cordially received by Mrs. Robbins, the Regent of the Old Colony Chapter, and a committee of reception. The exercises were held in a large barn, beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers, flags, and bunting. On

either side of a small raised platform, where the speakers sat, were large mows, filled to the roof with the freshly cut hay, redolent with its sweet perfume. Through the large, wide-open doors the assembled guests obtained a beautiful view—on one side, of the grassy Polo Grounds and the woods beyond; on the other, of Huit's Cove and Grape Island, where the British landed and were repulsed in 1775. Mrs. Robbins, who presided with much grace, after a few fitly chosen words of greeting, read a very able paper on "The Origin and Purpose of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution," which has been published in pamphlet form by the State Regent of Rhode Island. Mrs. Green, the State Regent of Massachusetts, then read a paper on the progress of the Society in that State, and Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter, Washington, D. C., spoke briefly in regard to what had been accomplished by the Society throughout the country during the past year, and gave some particulars concerning the Dolly Madison Chapter. There was a peculiar appropriateness in the presence of a representative from the Dolly Madison Chapter on that day, as Mr. Bradley, who, through his daughter, a member of the Old Colony Chapter, tendered the use of his barn and contributed so much toward the success of the occasion, is the same public-spirited citizen who bought and restored "Montpelier," the home of the Madisons. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Francis Lincoln, an eloquent oration, "Hingham in the Revolution" (which appears in full elsewhere in the magazine), was delivered by Mr. Walter L. Bouvee, and then, after a short address, sparkling with wit and humor, by ex-Governor Long, the formal part of the programme was closed by the audience rising and singing the first verse of "America." After partaking of light refreshments, the guests gradually dispersed, one and all expressing their gratitude to the Old Colony Chapter for having conceived and so successfully carried out such a fitting way for observing the day.

BELLE MERRILL DRAPER.



KATE KEARNEY HENRY.

MRS. KATE KEARNEY HENRY, the Regent of the District of Columbia, Daughters of the American Revolution, is the daughter of Surgeon John A. Kearney, United States Navy, and Mary M. Forrest. Dr. Kearney entered the service in 1809, at the early age of seventeen years. At the age of twenty-one he was made a full surgeon and ordered to the United States ship "Constitution," under Commodore Charles Stewart (Old Ironsides), in 1812. He participated in every engagement under that famous naval hero, and received the thanks of Congress and a medal "for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of the British vessels the 'Cyane' and 'Levant' by the 'Constitution,'" he being then only twenty-three years old. In the Seminole or Indian War Dr. Kearney, in addition to his duties as surgeon-in-chief of the naval forces, was appointed by General Jesup medical director of the Army of the South, and received the thanks of the commanding general in a public order—the first and only instance where an officer exercised his duties in both branches of the service at the same time. In the Mexican War Dr. Kearney volunteered his services, having seen sufficient sea service to prevent his being ordered, and was made fleet surgeon of the blockading squadron operating against Mexico. Here he lost his life, after participating in three wars and nearly forty years spent in the service of his country.

Mrs. Henry on her mother's side comes from one of the oldest families in this country. The various histories of Colonial Virginia record that in 1607 there came with Captain John Smith many persons of distinction; amongst others, Sir Thomas Forrest and his wife, "Mistress Forrest," the first gentlewoman to land in America. Mistress Forrest was accompanied by her maid, Anne Burras, and the latter's marriage was the first that took place in the Colony. In the painting in the rotunda of the United States Capitol representing the Baptism of Pocohontas, at Jamestown, in 1613, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest are seen in the front pew.

In 1634 the Forrests, with others who were dissatisfied with the rule of Governor Berkeley, moved to St. Mary's County, Maryland, and in 1649 Patrick Forrest was a member of the House of Burgesses, and signed "The Religious Toleration Act." Since that time there has always been a branch of the Forrest family in St. Mary's County. Mrs. Henry's great-grandfather was David Crawford, of Scotch parentage. He owned large tracts of land in Prince George's and Montgomery Counties, and was among the first to respond to the demands of the Colony for redress from British wrongs. He was appointed commissioner of revenue for the support of the war; delegate to first convention at Annapolis; was signer of the declaration of Maryland freeman in 1775 (one year prior to the Declaration of Independence); member of the Upper House of Burgesses; contributed £1,000 and two hogsheads of tobacco towards the relief of the army at Valley Forge, and was appointed first judge under the Provincial Government of Prince George's County, Maryland. Her great-grandfather, Zachariah Forrest, brother of General Uriah Forrest of the Continental Army, was judge of Prince George's County at the same time.

Mrs. Henry's grandfather, Richard Forrest, was among the first residents and property-owners of Washington City. He built the house on the southeast corner of Fourteenth and F streets (now covered by the Ebbitt House) in 1800, and being "invited" by Mr. Jefferson to a position in the State Department, occupied it until his death, in 1830. Her father's family owned and occupied the opposite corner of Fourteenth and F streets in 1801, where the three brothers, Colonel James

Kearney, United States Army, and Doctors Robert I. and John A. Kearney, United States Navy, resided until their marriages and deaths.

Mrs. Henry married James L. M. Henry, of Kentucky, a graduate of West Point, in 1844, who served with distinction throughout the Mexican War. After a long and continuous service in the Army, Captain Henry resigned, and died in Washington City in 1881. Captain Henry was eligible to membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, the Colonial Wars, the Aztec Club, and the Sons of the Revolution, of all of which societies Mrs. Henry's sons are members by inheritance.

THE PARMELEE FAMILY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In 1639 a migratory church, including their pastor, left Guilford, England, a small town thirty miles southwest of London, touched at Boston, and when sailing southward from there entered into a covenant that is now preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Society at Worcester. They landed at Fair Haven and purchased of a sachem squaw, September 29, 1639, what is now the central part of Guilford, Connecticut. The covenant is an interesting relic of Puritan times and the names signed are very familiar to us. I therefore give it in full:

COVENANT.

We, whose names are herein written, intending, by God's grace, to plant ourselves in New England, and if it may be in the southerly part about Quinipisac (New Haven), do faithfully promise each to each for ourselves and families and those that belong to us that we will, the Lord assisting us, sit down and join ourselves together in one entire plantation, and to be helpful each to the other in any common work according to every man's ability, and as need shall require; and we promise not to desert or leave each other on the plantation, but with the consent of the rest, or the greater part of the company who have entered into this engagement.

As for our gathering together in a church way and the choice of officers and members to be joined in this way, we do refer ourselves until such time as it please God to settle us in our plantation.

In witness whereof we subscribe our hands this first day of June, 1639. Robert Richell, John Bishop, Francis Bushnell, Wm. Crittenden, William Lute, Thomas Jones, John Jordan, William Stone, John Hoadly, John Stone, William Plant, Richard Lottridge, John Housigoe. William Dudly, John Parmlin, John Nephos, Thomas Norton, Abraham Crittenden, Francis Chatfield, William Noble Thomas Naish, Henry Kingston, Henry Doude, Thomas Cook, Henry Whitfield.

This last was their minister, who remained with them for twelve years and then returned to England. John Parmlin was from the Parish of Ochly, of Guernsey, and was probably of continental birth, as the islands in the channel were not fertile, and the Huguenots did not remain on them but went to English soil. In the will found after his death the name was written as it was pronounced, Parmly, a custom of foreigners at the present time. It is variously spelled Parmly, Parmele, Parmelee, and Parmalee. Theodore Parmelee, an editor in Washington during President Tyler's administration, was fond of the study of heraldry, and when transferred to The Hague made the acquaintance of one Madam Rose Parmlin, of Lausanne, Switzerland, who said: "The name was common in the Tyrol and in Holland. In 1557 one of them, a Belgian prince, fled to Holland to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alba. He afterwards founded the family in Batavia, New York, one of whom was a great-uncle of my father, having received a grant of land in the western part of that State."

John Parmlin, of the above "covenant," had but one son, John Parmlin, Junior, and two daughters, one of whom, Elizabeth, married John Evarts, ancestor of Theodore Parmelee above mentioned.

John Parmlin, Junior, had three wives, and was the father of eight boys and two girls, all of whom married and had large families, and their births are recorded in Guilford. Joshua was married to E. Edwards, and afterwards to E. Houghton; Isaac to Elizabeth Hilands; Hannah to Tobien Hill; Stephen to Elizabeth Baldwin; Job to Betsy Edwards; Caleb to Abigail Johnson, Joel to Abigail Andrews; John and Priscilla, not recorded.

Isaac, who married Elizabeth Hilands, of which we are of lineal descent, had nine children—six boys and three girls; also recorded in Guilford, Connecticut. Ebenezer married Anna Crittenden; Abraham, Mary Bishop; Joseph, Abigail Kimberly; Elizabeth, Nathaniel Baldwin; Sarah, Michol Hill; Isaac, Elizabeth Evarts; Andrew, Anna Crompton; Josiah, Sarah Evarts. Rachel, not recorded.

Abraham, who married Mary Bishop, lived and died in Guilford. He, with others, bought a proprietary right in Goshen, Connecticut, and in 1733 his daughter Elizabeth married Na-

Daniel Baldwin and removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1739 went to Goshen. Abraham, a bachelor brother, boarded with them in Goshen and looked after this land. The second summer he brought a bag of grass seed and, as it was one and one-quarter miles from his cabin to his uncle's, across the woods, he made his bed upon it all summer. He was a large and powerful man. In 1742 his father deeded to him the greater part of his lands in Goshen. The consideration of the deed was "natural affection, love, and good will," and the property conveyed was to be valued to him at £600, legal tender. It was situated near Whist Pond, in the eastern part of Goshen, three miles from the school founded by Lyman Beecher in Litchfield, Connecticut. At the first town meeting Abraham Parmly was chosen "lister," and held afterwards various town offices. He married Mary Stanley May 3, 1746.

In 1776, at the first "alarm" at Fair Haven, Lieutenant Parmele, as he was called, and his son, Abraham Parmly, Junior, enlisted for the war. Mary Stanley, his wife, said to Theodore, then twenty-five years of age, when she heard vague rumors of the surrender of New York to the British by Tories, some of them her own relatives, "Go, my son! Elisha, Reuben, and I can take care of the farm. I will keep a kettle of hot soap to throw at the Indians should they attempt to molest us. Go! and learn the plans of our enemies, and, if possible, inform our generals of them in time to save New York." Alone and on horseback he wended his way through woods and over stony paths to his uncle's house. To his amazement friends ridiculed the course of the Colonies and any effort to fight the British and their hired Hessians. Every attempt so far had been a failure. It would continue so to be. The idea of a democracy was absurd. Listening and watching, he, in one day, knew too well their plans, and hastened toward the Brandywine to lay them before our commanders. Footsore and weary, he met our troops coming northward. As he gave the facts to one of the generals, the only reply was, "In God we trust." But the young man was soon sent on errands of importance, and soon placed in Major Ezra Seldon's command as lieutenant of Light Horse. No greater battle or one more hotly contested was fought than the succeeding one. In "History of Connecticut

Soldiers of the Revolution," page 305, it is stated "that the gallant and special exertions of Colonel Seldon and Captain Hart in extinguishing the flames of the vessels which had been set on fire by the enemy and rescuing the whole of the stores and ordnances entitles them to the most distinguished notice and applause from the General.

"The loss of the Fifth Regiment is stated as one powder-horn, one drum, and one gun. Colonel Seldon was taken prisoner; therefore his roll is incomplete. He died in a few weeks, as did many of his officers. In 1777 only seventy-four men of the regiment were alive." On page 429 we read: "During the irregular retreat from the city to Harlem Heights, in the confusion and intermixture with the enemy, Captain Holmes was in the power of two Hessians, but, being an athlete, he broke from their grasp and made his escape, and served as captain of the First Regiment for many years."

From the family record of the Parmeles we quote: "This Theodore Parmele, Fifth Regiment of Connecticut Light Horse, recruited in Litchfield and Goshen, was captain of a company of horse, and was present at the capture of New York by the British. He was never wounded. At one time he was sent with a scouting party near the enemy's lines, when he was suddenly surrounded. He did not feel disposed to surrender, but drove through the enemy's lines, warding off several blows aimed at his head, and escaped unhurt. This Captain Parmele was a consistent Christian and esteemed in private life. For many years he was a member of the Church Committee. It may be said of him his mother's God was his God."

Washington reviews the Army June 16, 1782, and says: "The First Connecticut Brigade are as fine a body of men as any in the Army. Some of the maneuvers are of great precision, but they do not take as good aim as expected. Frequent practice, and this habit will be acquired." The clothing did not appear perfectly fitted to the men. He wishes these defects to be remedied as early and fully as possible. From the spirit of emulation and a consideration of the emergency and the contrast between the past and present appearance of the troops, the General anticipates the happiest results.—*Ibid.*, page 403.

Theodore Parmele was promoted to captain on the death of

his superior officer, Major Ezra Seldon, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Harlem Heights.

Oliver Parmele ranked as major in the Light Horse around New York. June 17, 1776, five hundred men disputed whether horsemen should be called to do infantry guard duty, as Washington desired, and the command was dismissed and returned home. Colonel Seymour wrote a full explanation to Governor Trumbull. Later in the season many of the Light Horse returned to the Army, and were thanked by Washington for their services. In November he said: "Relief having come, the corps is now dismissed, with the General's many thanks."

Of his mother, Mary Stanley Parmele, Grant Powers said in his Centennial address: "Abraham Parmele was a warm patriot in the War of the Revolution, and shrank not from any demands made upon him, but in this matter, it is said, he was thrown in the shade by the patriotism of his wife, Mary Stanley that was. She was fixed in the righteousness of the cause of the Colonies, and when the war broke out she said they would prevail. She could pray for the cause of America, and not in the darkest period of the conflict, when many faces were pale and many hands were on their loins, did the woman's confidence fail her in the least, and her actions corresponded with her words. Four different times did she fit out her son Theodore for the battlefield and gave him her parting blessing. With her own hands did she make five soldier blankets, not to sell, but sent them as presents to the poor soldiers, who, after the battle of the day, had neither bed nor covering for the night."

Captain Theodore Parmele had three or four terms of service. The force was organized and reorganized many times and for various reasons. He was at the capture of Burgoyne, having reported with Colonel Samuel Seldon, of the Seventeenth Regiment.

Governor Wolcott in his proclamation said: "The rectitude of our cause and feeling for humanity and regard for ourselves should influence us. Each one shall receive such regard as is honorable and just."

Three hundred joined the Army just before the surrender to General Gates. Captain Parmele returned to private life after the war and married Keziah Hudson, daughter of David Hud-

son, Senior, of Goshen, March 8, 1781. His son, David Hudson, Junior, founded Western Reserve College in 1811, at Hudson, Ohio, on land which was given to Captain Parmele for services during the war.

They had ten children—six boys and four girls; they lived and died in Goshen. The Captain died in 1795, aged seventy-eight years, and his wife in 1815, aged ninety-three years (of old age).

Theodore Hudson Parmele, the second son, was educated for the ministry at Litchfield. He discussed with Lyman Beecher, his tutor, the principles of Calvanism and resolved never to preach them. He secretly left school the last term of his college life and located in the township of Norton, which was surveyed by and named for his uncle. After one year he returned to New England and married Harriet, daughter of Elijah Holcomb, a landholder of Canaan, Connecticut, and granddaughter of Captain William Wells, of Lenox, Massachusetts.

Ensign John Norton and Private John Hudson were in Captain Hezekiah Holcomb's company, which arrived in New York August 26th and discharged September 8th. It also had Sargeant Benjamin Holcomb, Privates Consider Holcomb and Seth Holcomb. In Lieutenant Hays's company we have Obed and Seth Holcomb, Corporals Judah, Eldred, Ezekiel, Thomas and Abner Holcomb.

In the Liberty Party Theodore Hudson Parmele was the first and only one to cast a vote in his township. In 1842 he took his third daughter to Oberlin, although his relatives had charge of the school in Hudson. He had eight girls and one boy, and he believed there was no sex in brain or in race—that with equal advantages for the same length of time the results would be similar. Five of his children graduated from the Oberlin School—Eliza, in 1844, for twenty years a teacher in seminaries and still active in all good work when seventy-four years of age; Clara, at seventy an artist and a graduate of a medical school; Amanda, who married an Episcopal clergyman, both of whom are deceased; Charles, a farmer and a church worker, and Martha, who married William G. Rose, of Cleveland, Ohio. She is the mother of five children. One died in infancy. Evelyn, graduated from Cornell University in 1880, traveled in Europe,

in 1883 married Charles R. Miller, cousin of Governor McKinley. She has two sons and two daughters. Hudson, who studied four years at Cornell, visited England, Germany, and France, married Molly Merrill, of Kansas City; Frederick Holland, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892, and William Kent, who graduated from Harvard College in 1890. The three sons are members of the bar and active business men.

Dan Parmelee (fifth generation from Joel and Abigail Andrews, son of John Parmly, Junior, of New Haven) was a staff officer in the Revolutionary War under General Israel Putnam. Captain Thomas G. Parmelee was wounded, and lame the rest of his life. Thomas Hastings, the composer, descended from this Thomas G. Parmelee.

Miss Salsbury says: "Miss Mehitable, sixth generation from Joel and Abigail Andrews, married Rev. James Eels, of Weatherfield, New York, and left three sons, Dwight, James, and Dan P. Eels, the latter a banker in Cleveland, Ohio. James was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, Ohio, for nine years, and of the church in San Francisco for eight years, and died in 1886, when professor in Lane Seminary, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

"William Parmelee, of Albany, New York, was mayor in 1840.

"Ezra Parmelee graduated from Yale in 1808, and was one of the first students in Princeton University. He removed to Ohio in 1820, and was editor of the Zanesville Gazette, and was ancestor of William H. Seward."

The record of the Parmelees in the War of the Revolution gives thirty-eight of that name. Their descendants are in all professions of life, and worthy of the Puritan stock of their forefathers.

MARTHA PARMELEE ROSE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *September* 1, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR: Not long ago Mrs. John Cowing, of this city, found in a package of old papers several ancient, time-stained documents. Among them was a receipt for money, written and signed by George Washington, and of these docu-

ments I am permitted to send to you copies. The copying has been very faithfully done, even the division of the text into lines being as appears in the originals. I have no doubt as to the authenticity of the documents.

Yours truly, ELROY M. AVERY,
President of Western Reserve Society,
Sons of the American Revolution.

W^m^bgh, Jan. 1, 1780.

Dear Sir

No mail from the Northward, nor letter. Capt la Clause from Cha^s^.town in 25. days called on me this morning. he saw three Indians bring to Gov^r^. Rutlege dispatches informing him of the taking of Pensacola and investiture of S^t^. Augustine with a strong force. he sais 7000. these Indians arrived at Charlestown the 3^d^ Dec. he heard Gov^r^. Rutlege publish the news. putting dates together does this not account for the embarkation at New-York? the inclosed were put into my hands this moment. do not forget my beer. Adieu.

Yours affectionately TH: JEFFERSON.

NOTE.—The blank half sheet on which the superscription of this letter was written has been torn off.

Harlam hights Septr 13^th^. 1776—

D^r^. Sir,

I arrived here last Tuesday with the Regiment after a long and Tedious march of upwards of five hundred miles. the charactor I had of the road through Baltimore induced me to alter my rout and take the upper road through york and Lancaster which th'r about, had many Advantages, for an Army. My men seem'd reather fatigued till they got in hearing of the Cannon which roused them so that the last forty miles was marched by the poor bairfooted fellow with as much Alacrity as the first. we found our Batteries and the Enemies at it Ding, Dong; which has Continued ever since with Sheels & Cannon Ball. No great Damage however of either side, save some few heads knocked of. The Advantage the Enemy has over us is prodigious. Their

Fleet Consists of at least 200 sail, & Navigable Water in every part of this Country which is intersected with Rivers and Creeks enumerable. Their Army 30,000 effective men, with plentifull Supplies from Long Isl^d & Staten Island of which they are in possession, and are Encamped for fifteen miles up East River. Our lines Extend from N. York to Kingsbridge I can't say so well man'd as I could wish, indeed the Army is not only inferior in Number with the Enemies, but under Exceeding bad Dicipline, it being Composed of all sorts of people, Numbers of them badly Armed, and worse Officered. I pitty the brave & good Old General from my sole. he is indefatigable, but freted & Crossed in Many things. every prudent step is taken for the Defence of the place, and a general Attack is every hour looked for which will be Bloody come when it may, we have Expected it these three nights, and this night look for it in particular, four Frigates having passed our Batteries this afternoon and come up East River to Cover a Landing (as is suspected) about four miles above the Town. The cannonaid has been furious this afternoon from our Batteries at Town & * * * , they have returned two for one, and are throwing Sheels.—The Conferance between L^d Howe & Delegates from y^e Honb^le Congress ended in nothing as was Expected, however his Lordship did Condesend to meet them, what passed has not transpired as they only broak up last Wednesday.

I have the Honor to be Your

Most Ob^t. Serv^t

G. Weidon.

P. S

The 1^st Regiment is not yet got up, my mind would be at ease were all the Southern Troops with us. The Gen^l would also, I am shure, reather see them than three times their Number of yankees. for god sake Hurry them up, we have a powerfull Enemy to Cope with, and a stand at this place secures us the day.— G. W.

Note.—The asterisks above indicate an illegible word. The superscription of the letter is "The Hon^ble John Page, Esq^r, Williamsburg, per Mr. Hawkins." Page was a Virginia patriot, who later served four terms in Congress, and, in 1802, succeeded James Monroe as governor of his State.

The following incomplete letter is written on two sides of a piece of paper four and a quarter by six inches in size:

April 25th., 1776. About the 10th. of this month
2500 Brunswickers, with 1000 English, saild
from Portsmouth for Quebec under Genl.
Burgoyne, & 7 Regts filled up to about 3000
effectives with 200 miserable german
Recruits, from Cork. The Hessians are
just now arrived at Portsmouth. They,
to the amount of 10,000, with 700 from
Hannau, 1000 of the foot Guards & 3000
new raised Highlanders are to compose
the main Army under Howe. Whether
the remainder of the Brunswickers, being
about 2000 not yet arrived, will join
them or go to Canada, is uncertain. It is
probable they will all be saild the middle
of May. Their destination was certainly
once to Long Island & New York, & that in
detached parts. But Mr Elliot Compt. of
N. York, having written over authortive in
telligence to his Br. J. G. Elliot that Genl.
Lee was entrenching N. Y. that design is
said to be altered for Rhode Island or some
part of the Massachusetts, so as to flank the
Lines. They will besides come in a larger
Body & better prepard after this alarm. The
Hessian Troops & Officers, are good, the
Brunswickers indifferent, the british
new raisd & bad men. The two last will
give way if pushed vigorously at first.
The skillful here, say, that a defensive con
duct on the part of the American Army,
seizing every advantageous post, throw.
up redoubts, & not long lines, harassing
their march, cutting of their convoys

[End of first page.]

& not hazarding an engagement but with

manifest advantage, & means of recruiting
must succeed.*
& facing immediately in case of a defeat
Much is expected from the provincial Gene
rals, particularly Washington, Ward & Lee: &
much from a people contending in such a
cause. On the other side Howe is the only one
possessed, even of moderate military talents,
& the troops in general neither animated
nor able. Lord Howe is not yet saild. Probably
he will go with the Hessians. Personally, he
is as brave as his Brother, but his head is
confused, &, as a planner, weak. Col. Frasor
is to command the Grenadiers & light In-
fantry in Canada. His orders are these: "No
Body of men is ever to march without their flanks
coverd. The flank[s] parties must advance 2 or 4
men in their front, & extend themselves in such
a manner as to cover a good space that they
do not pass any thing in ambush. When they
discover an enemy, they are to take post & by
no means to run back on the main body.
They are to extend themselves as the
Body opposed to them does, & take special
care that the enemy does not gain the
flank of the main Corps, & when the whole
is formd in a line, the flank[s] Parties must
remain at the extremity. When the Commd[r]
wishes to have the whole extend their front to the
right, he will order the Bugle horn to be sounded,
to be repeated by the horns of each Company—if
to the left, a whistle will be the signal, repeated
as above. When to advance, the Grenadiers march
will beat. When to retire, a Retreat. When the light
Infantry is to retire behind the Grenadiers, the
beating of the General is to be the Signal. When the
Grenadiers & light Infantry, are to close to the
center, a trumpet will be sounded."

The Sea force will amount to near 100 sail, of which two only will be of the line.

*Original is interlined as here shown.

TO THE EDITOR:

The Hubbard family of Boston owned large plantations in Demarara at the time of the Revolution, and were importers of sugar. Staunch Tories as they were, they regarded the rebellious Americans as "the enemy," and the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Mary Hubbard to her brother David Greene gives an interesting account of the battle of Bunker Hill as viewed by a Loyalist. The letter bears several dates, ranging from June 15 to 20, 1775, and in an early portion appears this sentence:

Sister B Greene very well the Club din'd there to day but I who am a Daughter of Liberty in the true sence of the word chose to come home to my Poor sick Baby.

The letter was written in "Boston," the home of Mrs. Hubbard being on or near the site of the Tremont House of to-day. It is through the kindness of Mr. Gardiner Greene Hubbard, of Washington, D. C., that I am able to send this extract to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.

June 18
Sunday

once more at my Pen I can scarcely compose myself enough for any thing nor will you wonder when you know the situation we are in at present Yesterday another Battle fought Charlestown the Scene of action they began early in the Morning & continued all day fighting. in the afternoon they set fire to the town & it is now wholy laid in ashes we could view this Melancholy sight from the top of our house one poor Man went on the top of the meeting house to see the Battle was not able to git down again but perished in the flames.

about five in the afternoon they began to send home their wounded here my dear Brother was a Scene of woe indeed to see such numbers as pass'd by must have moved the hardest heart, judge then the fealings of your Sister, some without Noses some with but one Eye Broken legs & arms some limping along scarcely able to reach the Hospital, while others ware brought in Waggons, Chaise, Coaches, Sedans, & beds on mens Shoulders the poor Women wringing their hands & crying most pitifully all exceeping one who on seeing her Husband in a cart

badly wounded you'd revenge went of but soon return'd compleatly Equip't with her gun on her Shoulder her Knapsack at her back march'd down the street & left the poor Husband to try how many she could send along to tell he was comeing.

there is a vast Number of our Men killd & wound a great many Oficers two are sent to their long homes amongst the rest one fine looking Man much about your age who stopt against our windows to have his leg which was sliping moved a little he lived till this morning the poor fellow came a shore but yesterday or the day before, Perhaps his Mothers darling & his Fathers Joy cut of in the midst of his days his Sisters two if he had any must weep his untimely fate hope it will never be my lot to have any of my near connections follow the Army. Major Pitcarn & M^r^ Gore* both dead with many more that I dont know. we cannot yet learn how many of the enemy are kill'd, think it likely M^r^ Hubbard who I supose will give you a particular account of the Battle will be able to write you word, to his Letter I refer you.

*have since heard M^r^ Gore is a live O is ill

CHIEF JUSTICE OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND HIS FAMILY.

As a great granite rock, the symbol of strength and power, takes on an added charm when all unexpectedly one comes upon its hidden side and finds growing over it some graceful vine with rich and tender hues, so is the fireside life of one who has only stood before the public as an eminent jurist and statesman. Such a figure in the early history of our country looms up before us in the person of Oliver Ellsworth, and just such a hidden side adds grace to his solid worth.

His affectionate wife, of the honored house of Wolcott, he esteemed as worthy of all honor in their quiet home in Windsor, Connecticut. She it was who ministered to his punctilious toilet by providing the dainty ruffled shirts, the polished knee buckles, and shapely silk stockings, tying his queue with the neat black bow.

This often-absorbed and absent-minded father seemed to the little ones a rather stern and awful personage, and when he did unbend proportionately great was the rejoicing. By the thoughtful care of the mother no blight of household cares disturbed his soul in public life, and he could easily make felt that commanding influence which caused Aaron Burr to say that if Ellsworth chose to spell the name of the Deity with two *d*'s it would take the Senate three weeks to expunge the superfluous letter.

The large farm with its hired men and the spacious homestead, together with the frequent and protracted absences of the master, laid many a burden upon his wife. Speaking of these absences, the story goes that he was much discomfited to learn that one day one of the children had asked her privately how long a visit father was going to make.

Her children and household assistants were carefully taught and trained. Here let me say that no list of the members of the family would be complete without mention of "Old Katy," the faithful colored cook to whom they were all much attached and who lived and died among them.

Mrs. E.'s great heart was full of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, and her busy hands found time to minister to them—a disposition left in legacy to her daughter Fanny to the special knowledge of the writer.

She knew how to fit herself into any and every emergency, and among her descendants the following story is told of her: When General Washington was making a tour of New England in 1795 he sent one of his aids in advance from Hartford to ask his "old friend, Judge Ellsworth," when it would be convenient for him to visit him. Mrs. Ellsworth, busy in the kitchen, herself answered the summons to the door. Without making herself known she took the message to Mr. Ellsworth and returned with his reply.

Tradition has it that it was a breakfast visit, where she presided in dress suited to the occasion, and the young officer never suspected, probably, that the gracious hostess and the maid who opened the door to him were one and the same. The same young gentleman, I think it was, who politely requested another cup of her "excellent coffee," although to her inward mortification, with that fatality which is apt to attend such special occasions, it was that morning, as she well knew, a lamentable failure. The tall silver coffee-urn and the steel knives and forks used at this time are still treasured up and cared for, with other precious things, in the old home by the widow of her grandson Frederick. This was the visit when General Washington sang to the twin boys, two or three years old, as he dandled them on his knees, the quaint old song of "The Darby Ram," as has been often chronicled before.

There hangs before me a photographic copy of the large old painting which still adorns the spacious parlor where General Washington was received. I look into the sensible kindly eyes of the mistress as she sits by her husband's side. Her cap is rather overwhelming in size, and the sheen of her white satin gown is toned down by a demure kerchief crossing her breast. A distinguished English portrait painter stayed with them and worked upon the picture six months, more or less. He occasionally indulged to excess in the use of brandy, and sometimes when Mrs. Ellsworth had arrayed herself to give him a sitting he was found to be unfit to wield the brush, which annoyances she bore with a cheerful patience.

In the same room hangs a rare piece of Gobelin tapestry, presented to Mr. Ellsworth by Napoleon the First in 1797, at the time he was sent from this Government to France as Minister Plenipotentiary. It is said that when Napoleon first saw him he remarked to some one, "We shall have to make a treaty with that man."

Two quaint oval mirrors also used to hang near by, which he brought home from Paris. These were given to the twins, "Billy and Harry," then boys of eight years. During his absence he addressed to them the following letters, the originals of which are in the possession of Mrs. Waldo Hutchins, of New York City, whose father was Governor William W. Ellsworth, of Connecticut. The other twin, the Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth afterwards became the first Commissioner of Patents.

TO BILLY AND HARRY.

"Daddy is a great way off, but he thinks about his little boys every day; and he hopes they are very good boys and learn their books well and say their prayers every night, and then God will love them as much as daddy does. There are a great many fine things here and a great many strange things; Oliver [the eldest son, who accompanied his father] writes them down, and he will have enough to tell the boys twenty nights. The robbers came around the house where daddy lives the other night and the gardener shot off his two-barrel gun and killed two of them; and daddy believes if the robbers come into his room they will get killed, for he keeps a gun and two pistols charged all the time; and when he comes home he intends to give his gun to Martin and his pistols to Billy and Harry. This letter is from our daddy."

The reference to the robbers, etc., reminds us that he was in France during the revolutionary disturbances there.

A LETTER FROM OUR DADDY.

The men in France are lazy creatures
And work the women and great dogs;
The ladies are enormous eaters,
And like the best toadstools and frogs.

The little boys are pretty spry
And bow when Daddy's paid them,
But don't think they shall ever die,
Nor can they tell who made them.

But daddy's boys are not such fools
And are not learned so bad,
For they have mamma and good schools,
And that makes daddy glad.
Daddy won't forget them pistols.

The same twin boys are affectionately referred to in a letter written to his eldest daughter, Abigail, when they were about a month old. Here is the letter entire:

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 16, 1791.

DEAR NABBY: Your welcome letter of the 7th of this month reached me a few days since. I am exceedingly glad to hear that the family are all well, and in particular your mamma and the two little ones whom "having not seen I love." Your idea that they will make two fine men is a very pleasing one to me, and I devoutly wish it may be realized. I regret the loss of the persons who have died in Windsor since I left it, and especially of Perry Newberry, who bid fair to be useful in life. But so it is, while some are coming onto the stage others are going off to make room for them, and it is of much less consequence what time we spend in the world than how we spend it. This life is but an embryo of our existence and derives its consequence only from its connection with future scenes.

The ladies of your acquaintance in this place are frequently asking me why you did not come again. I give them such good-natured answers as happen to occur, but have told no one, what I might have told with truth, that it was necessary for you this winter to become the mistress of a family.

Miss Wadsworth enjoys high health, which she takes much pains to preserve, walking frequently three or four miles before breakfast. The rest of her time she spends much as you do yours, in seeing and being seen. She has some advantages beyond what you had—a richer and more fashionable father, and perhaps a fonder one, though that is more than I admit, notwithstanding she gets a kiss or two from him every time he comes in and goes out.

If you find any leisure, which will probably be very little, I wish you to amuse yourself with books. It is mental improvement after all which alone can give sweetness to manners and durability to charms.

Ollie must write daddy a letter and Martin must put a line into it, and Fanny and Delia must tell Ollie something to write to daddy about the babies. With best wishes for you all,

I remain your affectionate parent,

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

In 1790, the winter previous to the date of the above letter, Nabby accompanied her father to Philadelphia, and was, of course, brought into contact with all the elegant people of the time. Timid and sensitive by nature, her pillow at night was often wet with her tears for fear of failing to meet the demands of ceremonious etiquette. That she conquered herself was apparent to all who knew the dignity and courtliness of manner that distinguished her even to old age.

The great elms before the Ellsworth house, now nearly shutting it off from the passing traveler who flies by on the Consolidated Railroad half a mile away, were at the time of these incidents small and newly planted by Mr. Ellsworth's hand. They were thirteen in number and were named for the original States. Singular to relate, South Carolina was struck by lightning, and after dragging out a protracted and feeble existence, was finally supplanted by another tree, which continues to this day smaller than the rest. On one side of the house stood a relic of the old original forest that once covered the ground, a gnarled and knotty cedar, where the first settlers used to assemble for a general hunt, and where previous to those times the Indians held many a council of war. It was for many years adorned with an old pair of deer's antlers. This ancient landmark fell a victim to the fury of a storm ten or a dozen years ago, but souvenirs made of its red wood are hoarded up in the family, and a bag of its sawdust still keeps its old-time fragrance.

MRS. W. IRVING VINAL.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. J. M. CAHOON.

THE Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, records with great sorrow the death of Mrs. J. M. Cahoon, the first of their members to pass the gates and enter the heavenly rest.

While a letter from her daughter was being read to the Chapter, that daughter was weeping over the beloved mother who had just passed away.

Mrs. Cahoon was rich in experience, bright and intellectual, entertaining, with the beauty of age blended with the happiness of youth, so that the years did not make her grow old.

At a special meeting of the Society resolutions were adopted expressing deep sense of loss and sympathy with the family:

Whereas in the death of Mrs. J. M. Cahoon the Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has sustained a great loss, and a still greater loss has fallen upon her immediate family: Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Western Reserve Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, mourns the death of Mrs. Cahoon, a member for whom we had great regard and respect; one who loved her country and her flag, and who reverenced the history of our beloved land.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved and loving family, and we ask for them the help of God, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed friend and be placed on the records of the Society.

MRS. E. M. AVERY, *Regent.*
MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH, *Secretary.*

MRS. ELIZABETH G. METTLER.

IT was with sorrow Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, heard of the death of one of their number, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler, widow of the late Wilson Mettler. She died on Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1894, after an illness of only four days.

Mrs. Mettler, with her husband, was for many years a resident of New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1887 they removed to Bound Brook, New Jersey, to reside with their daughter, Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees, on Union Avenue, where Mr. Mettler died in 1889.

Mrs. Mettler had many friends, both in Bound Brook and in New Brunswick. She was descended from prominent Revolutionary ancestors. Her grandfather, Garret Nevins, during the Revolution actively espoused the cause of his country, and was in the Army under General Washington during the darkest period of that struggle, in the winter of 1776–1777. He entered the Army early, and continued in it during the War. Besides having been in several skirmishes, he was engaged in the battle at Monmouth. Her father, George G. Nevins, was in the War of 1812.

Three children survive her—George N. Mettler, of Burlington, Kansas; Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, and Mrs. Lodewick, wife of the Rev. Edward Lodewick, of Park Ridge, New Jersey.

CHAPTERS.

REUNION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION (in Saratoga Springs, Thursday, August 30, 1894).—The reunion of the Daughters of the American Revolution was an interesting meeting at the United States Hotel Thursday morning. Over thirty-five ladies filled Parlor A, and after a few minutes of social intercourse Mrs. Walworth, who presided, introduced Mrs. Mary Wright Wootton, registrar of the New York City Chapter. She is a lady of fine appearance and happy address, and gave a spirited account of the business meetings at "Sherry's" and of their popular social gatherings at the same place. Miss Rankin, secretary of the Newburgh Chapter, New York, was also introduced, and told of the earnest work of the "Daughters" in that historic place and of the coöperation of the Historical Society in their patriotic celebrations. Mrs. Rountree, secretary of the Norfolk Chapter, Virginia, on being presented to the assemblage, said that the Society had many flourishing chapters in her State; that in Norfolk they recently received their charter and were enthusiastic in their work. Miss Rice, of the Mary Washington Chapter, Washington, D. C., the original and most powerful chapter in the country, was also present, as were Mrs. Douglass and other members of the New York City Chapter. Mrs. Cairns, who will be a charter member of the Saratoga Chapter, read by request an account of the origin of the Society as published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and opening the large volume before her showed a fac-simile of the invitation to the first meeting held for the organization of the National Society in Washington. It is on a visiting card of Mrs. Walworth's, and bears the date August 9, 1890. Now the Society has about six thousand members organized in forty States, and its officers are the leading conservative women of the country.

Mrs. Walworth then delivered a forcible address in the clear and pleasing manner that is her characteristic. She said, in

part, that American women are by nature and habit aristocratic. In the family they make the laws for the husband, children, and servants; they are at once legislators, judges, and executive officers; they are autocrats. In society the conventionalities are subject to their dictation, and there they are autocrats. It is only in the churches and in charities that women practice the principle that "all men are born free and equal." Men exercise this principle in politics and in business; thus they fraternize and work together in a way unknown to women. Mrs. Walworth argued that while an aristocratic tendency had its uses in the family and society, it should not bring its limitations into the broader life that is now open to the women; they should unite as Americans to stem the torrents of socialism and anarchy that threaten the country from foreign lands, and to educate the children in the public schools in the principles of good government for which our forefathers struggled and died. To understand the Constitution and laws women should study history and search for the names and deeds of their forefathers. In this search they found the rock that was the basis of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution; that is the genealogy which answered the simple question, "Did your ancestor, man or woman, do anything for the cause of Independence?" If so, and you are acceptable to the Society, your claim is established.

She said this was a society descended from patriots in distinction from the Colonial Dames, who are often of Tory descent; very many "Dames," however, are also Daughters of the American Revolution and frequently find their Colonial descent through their researches as Daughters. There is no antagonism between the two societies. The speaker made a warm appeal to Saratoga women in behalf of the historic memories of Saratoga County, and reminded them of the long companionship of years in which she had worked with them for the preservation of Mount Vernon and the Exposition of '76; for the Society of Decorative Art and the revolution of art instruction in this region; for the elevation and progress of the public schools; for literary and scientific advancement in the old Shakespeare Society and the later Art and Science Field Club, and she asked that they would still be her companions in an effort, however imperfect, toward a broader and higher life. She announced that

a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be established here which will cherish the history of the country and will uphold those rigid principles of our forefathers which drive vice to its hiding place.

FANNY LEDYARD CHAPTER (Annual Report submitted July 7, 1894).—In Southeastern Connecticut, on the banks of one of the most romantic rivers in New England, lies the beautiful village of Mystic, famed for its Revolutionary and patriotic associations. Her sons fought bravely on many a battlefield of the Revolution, and later in the struggle to maintain that freedom so dearly won. Her vessels have anchored in many a foreign port, as extensive maritime interests were once her pride. Her hardy sons and daughters were fearless and daring, as the following incidents will prove: Many years ago a number of her sons conceived the project of rounding Cape Horn in a fishing smack. Such an enterprise in those days was considered extremely hazardous and associated with great danger. Preparations for the voyage were completed; it was supposed the last farewells were spoken, and the little craft sped on its way. An English man-of-war was lying off the Brazilian coast. The man on the lookout sighted a mere speck in the distance. As it approached it proved to be the little fishing smack hailing from Mystic. Cheer after cheer from both vessels rent the air. Salutes were fired. The band on board the large vessel played "Yankee Doodle." The little smack modestly lowered her colors, dipped them in the water, then hoisted them aloft, thus paying to England's noble war-ship the highest honors any navy can confer. The voyagers returned and lived many years to relate their adventure.

When our historic old neighbor, Stonington, was invaded by Commodore Hardy's fleet of war-ships in 1814 the men from our village were summoned and went to the rescue, and when the invaders were driven, disabled, from our shores the first cannon that announced victory was manned and fired by a Mystic woman!

For natural scenery and historical associations this village is rarely surpassed. In one of its quiet homes a little band of patriotic women assembled in the spring of 1893 to discuss the

matter of forming a Chapter of the "Daughters of the American Revolution." April 1 Mrs. Hiram C. Denison received the appointment of Regent, and with fifteen charter members our little band started on its mission. Our papers were sent to Washington, accepted, and returned. We organized June 8. We have held fourteen meetings, regular sessions every month. September 6 we visited Groton Heights, a spot sacred to us all, but doubly so to several of our members, whose immediate ancestry lost their lives there and lie buried beneath the noble shaft commemorating their deeds of bravery and sacrifice. The charter members gave five dollars toward the portrait fund of Mrs. Harrison, and the new members are still contributing for the same. We also gave the same amount for the badge for Mrs. Keim. Mrs. Keim has visited us three times during the year, at all of which meetings pleasure and profit were combined. We gave no contribution for the Liberty Bell, as sufficient material had been received when our donation was ready. In response to a call from Sequoia Chapter, California, for historic soil, one of our number sent soil from the house where the wounded were carried after the massacre at Groton Heights, and another from the grave of Fanny Ledyard, the noble woman for whom our Chapter was named. In a previous article for the Magazine we gave our reasons for the name, and paid our tribute to the memory of this dear, devoted woman. Our Regent, one vice-regent, and registrar attended the Continental Congress at Washington in February.

On May Day we gave a surprise reception to our Regent at the spacious residence of Mrs. A. K. Simmons, corresponding secretary. Her rooms were elegantly decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. Invited guests, numbering fifty, were present and great enthusiasm prevailed, our hostess entertaining in her usual charming manner. Clothed in beautiful language, Mrs. Hortense D. Fish announced the object of the meeting. General George Washington arrived at a late hour (Rev. Mr. Danforth), greeted the Daughters, and after complimenting their work bade them adieu. Our charter has been filled, the engraving being very finely done by Mr. Julius Dudley, one of our townsmen. As he would accept no compensation, the charter members were called together and presented

him a gold spoon style "D. A. R.," handsomely engraved. Our Regent attended a meeting of the Society at Middletown, by invitation of Miss Clarke, by whom she was royally entertained.

May 15 eleven of our Chapter went to New Haven to attend the first State Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution ever held in the United States. The day was perfect, the air fragrant with the perfume of spring blossoms, and the breezes were invigorating. We arrived at the old "City of Elms," and, having ample time before meeting was called, we visited the classic grounds and buildings of Yale College. The commodious memorial buildings erected to the memory of the early dead attracted our attention; the campus, where the games of a century have been played; the grand old elms upon the college green, where many tired had often lain them down to rest, some of whom are now resting forever in the cooling shadow of the "tree of life." We assembled in the Church of the Redeemer at eleven o'clock, meeting opening at that hour. Decorations of flowers and bunting added to the splendor of the occasion. The collation prepared by the Mary Clapp Wooster Chapter, whose guests we were, was not only elaborate, but very finely served, the dining-rooms being artistically decorated with flowers and our national colors. The addresses, papers, and music were overflowing with patriotism, love, and devotion to country and to the memory of those whose deeds we commemorate.

June 25 four of our Chapter gave a reception to our State Regent, Mrs. Keim, on the lawn at the home of Mrs. S. H. Buckley. The grounds were resplendent with flowers and bunting. Carpets and India rugs were spread and comfortable seats provided for the guests, numbering one hundred. Under an arch trimmed with flags the guests were met and presented by ushers to Mrs. Keim. The exercises opened with a greeting from Mrs. Denison, our Regent; next came the annual report from the historian, and recitations from Misses Eliza Wheeler and Della Beebe. A letter from Dorothy Ripley Chapter was read by the corresponding secretary. Mrs. Keim gave a very able and pleasing address, listened to with interest and attention. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Rev. Mr. Mitchell,

and Mr. Guernsey, of "Mystic Press." An arbor trimmed with laurel and flags, within which George Washington stood silent sentinel, concealed from view the Mystic Cornet Band, which discoursed patriotic music while the elegant collation was being served, after which the delighted company dispersed, well pleased with their entertainment, so instructive as well as enjoyable. For our success great praise and credit is due to our Regent, Mrs. Denison, who labors with zeal untiring for the prosperity of our Chapter, now numbering thirty-four members.

It is true, over one hundred years have passed away since the deeds of the noble men and women were performed, but they still live and their voices are speaking to us in loud tones of their undaunted courage, their valor, their unswerving faith, and the unfading beauty of their heroism and love of God, home, and country.—A. A. MURPHY, *Historian*.

FREDERICK CHAPTER.—The AMERICAN MONTHLY has not heard from us, I believe, since the very successful celebration on the 23d of November last, which was the day upon which the Stamp Act was declared unconstitutional for the first time, and as that took place at the court-house in Frederick, we naturally feel proud of it. We have not been altogether idle. We contributed largely to the soil for the Liberty Tree planted in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, sending earth from the historic old court-house where the Stamp Act was repudiated; from the grave of Maryland's first Governor, in 1777; from the graves of General Roger Nelson and Colonel John Lynn, of Revolutionary fame; from the tomb of Roger Brooke Taney, fifth Chief Justice of the United States; from the grave of Francis Scott Key, whose memory is ever kept fresh in the hearts of the American people by his immortal ode, "The Star Spangled Banner;" from the grave of the brave Sergeant Everhart, who fought through the whole Revolution and saved Colonel Washington's life at the battle of Cowpens. These are all historic spots in our midst and of which we are justly proud, and I would say just here that the grave of Key is marked by a simple stone, and we are trying for a national tribute in the appropriate marking of this spot. Would it not be a graceful compliment if each chapter of the "Daughters of the American

Revolution" would send a contribution to make it indeed a nation's tribute? I hope to have some answers to this from the patriotic members of our band. Since the organization of the Chapter we have had on the Nation's birthday a short service at the church—a fitting way, we think, of acknowledging our Heavenly Father's hand in the blessings we enjoy. This Fourth of July was particularly interesting. We had invited four of our Vice-Presidents General to be with us, and regretted greatly their absence. The music was very inspiring. The choir consisted of picked voices, and the national anthems were well sung. The address by Rev. Addison Ingle was so full of patriotism and wisdom that I inclose it, feeling that it will benefit us all to have it printed in the MONTHLY. After this service we repaired to the old English graveyard attached to All Saints Parish, where in the early part of the century many of our patriots were buried, our object being to mark the grave of Thomas Johnson, whose mortal remains had been placed in a vault seventy-five years ago. As was the custom then, it was constructed far under ground, and there was not elevation enough to show that anything was beneath. The ravages of time had played havoc with this neglected spot, and with the passing generation all traces would have been lost of this grave. We there placed a heavy block of marble, bearing this inscription:

Thomas Johnson,
Born November 4, 1732;
Died November 26, 1819.
First Governor of the State of Maryland.
1777–1779.

A simple service in placing the stone by the Rev. Osborne Ingle was impressive and appropriate. He said: "You all know the occasion that brings us here is to mark the grave of Governor Johnson. He was not only a patriot, but a Christian, and I hold in my hand his prayer book, from which I shall read the prayers." After the benediction the Daughters placed a wreath of ivy on the grave. It ended the simple ceremony in doing honor to one whose life had been spent for the good of his country and whose most honored act was the appointing of Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies.—ANN GRAHAME ROSS, *Regent*.

Bristol Chapter, with invited guests, celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island, August 29, as a field day by a visit to the historic ground.

A pleasant trip of a lively party on the steamer down the beautiful Narragansett Bay as far as Tiverton was all too short in its enjoyment. Making a landing and taking carriages at that point, a ride of about two and a half miles brought us to the spot where the breastwork was thrown up and the British intrenched themselves for the memorable battle.

Having laughingly decided by vote that the luncheon should first receive attention, the party grouped themselves on the ridge of the hill and leisurely enjoyed their lunch. Our Regent then, in well chosen words, called our attention to the day we were celebrating and the strangely different scene enacted on that very spot a little more than a hundred years ago. We looked abroad upon peaceful towns, delightfully nestled among the trees and surrounded by richly cultivated fields, stretching out to meet the waters of the lovely bay. Scarce a sound disturbed the quiet. By contrast, we were bidden to picture the rapid passing of troops over the very road we had taken, the roaring of cannon and clashing of arms, the flight of the British from their intrenchment on the hill to the fields below, the engagement and final retreat. To this spot many of our forefathers had come to fight for home and fatherland and to rid their country from the oppressor. We, their children's children, owed to them and such as they the great inheritance now enjoyed.

At this point the Regent presented Mrs. B. O. Wilbour, who read to us a most interesting paper upon "The Battle of Rhode Island." As she proceeded we carefully noted the different localities mentioned, many of them still retaining their early names, and thought of the brave Sullivan and the much-loved Lafayette and a host of others who, not famous, made the place and themselves famous by their heroic deeds. Against hired Hessians and men trained to fight, they, fighting for their homes, put the enemy to flight. "The best-fought battle of the war" was the encomium bestowed upon the conflict by Lafayette, who had witnessed many engagements. Very real seemed all these things to us, imagination peopling all the re-

gion with moving forces, as the present owner of the farm, in whose family it has remained for more than a hundred years, described the appearance of the fortification before the hand of time had leveled any part, adding reminiscences of those far remote days, coming to him from lips long since silent.

Is it strange that from out of a full heart we joined our voices in singing "America," and, inspired by the occasion, wished as we turned our faces homeward that we might be

> Within the universal chain a link, whereby
> There shall have been accomplished some slight gain
> For men and women when we come to die.

C. MARIA SHEPARD, *Secretary*.

OFFICIAL.

TUESDAY, *June* 10, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F Street at 4 p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Brackett, Dr. McGee, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Clark, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gannett, Miss Desha, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Miller, Mrs. Heth, and Miss Washington; Mrs. Foot and Mrs. Stanley, members of the Advisory Board, were also present.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of June 7 and 8, which were accepted as corrected.

Dr. McGee moved that the minutes of the meetings be open to all members of the Board before being approved by the same. Motion laid on the table.

It was moved and carried that the Recording Secretary-General has entire charge of the minutes, and no one has a right to see them until they are laid before the Board of Management.

A request was received from the Mary Washington Chapter for the loan of the shield of the State of Massachusetts. Upon motion of Mrs. Brackett, the request was granted.

At the request of the President-General, Mrs. Brackett took the Chair while a protest from the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Bloomington, Illinois, was read by the President-General in regard to the delay in the receipt of their charter and announcing their decision to retain the name they had chosen.

Miss Eugenia Washington moved that the Chapter in Bloomington, Illinois, be named the "Letitia Green Stevenson"

Chapter, and that the Recording Secretary-General make the charter out immediately and send it, without delay, to the Chapter, and the protest be entered upon the minutes. Motion carried.

Mrs. Cannett moved that the protest be omitted in the minutes. Motion carried.

Miss Desha offered the following resolution:

Whereas the amendment now numbered section 7, article XI, was inadvertently omitted from the minutes of May 11, I move that said section be voted upon now.

Resolution accepted and amendment voted upon favorably.

Miss Washington moved that Miss Lockwood be made Business Manager of the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved that 20 per cent be paid to agents for every new subscription to the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Goodfellow requested that during her absence from the city for the summer Miss Washington should take charge of the issuing of charters. Motion carried.

It was also moved and carried that all bills should be forwarded to the Recording Secretary for her signature until her return.

Mrs. Blackburn offered the following resolution, which was accepted:

Resolved, That nothing shall be considered as official action of the Board except what appears in the approved minutes.

The Recording Secretary read the following letter from Mrs. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky:

"The Executive Committee ought unquestionably to be empowered to do all necessary work during the summer.

"Mrs. Geer having authorized Miss Desha to do her work during her absence has been a great comfort to me, for my work in Kentucky would have stopped unless an efficient lady had been appointed, and Mrs. Geer knew best who could do the work.

"The Business Manager of the Magazine should be not only of lineal descent but strictly lineal in principles. I find in my work in Kentucky that the Congress's deciding in favor of the lineals has awakened a much deeper interest. Ladies do not

care to come into a society that will admit any and every one who applies."

Miss Washington moved that the business of the Executive Committee be to accept application papers and have the proceedings of such committee printed in the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett, on behalf of the Dolly Madison Chapter, presented the following:

"I take pleasure in reporting to the National Board, informally, that the board of management of the Dolly Madison Chapter passed a resolution yesterday appropriating half its annual Chapter dues to the Continental Hall, and one of its members, Mrs. C. C. Snyder, headed the individual list with a hundred dollars. The report of others will be given later."

The following resolution was offered and accepted:

The National Board of Management returns its cordial thanks to the Dolly Madison Chapter for its recent action with regard to the Continental Home, and the generous and patriotic example set to the Chapters of the country is worthy its membership and its name.

A book was presented the National Society by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth entitled "Battles of Saratoga," which was accepted, with thanks.

The President-General referred to the resolution making the meetings of the National Board open sessions, to which Miss Dorsey had moved a reconsideration at a subsequent meeting, and requested Miss Dorsey to withdraw the same; Miss Dorsey said she would, with pleasure, if it were constitutional to have all meetings open to all Daughters.

Miss Desha stated that under the orders of her physician, she declined doing any work but that of the Corresponding Secretary during the summer.

Mrs. Clark announced that the stationery which the National Board requested her to purchase for the Society is now ready and will be sold at about cost price to Chapters and members of the Society, being $1.00 a box of five quires of paper and envelopes.

Mrs. Clark recommended that Mr. W. F. Roberts, 1421 G Street, Washington, D. C., be authorized to sell the paper at this rate and thus relieve the National officers.

It was moved and carried that Mr. Roberts be allowed to sell the paper. Mrs. Brackett suggested that the paper be adopted as the official paper of the Society. Carried.

Dr. McGee offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That Mrs. Lockwood is authorized to have her manuscript of the Lineage Book printed at such cost and in such edition as the orders received for it shall justify, and with due consideration of the fact that it is the first volume in a series.

Second. That no volume of the Lineage Book shall be issued until supplied with complete indexes of names and places. The Treasurer is hereby authorized to pay an experienced person for making the index of volume I.

Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved that the Executive Committee be empowered to rent rooms as headquarters for the National Society for the fall. Motion carried.

An inquiry was made if the members of the Advisory Board were expected to advance opinions, etc., during the Board meetings. It was decided that the advice of the Board would always be asked, if desired.

A book entitled "Fragments of Revolutionary History" was presented to the Society by Mrs. Mary M. Barclay. The same was accepted, with thanks.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, reporting the change of the Regent of the Savannah Chapter from Mrs. Lawton to Mrs. Frances Casey Meldrim, and all official mail should be forwarded to her.

The resignation of Mrs. Morris P. Ferris, of New York, as a member of the National Society was presented.

A letter was read from Mrs. Pryor, of New York, upon which action was postponed. Letter from Mrs. Hetzel relative to dues of a life member.

The President-General presented the additional names of members upon the Committee on Continental Hall: Mrs. Maddox, California; Mrs. Peck, Wisconsin; Mrs. Burdett, Vermont; Mrs. Montgomery, Oregon.

A vote of thanks was given to Colonel Brackett for a copy of the "History of Haverhill, Massachusetts," and the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to acknowledge the gift.

The Treasurer, by Mrs. Clark, reported the sum of $2,0[illegible] toward funds for Colonial Home.

Mrs. Burnett, Registrar-General, requested that each registrar be responsible for her individual work. Motion carried.

The Registrars-General presented the names of sixty-four applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society. The Secretary casting the ballot, the same were accepted.

It was moved and carried that Miss Stone be granted leave of absence for one month, with pay, and supply a substitute for that time at $30, the Treasurer-General being instructed to pay such bill.

The following was offered by Miss Dorsey and passed by the Board: I move a vote of thanks for the hospitality offered the National Board and visiting Daughters of the American Revolution by the residents of Fredericksburgh May 10, 1894, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Mary Washington Monument.

An invitation was received from the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution to attend their celebration to be held on July 4, 1894.

The President-General then declared the Board adjourned until the first Thursday in October.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General.

AUGUST 18, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the Board met at 1416 F Street at 3.30 p. m.

Present: Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Dorsey, Miss Desha, and Miss Washington.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Lockwood presided.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

Mrs. Burnett, the Registrar-General, presented the names of two hundred and ninety-five applicants as eligible to membership in the Society.

The Acting Recording Secretary was instructed to cast the ballot.

Seven papers of applicants were presented, but owing to an oversight in not being recommended as the Constitution requires. Miss Washington moved, seconded by Miss Dorsey, that the application papers be returned to the Chapters for recommendation. Motion carried.

Mrs. Geer, Vice-President-General of Organization, submitted her list of State and Chapter Regents, through the Corresponding Secretary, to be read to the Board for confirmation.

Miss Washington reported that she and Mrs. Brackett had been to secure rooms at the Washington Loan & Trust Company, corner Ninth and F Streets; gave terms and description, which the Board accepted as desirable, and authorized Mrs. Brackett, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, to superintend the moving.

The following names for State Regents were presented:

Mrs. John W. Chandler, State Regent for Maine.

Mrs. William H. Sims, State Regent for Mississippi.

Mrs. M. G. Slocum, State Regent for Colorado.

Mrs. Mary C. Prince, State Regent for New Mexico.

Also the following names for Chapter Regents were presented:

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. E. M. Andrews, Chapter Regent for Moosup.

Mrs. Frederick Stanley, Chapter Regent for New Britain.

Mrs. Alfred S. Comstock, Chapter Regent for New Canaan.

Mrs. Theodore P. Terry, Chapter Regent of Ansonia.

Mrs. William Beardslee Rudd, Chapter Regent of Lakeville.

GEORGIA.

Mrs. Hattie Chase Kemme, Chapter Regent of Washington.

KENTUCKY.

Mrs. M. Louise Marshall, Chapter Regent of Augusta.

Mrs. Bertha M. Smith, Chapter Regent of Richmond.

Mrs. Rebecca Tevis Hart, Chapter Regent of Versailles.

MAINE.

Mrs. Thomas Hill Rich, Chapter Regent of Lewiston.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. Emily J. Cartwright, Regent of the Paul Revere Chapter, Boston.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Kate Cheatham, Chapter Regent of Edgefield.
Miss Emma Maybury, Chapter Regent of Greenville.
Mrs. Hugh Charles, Chapter Regent of Darlington.
Mrs. W. H. Hunt, Chapter Regent of Newberry.

TENNESSEE.

Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher, Regent of Campbell Chapter, Nashville.

Mrs. Amelia Chamberlain, Regent of the Chickamauga Chapter, Chattanooga.

Mrs. Brackett moved, seconded by Mrs. Gannett, that the State and Chapter Regents be confirmed. Motion carried.

The resignation of Miss Emma C. Hamlin, Regent of Lexington, Massachusetts, was presented and accepted.

The Board then adjourned.

EUGENIA WASHINGTON,
Acting Recording Secretary-General.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

Regent of the Eschscholtzia Chapter, Los Angelos, Cal.

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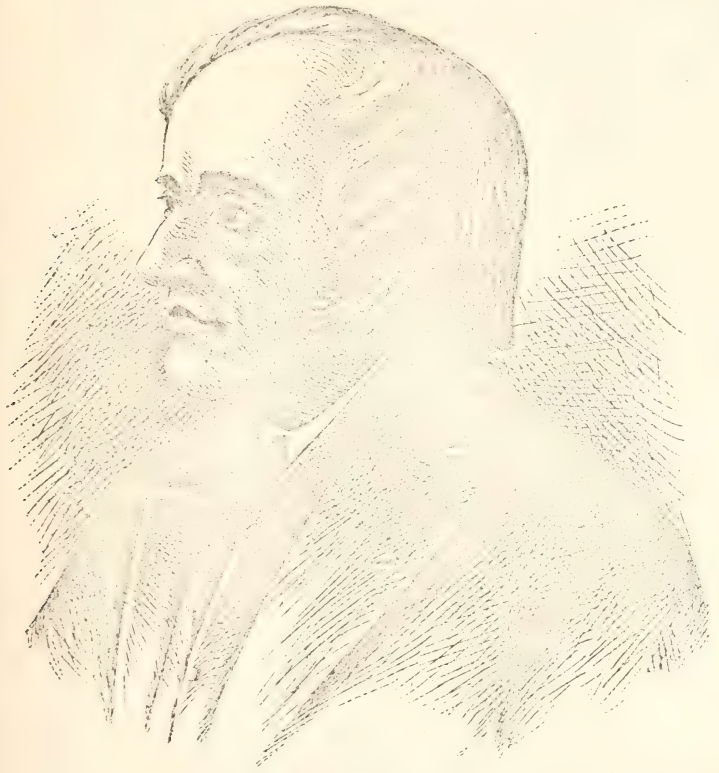


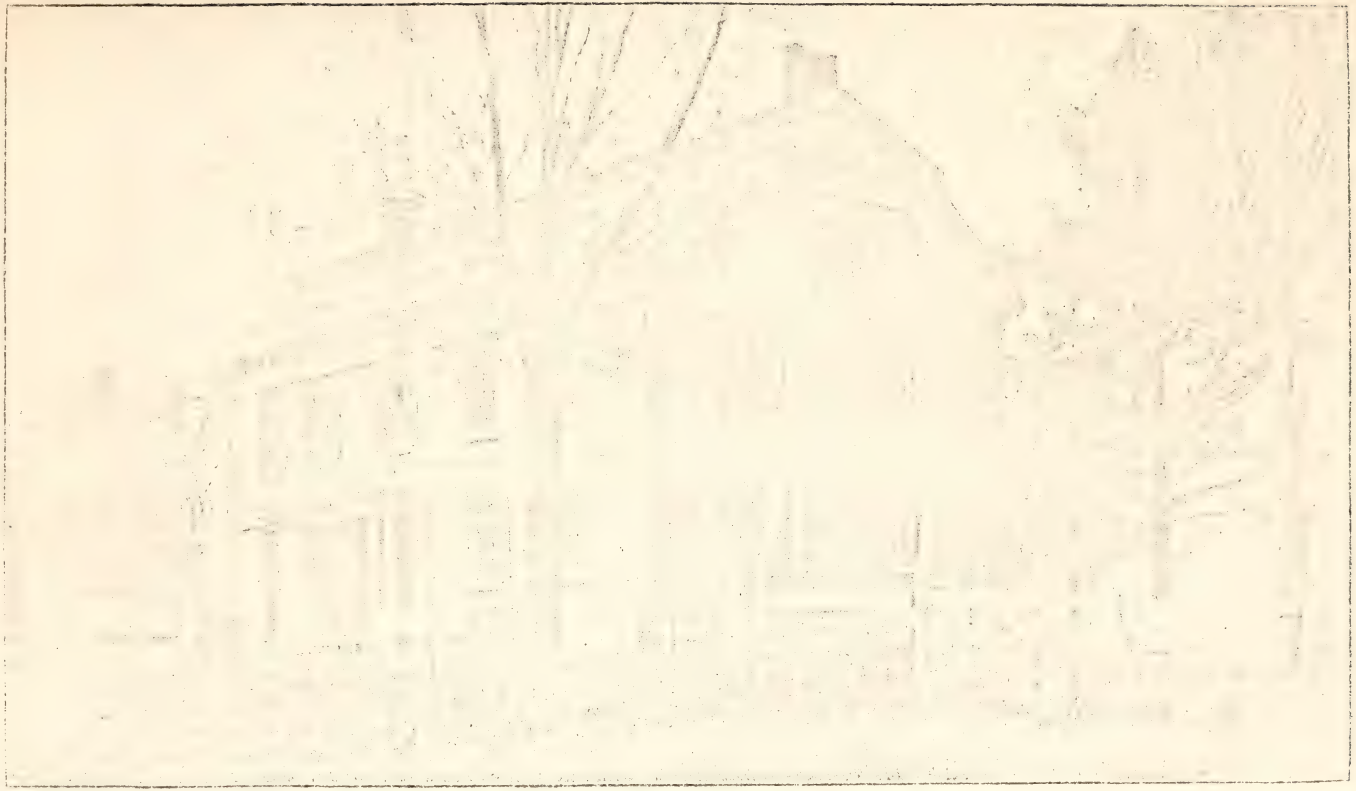
GENERAL NICHOLAS HERKIMER.

Sacred to the memory of General Nicholas Herkimer.

BEHIND a stately mansion on the right bank of the smiling Mohawk, not far from Little Falls, still stands, white and pure as the day it was erected, a simple marble slab. In company with others it stands, each and all surrounded and caressed by waving grasses and many spring flowers, each and all bearing

names of those who long since have passed beneath the walls of the "low, green tents whose curtains never outward swing," most of them bearing the name of Herkimer—a name famous now forever more, not only in this smiling valley, but throughout this broad land of America. It is a quiet spot, forgotten by most of the great world, rushing and roaring on so near unto it, and yet not forgotten by all. This is Decoration Day of the year 1893, and some kind hand—a child's, I should think—has remembered the bluff old General who sleeps so quietly behind the house where he lived and died; has remembered and placed on his grave two little flags and a bunch of daisies. We are not "so soon forgot when we are gone;" that is, provided we have lived for others than ourselves—certainly not, when we have died for others, as he did. We do not need the record of his tombstone to know that "from his wounds received at the battle of Oriskany he died ten days thereafter."

The old red mansion that to-day casts its shadow over his grave, that to-day gives shelter to strangers, is fast falling into ruin. More's the pity, for it is a stately old place, holding its own proudly among the mansions of that day—a great square house, with one of those high arched roofs. Its bricks have acquired that deep, rich red only possible after the lapse of years. "Across its antique portico tall poplar trees their shadows throw." But the great clock has vanished from its halls. Their silence is broken only by the passage of strangers' feet and the shriek of the West Shore railroad just before the door. It must have been built about 1760, but it is not the original mansion of the Herkimer family; that was of stone and stood within the walls and formed part of old Fort Herkimer. There the General's father, Hanyoost, lived with his wife "Katherine," and there they raised five sons and eight daughters. Save of the following, no record is to be found of all that large family, most of whom lived to maturity. Joseph left a son who until of late years lived in Little Falls. The descendants of Abraham are still to be found in Pennsylvania. George left four sons who lived near Schuyler's Lake. Henry left a son, Joseph, who lived in Springfield, Otsego County. Of the daughters, Elizabeth married Peter D. Schuyler; Delia married Colonel Peter Bellinger; Anna, Peter Ten Broeck, and from her was descended



HERKIMER MANSION,

the late Roscoe Conkling; Gertrude married Rudolph Shoemaker, and Cincinnati, Toledo, Michigan, and Illinois hold many of their descendants. Of the transatlantic history of the Herkimers little is known. Family tradition says that they are of the noble family of De Erghemar, of Belgium. Coming to this country in the early years of the last century, they soon exhibited evidences of wealth far beyond any other of the Palatine families. So well provided were they with this world's goods that they declined to return to Europe, though advised of a heritage awaiting them there. Two of the brothers did go as far as New York, but the Atlantic Ocean was a terror—that it has long ceased to be—and the peaceful homes of the valley were too attractive to be given up.

Old Fort Herkimer, at German Flats, and the Herkimer mansion have vanished long ago, but the ancient stone church still holds its tower toward Heaven, as it did in the days when the Indians stole its bell. Such a sound was new to them. They were charmed thereby and "violated the sanctuary." Long and loud were the lamentations of the people. That bell was a veritable "Wept of the Wishton-wish." In the silence of the night it had disappeared into the depths of the trackless forest. But the possession of such a toy overcame the prudence of the Indians, who, digging it up from its hiding place, slung it on a pole, and awakened the glades of the forest with its clangor. They also awakened the entire valley, who to a man, and also all the women and children, rushed to its rescue, so that ere long it swung once more in the tower of the old church, calling the faithful to prayer. Here the first Herkimer and his family, of whom Nicholas, the General of latter years, was the oldest, worshiped, and here for many years John P., the father of our last Treasurer, Frank P. Spinner, of marvelous signature, officiated. The probate court at Albany holds the wills of the General and his father—quaint and curious documents both of them. In the latter we read—strange sight in these days—that to his son John is left two of his best negroes; but the will of the General betrays to us many family secrets and much that is curious. It was written here in the old house before me, and is dated February 7, 1777. In it we discover that men were just simply men, as we are nowadays, at least in so far as they

were forever under the influence, for better or worse, of the other sex. Herkimer was an old man, and in the possession of his second wife found the usual "old man's darling;" but I think a few passages from his last testament will tell the story better than I can:

ITEM.—I give unto my said beloved wife Maria upon this express condition and proviso, that she shall and will during her widowhood of me behave and conduct herself in chastity and other Christian manners becoming to a decent and religious widow; further, the following devises in the following manner—that is to say, during the natural life of my said wife—she shall have, possess, and enjoy, upon the performance of the hereafore reserved condition and proviso, the room in the northeast corner of my present dwelling-house, with all the furniture therein being at my decease, and one-quarter of one acre in one of the gardens near the house, to her choice, and also four apple trees to her choice; free pass and repassing unmolested to the said room, garden, and apple trees, and firewood and water upon my said tenement to her use; one of the young negro wenches to her choice, besides the above mentioned already devised unto her, her heirs and assigns; also to her choice one horse and one mare, two cows, six sheep, six hogs, three silver spoons and four silver teaspoons, one-half dozen China cups and saucers, two pots, one copper kettle, two dishes, six pewter plates, four pewter spoons, two bowls, two pewter teapots, one trammel, one pair of andirons, one dozen knives and forks, one-half dozen chairs, one table, the moiety of my linen and home-spun store, and the other half to be divided by her among my black servants for their clothing, and all of the women clothes left at my decease having been her wearing, as well as of my first wife, deceased; all these to be and to hold for the use of her, her heirs and assigns, upon the performance of the above express proviso and condition; but upon true proofs of her conduct against it all these devises included in the circumflex shall be void and then appertain unto the hereafter-named possessor of my present dwelling tenement and to his heirs and assigns; but during the widowhood of her, my said wife, on the same condition and proviso aforesaid, she shall occupy and enjoy the half of my present dwelling-house, and of all the issues and profits of the tenement of five hundred acres of land whereon I now live, and also of all the issues of my wenches, horses, and other cattle; but she shall equally pay the half of all expenses in behalf of the said issues, which must be extra paid, besides the work of my servants and cattle; but upon non-performance of the said proviso this devise shall also be void. Further, it is my express will and order that if by the providence of God my present beloved wife and future widow after my decease should lawfully marry one of my brother's sons, that then they shall have and enjoy the interests and rents of all my lands lying in the patent granted to Edward Holland now leased to the respective tenants thereof, and also one lot of woodland in the same

patent, not leased, which is adjacent to the Fallbergh patent, to them, their heirs and assigns forever; but if in case she, my said wife, should, after my decease, marry with one of my sister's sons, then that the said interests and rents of the said leased lands, together with the said one hundred acres of woodland, shall be and appertain to them, their heirs and assigns, during both their lives.

One can imagine the circumspect manner in which the young widow was obliged to move. One can easily fancy the ever-watchful faces of the administrators, peering upon her from these windows as she used her right of "free passage" to the well, which to-day is overshadowed by a stately elm. But she gave them no trouble, and soon, by marriage, vanished into Canada and from the annals of the family. It is plain to be seen that the old gentleman was in hopes that by marriage with some of his blood his young wife would keep in his family what he gave her "outright;" but it was not to be. How strange to us reads that line, "Issue of my wenches, horses, and other cattle." At least our terrible sorrow, the great Rebellion, and our dead Lincoln have rendered it forever impossible to again inscribe such a sentence within the boundaries of this great nation. The will closes with the appointment of Hanyoost Shoemaker, his nephew and "trusty friend," as chief executor, a thing which surely goes far to refute a slander on the name of that gentleman and patriot.

The battle which cost General Herkimer his life was fought at Oriskany on August 7, 1777, and was one of the first struggles which taught the English that, even with the aid of the Indians and numerous friends in the land, the Colonists were not to be conquered; that they were fighting not only for freedom, but for homes, wives, and children, and would fight until death or victory closed the matter forever for them. In addition to all this, these German palatinates had each and every man of them personal grievances to settle on account of harsh and unjust treatment received, instead of the many benefits promised when they set sail from England, whither they had gone from the Continent. The approach of General Burgoyne, of St. Leger, of Indians, Tories, Canadians, and others called forth the following proclamation from General Herkimer:

Whereas it appears that certain of the enemy, of about two thousand strong, Christians and savages, are arrived at Oswego, with the intention

to invade our frontiers, I think it proper and most necessary for the defense of our country, and it shall be ordered by me as soon as the enemy approaches, that every male person, being in health, from sixteen to sixty years of age, in this our country, shall, as in duty bound, repair immediately, with arms and accoutrements, to the place to be appointed in my orders; will then march to oppose the enemy with vigor, as true patriots, for the just defense of their country. And those who are above sixty years of age, or really unwell and incapable to march, shall then assemble, also armed, at their respective places, where women and children will be gathered together, in order for defense against the enemy, if attacked, as much as lies in their power. But concerning the disaffected and who will not directly obey such orders, they shall be taken along with their arms, secured under guard, to join the main body; and as such an invasion regards every friend to the country in general, but of this county in particular, to show his zeal and well-affected spirit in actual defense of the same, all the members of the committee, as well as all those who, by former commissions or otherwise, have been exempted from any other military duty, are requested to repair also, when called, to such place as shall be appointed, and join to repulse our foes, not doubting that the Almighty Power, upon our humble prayers and sincere trust in him, will then graciously succor our arms in battle, for our just cause, and victory cannot fail on our side.

The little army, scarce a thousand men, that responded to the proclamation was entirely undisciplined and decidedly insubordinate. Advancing from German Flats, they quickly covered the distance to where the battle was fought, some six miles west of Fort Schuyler, now Utica, and there in the deep glades of the forest Herkimer called a halt and a council of war. Around him were gathered relatives and friends, many of whom would never go back to the anxious, waiting hearts all up and down the valley, some of whom were near his own age and had known the terrors of the French and Indian War. Captain Henry Herter, leaning on his musket, seemed to be thinking of those dark days of 1757 when he had followed his wife as she was carried captive into Canada, where, in a birch-bark canoe on the St. Lawrence, her daughter, afterwards the beautiful wife of Judge Michael Myers, was born, and where her father found her with her clothes frozen to the canoe. Those were dark days, and Herter does not wish them repeated. He lived and fought all through the Revolution, dying in 1822 at the ripe age of ninety-five. Near him that day at Oriskany stood Hanyoost Shoemaker, Herkimer's nephew, with a deeper shadow on

his face, for his was present trouble and might mean disgrace. He was and remained loyal to his land and flag, holding at Oriskany the rank of major of the Fourth Battalion, Tryon County Militia; but back in the old home at Mohawk, now owned by Spencer, was a Tory wife and, worse still, a Tory father-in-law, one Robert Smith, a fox-hunting English squire, who had brought with him from Yorkshire all the love of the chase so inborn in her people. To the day of his death, about 1820, aged, like Herter, ninety-five years, he never forgot his early hunting days, and many a time dressed his great-grandsons in little crimson coats and, mounting them on sticks, drove the boys round and round the old ball-room in the Shoemaker mansion. His grave was always ready for him back of a blacksmith shop, and his coffin stood high up on the rafters of the great barn. He sleeps now in the latter, but not in the former, while the fame of his eccentricities still lingers in the valley. Always savage in the cause of his King, he was a man of stern will, and his daughter, Hanyoost's wife, was like him. Shoemaker knew that in his absence they would do, as they did do, everything in their power to injure the cause of the Colonists, even using the old home as a meeting place for the Tories. So his presence at Oriskany meant double warfare for him; but he was there as he was always "there" when his country needed him. Van Slyck, Vechten, Fonda, Bellinger, Petry, Herter, Tygert, etc., were all at Oriskany on the 6th of August. An express, Adam Helmer, with two others, had been dispatched to the fort with information of Herkimer's approach, who was to be warned by three discharges of artillery that they had arrived, and all was understood. It was for this signal that Herkimer desired to wait, well knowing that his band was more than doubled by the enemy; but his prudence and certainly justified caution were drowned in a babel of voices from some of his command, who even taunted him with cowardice, and whom he plainly informed would be, as was the case, the first to run when the enemy actually appeared. But Benton tells it all better than I can. I will quote him, confining my own words to the personal history of the General:

"At 10 o'clock on the 6th the main body of the troops passed over a causeway on a marshy ravine, the advance having com-

menced an ascent of the westerly slope, when a well-directed fire from the enemy, in front and on both flanks, accompanied with the dismal Indian war-whoop, unfolded to the American General that his division had become involved in an almost inextricable ambuscade. Retreat was impossible, for the causeway over the marsh was already blocked with teams, and the rear guard, just commencing the descent of the eastern declivity, commanded by one of the officers who in the morning had taunted his General with cowardice, turned and fled on the first fire of the enemy; but flight did not save them from the fate that awaited their comrades on the west side of the ravine. The enemy, knowing well the ground, had gained the rear, and shot down the fugitives as they ran away from their companions. As might well be expected, the suddenness of the attack and the intensity of the enemy's fire not only produced great disorder among the Provincials, but annihilation seemed almost inevitable for a time.

"In this disorder the conflict raged about half an hour, when the Americans formed themselves into circular squads the more effectually to repel the attacks of the enemy, who were steadily approaching on all sides, and from this moment resistance became more effective. The enemy then charged with the bayonet, but they were met by brave hearts and strong arms; and thus the battle raged until the parties were compelled to desist by a heavy shower of rain, which raged with great fury more than an hour. The enemy sought the best shelter they could find at a good distance from the Provincials, when the latter, under the direction of their General, occupied a favorable piece of ground, and then so formed themselves so as to be able to repel an attack from any quarter. The fight was renewed, and the Indians, suffering severely by the deadly fire of the militia, began to give ground, when a detachment of Johnson's Greens, composed chiefly of loyalists who had fled from Tryon County, were brought into action face to face with many of their former neighbors. Then mutual hate and revenge raged with unspeakable intensity between the combatants and the conflict became, if possible, more a death struggle than ever.

"In the meantime, while the battle was the most fierce, a firing was heard in the direction of the fort—no unwelcome

sound, as may well be supposed, to the handful of surviving Provincials, nor very gratifying to the enemy. During the conflict at Oriskany a well-conducted sortie from the fort, under the command of Colonel Willett, was made upon the forces under St. Leger for the purpose of drawing the enemy's attention to the preservation of their camp in that direction. This was well understood by the Provincials, and in it they saw great hopes of deliverance. This was not a fight suited to the taste of the savages, who found their numbers fast diminishing, nor could such a contest be long maintained with much hope of survivorship by either party. 'Oonah,' the retreating cry of the Indians, was heard in the distance, and their flight commenced with a salute of shouts and bullets from the surviving Provincials. The Greens and Rangers soon followed the example of their illustrious allies, by a precipitate retreat, abandoning their dead and wounded and the deeply crimsoned battlefield to the undisputed possession of the Tryon County militia. Was this a victory or a defeat of the Provincials? By all the laws of war, they are the victors who remain masters of the battle ground. The American report gave the number of Provincial militia killed as two hundred, besides the wounded and prisoners. The British accounts state the killed at four hundred, and two hundred prisoners, making in all six hundred, besides the wounded. Now, in modern warfare and in the severest battles, the wounded are more than two to one of the killed, to say nothing about prisoners. The British accounts do not claim there were more than one thousand militia on the march at this time to raise the siege of Fort Schuyler. Surely four hundred killed, eight hundred wounded, and two hundred prisoners, out of one thousand, is making sad havoc in the fighting line. But this is not so, and St. Leger, when he gave this statement of killed and prisoners to General Burgoyne was indulging not a little in the M. de Belletre vein.

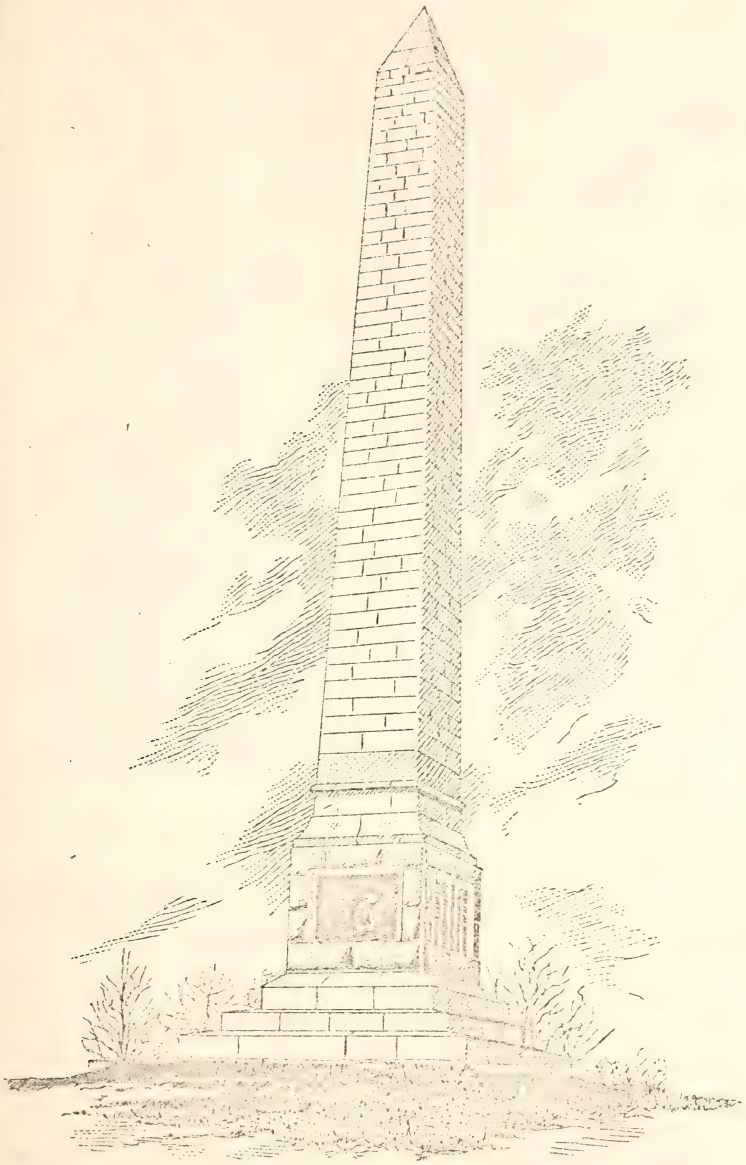
"This battle was a severe one—the severest, perhaps, for the number engaged, that took place during the whole Revolutionary War; and from the character of the combatants, the surprise, and the disadvantages under which the Provincials labored during the whole six hours' conflict, the proportion of the killed to the wounded must have been greatly beyond what ordinarily

occurs in the hardest actions where firearms are used as the principal weapon of assault and defense."

In the early stages of the battle Herkimer's horse was killed under him and his leg broken by a musket ball; but undaunted, and knowing that the salvation of all rested on his shoulders, he ordered his saddle to be placed against a tree where the fight raged hottest, and all day long quietly smoked his pipe while directing the movements of his forces. What effect such calmness and bravery produced upon his followers can better be imagined than described, and we can believe that it was with great tenderness and immense enthusiasm that they carried him to this old house before me to-day, there to play out in so short a time his life's drama. Surgery was certainly an unknown art in those days or Herkimer would have lived and undoubtedly fought for his country all through the Revolution. As it was, he died ten days after Oriskany, and because of a bungling amputation of the injured limb, the lower portion being sawed straight across and no attempt made to tie up the arteries; hence he died of hemorrhage—died as bravely as he had lived, with a firm belief in the future of freedom's cause, a firm faith in the goodness of God, and with the words, "Oh, Lord! rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure," Nicholas Herkimer passed to his rest.

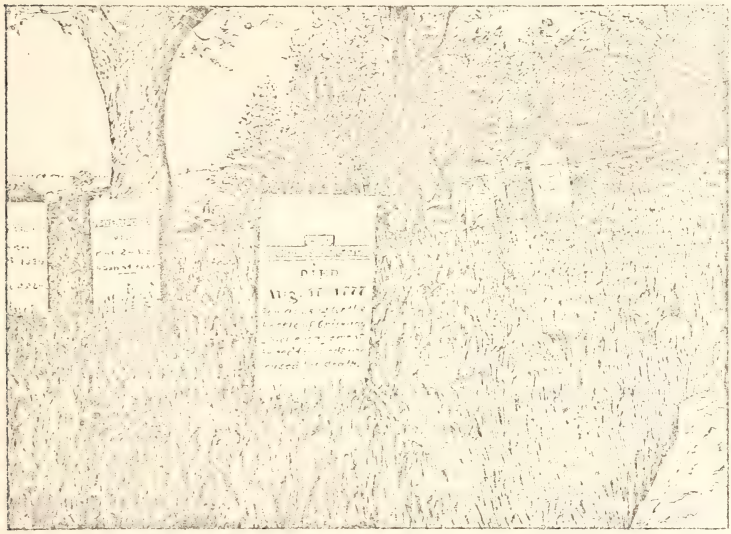
The Herkimers were a race of strongly marked characteristics, personal and mental; their women virtuous, noble, intellectual, and well beloved; their men strong and honorable—men who have come to the fore wherever they have lived. The family likeness does not die out. Those who knew the late R. M. Shoemaker, of Cincinnati, or who know his daughter Henrietta, wife of J. G. Christopher, of Jacksonville, Florida, will at once see the strong resemblance to the accompanying portrait of General Herkimer around the eyes and brow.

In October, after Herkimer's death, Congress appropriated $500, a large sum in those days, for his monument, but nothing was done until the Oneida Historical Society took up the matter, and, adding interest and compound interest to the original sum, raised an amount sufficient to erect the stately obelisk which now towers above the spot where Oriskany was fought, where that famous pipe was smoked. Around its base bronze tablets



give the names of those who fought with him in the following beautiful tribute to each and all:

"Here the battle of Oriskany was fought on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1777. Here British invasion was checked and thwarted. Here General Herkimer, the intrepid leader of the American forces, was mortally wounded, but kept command of the fight till the enemy fled. The life blood of more than two hundred patriot heroes made this battle ground sacred forever.



"This monument was built A. D. 1883 by the grateful dwellers in the Mohawk Valley, under the direction of the Oneida Historical Society, aided by the National Government and the State of New York."

The right panel is a bas-relief representing General Herkimer lying on the ground giving orders to one of his aids.

A stately tribute from a people that do not forget, but to my mind not half so touching as the simple slab still shining so fair and white among the tall grasses back of his old home. As I write the sunlight sheds a golden glory over all. Two great squirrels that are busy making their housekeeping arrangements approach and regard me curiously, and then, voting me

"not dangerous," scamper round and round in pure glee, while the sedate and stately mansion seems to gaze from its many windows out on the young spring morning, like the "old, old, old, old lady at the boy just half past three."

M. M. Shoemaker.

FREE QUAKERS IN THE REVOLUTION.

On the southwest corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, in the city of Philadelphia, there stands a small, substantially built brick meeting-house, now occupied by the Apprentices' Library Company. The gable end of the building fronts on Arch Street and has built into it a marble tablet bearing the inscription:

By general subscription
for the Free Quakers. Erected
in the year of our Lord 1783,
Of the Empire 8.

In it the Free Quaker Society still meets whenever its affairs call for its attention, but the history of the origin of the Society and of the heroism of its patriotic founders is nearly forgotten, and if not recorded may soon be lost entirely.

To answer questions which have been often asked of the writer as to the origin and early history of the Society he has compiled the following notes on the subject:

With no wish to cast reproach upon the respectable Society of Friends, the fact is recorded that at the commencement of differences between the American Colonists and the home government, and until the event of war settled the points at issue in favor of the cause of freedom, the sympathies of those who controlled the public action of that Society were with the Crown. The leading members of that Society were men who had grown old in the habit of loyalty and had been rewarded therefor by dignities and wealth. Their government of the Colony had always been peaceful; the spirit of resistance threatened war, and war was not only a subversion of their religious principles, but it threatened ruin to their worldly fortunes.

The calling together of the first Continental Congress was an act of heroic patriotism from the American standpoint, but was mere treasonable plotting in Royalist eyes.

Accordingly we find that at the General Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Philadelphia in 1774, a letter was formally approved and ordered to be sent to all meetings of Friends in America, warning the members of that Society not to depart from their peaceful principles by taking part in any of the political matters then being stirred up, reminding them that under the King's government they had been favored with a peaceful and prosperous enjoyment of their rights, and strongly suggesting the propriety of disowning all such members as disobeyed the orders issued by the Yearly Meeting.

This letter was generally respected and obeyed, and most Friends took no part in the war for freedom; but this was not so with all. Among the younger members many took an active part. They held that as they should render duty to their Government of willing obedience, so also they owed it their active support when threatened by invasion. While agreeing with their elders as to the wickedness of aggressive war and needless strife, they took the ground that it would be inconsistent to accept the support of the Continental Congress and armies and refuse to aid them by every means possible. These men had to resist the prejudices in which they had been educated and by which they were surrounded. They had to meet their brethren before they went forth to meet the enemy; but they stood their ground without wavering. They served actively in the armies on the American side; they appeared in the Committee of Public Safety; they were seated in the Legislature; they were concerned in the printing of the Continental money, and they gladly gave to the cause out of their purses and stocks of goods. Nor was it only by the men that these services were rendered; the women attended their husbands to the wars, and it is still remembered that during the battle of Trenton the wives of the Quaker soldiers helped on the battlefield to bandage the wounded, and the flags that were carried by the American armies were made by a Quaker woman.

While this was being done, however, the Friends were not idle. They took prompt notice of the warlike propensities of

their younger brethren, and the curious student of history who examines the records of Friends' meetings of that period will find a great number of entries like these:

Isaac Howell, of this city, who has made many years profession of the truth with us, the people called Quakers, and we believe has been convinced of that divine principle which preserves the followers thereof from a disposition and conduct tending to promote war, has, notwithstanding, so far deviated therefrom as to manifest a disposition to contend for the asserting of civil rights in a manner contrary to our peaceful profession and principles, and has accepted of and acted in a public station, the purpose and intention of which has tended to promote measures inconsistent therewith. It thereupon became our concern to treat with him, with desire to convince him of his error; but our labor of love not having the desired effect, and as the testimony of truth has suffered by his means and he doth not show a disposition to condemn the same, we are under the necessity, in order to support our Christian testimony, to declare that he hath separated himself from the unity and fellowship of our religious society; yet it is our earnest desire that he may become sensible of his deviations so as to manifest a just sense of his error, and by a due concern for the testimony of truth, manifested by a suitable acknowledgment, become restored into membership.

Which entry means that Isaac Howell, having disobeyed the precept of Yearly Meeting of 1774, and also having fallen away from correct following after Quakerism by accepting office under a government in rebellion and by serving in a military capacity, was thereupon disowned and excommunicated by the Philadelphia Meeting of Friends.

On June 13, 1777, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law commanding all residents to forthwith appear before the justices or other officers qualified to administer judicial oaths and take oath or affirmation of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania and the United States and abjure forever all allegiance to the King and Government of Great Britain. This brought the issue fairly and fully before the Society of Friends. The leaders of that Society stood firm to the letter of the Yearly Meeting of 1774, and generally failed to comply with the law. There can be no doubt that some, fearful alike of disownment and of the punishment for treason on the one hand and of the penalties of the new law on the other, took the oath of allegiance secretly; but some young Friends, more earnest and candid than their brethren, attended publicly before the justices and openly and

willingly complied with the law. Among these was Samuel Wetherill, Junior, who was a minister or public speaker at the meetings of Friends, and also a very active man of affairs.

Just before the time we now speak of, in 1775, he joined with Christopher Marshall and several other enterprising men in founding the first factory for weaving cloth in the Colony, and when the war broke out this factory was in active operation. Not only did Samuel Wetherill publicly take the oath of allegiance, but his public speech and ready pen were actively enlisted for the American cause. The cloth woven by his factory was also supplied to the Army, and it is said that a timely shipment of these supplies to the little army of Washington at Valley Forge saved it from disbanding. He met his reward, the following entry in Friends Meeting record attesting the same :

Whereas Samuel Wetherill of this city hath many years made profession of the truth with us, and we have grounds to hope he hath been convinced of the nature and excellency of Christian union and fellowship, but, not being sufficiently attentive to the Divine principle of Gospel peace and love which leads and preserves the followers of Christ out of contention and discord, has deviated from our ancient Testimony and peaceable principles by manifesting himself a party in the public commotions prevailing, and taking a test of abjuration and allegiance, and hath also violated the order of our Discipline by being concerned in publishing or distributing a book tending to promote dissension and division among Friends, it therefore became our care to labor to convince him of the hurtful tendency of his conduct; but our brotherly concern and endeavors for him not being effectual, he persisting to vindicate his sentiments and proceedings in opposition to the united sense and judgment of Friends, we apprehend ourselves under the necessity, in the support of our Christian, peaceable testimony, to declare that he hath separated himself from fellowship with us and become secluded from membership in our religious Society. Nevertheless we are sincerely concerned for his welfare and restoration, with desires that by his humble attention to the illumination of Divine Grace he may become so sensible of his deviation and error as to be rightly restored into membership with us.

8th month, 1779.

This action of Friends does not appear to have been confined to Philadelphia and its vicinity. Elsewhere in the Colonies, notably in Maryland and Massachusetts, many Quakers were disowned for their service in the cause of their country.

In considering the effects of disownment it must be remembered that the Quakers were, as they still are, an exceedingly

religious people; their religion was not to them a mere external habit of devotion, to be exhibited to other men on the first day of the week and laid aside until the following first day. They meditated on it daily; it accompanied them in their round of duty and business; the Bible was read and studied constantly, and their meeting was far more than a place of religious worship, it was the chief place of social concourse as well, and he who was disowned for political cause was lonely indeed, for such a man was in his heart as truly a Quaker as any who disowned him. The services of the Established Church had no attractions for him and the bells of the little Swedish Lutheran Church of the Gloria Dei, ringing over the meadows of Moyamensing, called him in vain. His heart yearned for the Meeting, and its associations were none the less dear to him that he had been disowned, as it seemed to him, unjustly. As the Revolutionary War went on and the number of disowned Friends increased, they became something of a feature in the city, and the more devout among them began to meet together and compare views. It seems that they first met in small numbers, in the autumn of 1780, at the houses of Samuel Wetherill and Timothy Matlack, and after a number of meetings for religious worship, the propriety of forming a Meeting of their own was discussed among them. Several favored this action, and on the 20th day of February, 1781, the new Society held its first meeting for business. The first minute book has been preserved, and it speaks of the Society as "The Religious Society of Friends, by some styled the Free Quakers."

A full list of the original members cannot be given, as some attended irregularly and failed to register their names, but among the members the more conspicuous were the following: Timothy Matlack, who was a colonel in the army and a member of the Committee of Public Safety; later he was a member of the State Legislature and was a very active patriot; White Matlack, brother of Timothy; William Crispin, who was commissary in General Washington's Army; Clement Biddle, who was disowned as early as 1775 for "studying to learn the art of war;" he afterwards served as Quartermaster General for the army under General Gates at Valley Forge and elsewhere; Owen Biddle, his brother, who was a member of the State Legislature;

Benjamin Say, who was a well-known physician at that time; Samuel Wetherill, Junior, who was the preacher and clerk of the Meeting; Christopher Marshall, who was a well-known patriot and an active member of the Committee of Public Safety (his diary has been published); Joseph Warner, who served in the army and was at the battle of Trenton; Peter Thompson, who was employed by Congress to print the Continental money; Nathaniel Browne, Isaac Howell, Moses Bartram, John Eldridge, and Jonathan Scholfield were also members, with their families. Among the women who were members the most famous were Lydia Darragh and Elizabeth Ross, who afterwards married John Claypoole. Elizabeth Claypoole, it is said, was employed in General Washington's household, and it is quite certain that the first American flags used in the Army were made by her. The order of Congress directing her to be paid for this service has been preserved. The Meeting of which she was a member disowned her for making the flags, and she with her husband joined the Free Quakers. She was of very gentle and amiable disposition, and it is gratifying to note that she lived to see the flag of her country, of which she made the oldest specimens, honored and respected all over the world. She was much loved by those who knew her, and was familiarly known as "Betsey" Claypoole. She outlived nearly all the original members, dying at a very advanced age in 1833. Lydia Darragh's house was used by certain British officers as their headquarters during the English occupation of Philadelphia, and she accidentally overheard them in council of war plan a surprise by night of General Washington's Army, then encamped at White Marsh. She escaped from the city and conveyed information of the intended attack to the American officers, thus saving it, and probably also the cause of her country, from destruction.

The Society was not a large one, the first meeting for business being attended by about eight persons. They and those who acted with them, feeling no doubt that in forming a new religious organization they ought to publicly make known the cause of so doing, prepared and published an "Address to those of the people called Quakers who have been disowned for matters religious or civil." This was printed in what was then called "broadside" form, on a single sheet of paper. It bears

date "Philadelphia, 24th of the 4th month, 1781." This, the first public printed utterance of the Society, should be carefully studied. When it is remembered that at this time the American cause seemed almost hopeless, the Congress without money or credit, and our armies defeated and discouraged, the patriotic language of this and the other early documents of the Society is worthy of particular note. It calls upon those who have been disowned and feel the need of religious worship to join with them in discharging their religious duties to themselves and their children and families, and, reminding the disowned that many of them have been turned away from the Society in which they were educated "for no other cause than a faithful discharge of these duties which we owe to our country," it assures them that—

> We have no new doctrine to teach nor any design of promoting schism in religion, but mean to pay a due regard to the principles of our forefathers. We have no desire to form creeds or confessions of faith, but humbly to confide in those sacred lessons of wisdom and benevolence which have been left to us by Christ and his Apostles, contained in the holy Scriptures, and appealing to that divine principle breathed by the breath of God into the hearts of all, to leave every man to think and judge for himself according to the abilities received, and to answer for his faith and opinions to Him who seeth the secrets of all hearts, the sole judge and sovereign lord of conscience.

The faith of the new Meeting, therefore, was the Quaker faith in which they had been brought up—the same simplicity of life, the same Christian belief, the same trust in the Bible as the word of God, the same appeal to a divine principle directly sent from God into the hearts of all men which had been the constant claim of the teachers of that faith from the beginning, was asserted fully and emphatically in this characteristic address. The differences indicated were not of faith but of practice, but they were so original as to be very remarkable. The Free Quakers' leaders were fighting for the same liberty in matters of religion as they had contended for, and were in the act of winning politically. They had faced the power of England; they were in the act of establishing a republican government for America. They also wished to form a church in which its members would be as free from tyranny of bishops and ruling elders as they sought to be free from the despotic rule of a for-

eign and distant King. The first point with them was that in the new Meeting no man who believed in God—in a supreme, wise, and benevolent Ruler of the Universe—and who joined with them, should be disowned or excommunicated for any cause whatever. It was charged against them that under such lax discipline dangerous new doctrines might be preached. It was answered "better to suffer the dangers of freedom than the coldness of repression, and if any is clearly wrong, better to advise with him kindly than to turn him away." It was charged that such a discipline left it in the power of one member to announce opinions at variance with those of all the rest of the Meeting. It was answered that such a single member might be in the right and his brethren in error. It was charged that the new Society might be disgraced by the possible immoral conduct of its members if such were not disowned. It was answered that the church is a moral and spiritual hospital, wherein measures ought to be taken to heal the diseased, and that the more sinful a member seemed to be, the more evident is the necessity of laboring for his reformation, and that if any supposed disgrace attended on companionship with offenders, that inconvenience was more than repaid if they could be thereby brought to reform and sin no more.

On one other point they differed radically from the older Society, and that was as to the right of offering forcible resistance against warlike invasion. As is well known, the Quakers had always held that resistance was sinful, and so they adhered to an absolute peace under all circumstances, suffering violence to themselves, their families, and their country rather than to offer any resistance or serve in the Army, even going so far as to refuse to pay taxes where the money was being raised for military purposes. The Free Quakers held, admitting the necessity of government, that all government is essentially a defensive war for the protection of public peace, and that when the government is threatened by domestic treason or foreign invasion, it then became the plain duty of every man to join in the public defense by all means possible, and that war, while an extreme measure, was in such instances not merely justifiable, but right and proper, and, as is shown above, the founders of the Society showed their sincerity in this matter by serving their country

with their very best exertions at the time of its utmost need. On the same ground they held, contrary to the discipline of Friends, that a man might forcibly resist any bodily violence offered to himself or to any one to whom he owed the duty of protection. While their views as to warfare and resistance were precisely the same as that of nearly all Christians, they were in such thinking so contrary to the well-settled doctrines of the Friends that they were commonly known and are still sometimes spoken of as "Fighting" Quakers.

These views they very firmly adhered to and very forcibly set forth at their meetings for worship by the preaching of Samuel Wetherill, who about this time, or probably a little later, for the work bears no date, wrote and published a small pamphlet entitled "An Apology for the Religious Society called Free Quakers of the City of Philadelphia," in which he argues very strongly that all churches who excommunicate act inconsistently with the Gospel, and in which he also states with great strength and clearness the views of the Society on the doctrine of non-resistance. The book is very interesting as showing clearly in what points they differed from their orthodox brethren. Among other things, he says:

Those who believe the Society of Friends are the Church of Christ and that disowning necessarily implies an exclusion from heaven are, according to the ancient principles laid down by Barclay, the true and orthodox Quakers. The others, who do not suppose the Society are the pure church, who do not pretend to binding and loosing in heaven and on earth are most catholic and modest; but let me ask those Friends, supposing a number of men were forming themselves into a religious society for the purposes of improvement in piety and virtue, would the present discipline of Friends be the most proper rules to produce this effect? Would they agree that no one among them should marry a member of any other society, though ever so amiable, under pain of being expelled from the body, nor even a member of their own society, unless they accomplished their marriage agreeable to one particular form? That no man should defend his own life, nor the life of his friend, nor the government under which he lived, nor pay taxes for military purposes, nor a fine for not complying with the laws in certain cases? That no man should publish a religious or political treatise without consent of the society, under the penalty of being expelled from the body? Can it be supposed that any number of men of sound understanding would in the present day lay down such a plan and make compliance with those rules the test of Christian fellowship? If, then, it is impossible to suppose

such a case, are they wise who make those rules the test of Christian fellowship merely because they were made the conditions of fellowship by their ancestors? How much more reasonable would it be in them to say, the design of this institution is that we may be mutually instrumental in promoting the temporal and eternal felicity one of another. We feel the importance of a virtuous life. We will therefore use all the means with which divine Providence may favor us solely for this end. If, then, a brother should be overtaken in a fault we will endeavor to restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted; but in no case whatever shall any one be expelled from the Society lest it should prove his ruin. How greatly preferable would such a system of church government be?

Such, then, is the plan of the religious Society of Free Quakers in the city of Philadelphia.

Their meetings for worship were at first held in private houses, generally in the house of the clerk. Afterwards they met in one of the rooms of the college building of the University of Pennsylvania.

At their meetings for business their first work was to formulate a Discipline or plan of organization, and in order to obtain the assistance of all such disowned Friends as might wish to join in the work, they issued on the fourth day of the sixth month, 1781, a second broadside or public printed letter "to our friends and brethren in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and elsewhere," stating that they—

concerned it to be a duty which we owe to ourselves, our children and families, to establish and support among us public meetings for religious worship, and to appoint stated meetings for conducting the affairs of the Society upon principles as liberal and enlarged toward one another as those adopted by the State are toward all, &c., and inviting the advice and assistance of all who may kindly afford us their counsel.

Having sent out this epistle to their friends, they continued their work as to discipline, and on the sixth day of the eighth month, 1781, at their meeting for business, unanimously agreed to it. The document has been printed, and a clearer or more forcibly expressed work of the kind could hardly be imagined. It is so filled with a manly spirit of patriotism, mingled with Christian devotion, and also showing a due sense of order which has always characterized the Friends, that this sketch would not be complete unless it be transcribed in full. It is as follows:

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, BY SOME STYLED THE FREE QUAKERS.

Unanimously agreed to in their meeting for business, held in Philadelphia on the sixth day of the eighth month, 1781.

The Creator of man, having bestowed upon individuals greater and less natural abilities and opportunities of improvement, a variety of sentiments respecting the duties which we owe to him necessarily arises among us, and it becomes essential to our happiness that we may perform those duties in that way which we think most acceptable to him; and therefore when we contemplate the long-continued and earnest contest which has been maintained and the torrents of blood which in other countries have been shed in defense of this precious privilege, we cannot but acknowledge it to be a signal instance of the immediate care of a divine Providence over the people of America that he has in the present great Revolution thus far established among us governments under which no man who acknowledges the being of a God can be abridged of any civil right on account of his religious sentiments, while other nations who see and lament their wretched situation are yet groaning under a grievous bondage. But governments established upon those liberal, just, and truly Christian principles and wisely confined to the great objects of ascertaining and defending civil rights, in avoiding the possibility of wounding the conscience of any must unavoidably leave some cases unprovided for which come properly under the care of religious societies; hence we are not only left at liberty to act agreeably to our sentiments, but the necessity and obligation of establishing and supporting religious societies are increased and strengthened.

We acknowledge the kindness of Providence in awakening us to a view of the deplorable situation in which we have been. Disowned and rejected by those among whom we have been educated, and scattered abroad as if we had been aliens in a strange land, the prospect of our situation has indeed humbled us. But he whose mercy endureth forever has preserved us and induced us to confide that he will care for us; and being made sensible of the indispensable necessity of uniting together, we have cast our care upon the great Preserver of Men, and, depending upon him for our support, conceive it to be a duty which we owe to ourselves, our children, and families, to establish and support among us public meetings for religious worship; to appoint stated meetings for conducting the affairs of the society upon principles as liberal and enlarged toward one another as those adopted by the State are toward all, and, paying a due regard to the principles of our forefathers and the spirit of the regulations established by them, to fix upon such rules as may enable us to preserve decency and good order, and, among other things, to agree upon and make known a decent form of marriage, which may at once secure the rights of parents and of children, and a mode of forming and preserving records of marriages, births, and burials.

Wherefore, after mature deliberation, it was unanimously agreed as follows:

First. Meetings for public worship shall be established and kept up. The time and place of holding them shall be ordered and directed by the meeting for business, and it is earnestly recommended to all who come to our meetings for worship or meetings for business to attend precisely at the time appointed.

Secondly. A meeting shall be held monthly for conducting the business of the society, in which any member may freely express his sentiments on all business which shall there be determined or considered. In this meeting unanimity and harmony ought to prevail, and where any difference of sentiments may appear, charity and brotherly condescension ought to be shown to one another. Minutes of all the proceedings shall be kept, and for this purpose a clerk shall be appointed, and be under the direction of the meeting. At the opening of each meeting, after a solemn pause for worship, the minutes of the meeting next preceding shall be read.

Thirdly. Persons intending marriage may, either in person or by a friend, inform the meeting for business thereof; but where it may conveniently be, it is recommended that the parties proposing marriage do attend the meeting before which the proposal is made. Whereupon a committee shall be appointed to inquire concerning of their clearness of other marriage engagements, consent of parents or guardians, and such other matters as relate to the proposed marriage, and report thereon to the next meeting. No reasonable objection appearing, and the parties as aforesaid signifying the continuation of their intentions, the marriage may be allowed of and the persons appointed to attend the decent solemnization thereof, and to have the certificate of the same recorded in the book of marriages. The marriage may be solemnized at a public meeting for worship, or at the house of either of the parties, or at the house of their parents or friends, as the parties may choose, but it is recommended that the same be preceded by a solemn pause and worship to God. As cases may probably happen in which it will be inconvenient to postpone marriages so long as from one monthly meeting to another, in such cases an adjournment of the meeting may be made, the report of the committee received, and the marriage be allowed of as aforesaid.

The solemnization is recommended to be after the following manner, to wit: The parties standing and taking each other by the hand, the man shall declare to this import, that he takes the woman, naming her name to be his wife, and will be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate them; and the woman on her part shall declare to the import that she takes the man, naming his name, to be her husband, and will be unto him a loving and faithful wife until death shall separate them; the certificate whereof may be to the following import, to wit: Whereas A B, of C (expressing also his like or occupation), son of C D, of E, and F, his wife, and G H, daughter of J K, of L, and M, his wife,

having laid their intention of marriage with each other before the meeting for business of the Society of Friends, styled by some Free Quakers, held at N, the same were allowed of and on the — day of the — month, in the year of our Lord (inserting the day, month, and year), the said parties appeared at a meeting appointed for the solemnization of said marriage (or otherwise, as the case may be), and, taking each other by the hand, the said A B did, in a solemn manner, declare that he took the said G H to be his wife, and promised to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death should separate them; and the said G H did in like manner declare that she took the said A B to be her husband, and promised to be unto him a loving and faithful wife until death should separate them; and, in confirmation and testimony of the same, they, the said A B and G H, she assuming the name of her husband, did then and there to these presents set their hands; and we, whose names are also subscribed, being present at the said marriage and subscription, have, as witnesses to the same, hereunto set our hands the day and year aforesaid.

Fourthly. Records shall be kept of all marriages, births, and burials among us, and as these records may be of great importance and the recording of births and burials will greatly depend on the care of individuals in giving an account thereof, it is earnestly recommended to all to give an early account of both, mentioning the child's name, parentage, and day of its birth, and the name, parentage, title or occupation, age, and day of decease, as well of those who die abroad, when the same can be ascertained, as of those who die among us.

Fifthly. Persons desirous of joining with us in society, signifying the same to the meeting for business and appearing to be of good character, may be admitted, whereupon they may give in the names and ages of their children to be recorded. Should any choose to go from among us a minute thereof may be entered among our proceedings.

Sixthly. In cases of controversy respecting property, a reference to disinterested men, either of our own or some other society, and a compliance with their judgment may be recommended as the most expeditious and least expensive mode of terminating such disputes and tending to peace and harmony, but it shall be a perpetual rule among us as a religious society that we will not otherwise interfere in controversies between one man and another. This rule being contrary to that of our ancestors, in in this case we think it necessary to observe that, however blamable or even "shameful" it might have been in the Apostle's day for brother to go to law with brother "before the unbelievers," in the present day, when the State of which we ourselves are members appoint men eminent for their abilities and integrity to judge of all controversies, and those judges, being themselves Christians, are aided by juries of Christians, there does not appear any just cause for prohibiting appeals to them; on the contrary, to us it seems to be indecent and unjust to speak of these Christian courts as the Apostles spoke of those of "the unbeliev-

ers" and as the society who have disowned us have affected to speak of the courts of justice when themselves were the officers, jurors, judges, and legislators.

Seventh. As brethren, each may counsel and advise another in the spirit of love and meekness as he may see occasion, remembering always that he also may be tempted; but, leaving guilt to be punished by the laws of the land and commending those who err to the grace of God, no public censures shall be passed by us on any; neither shall a member be deprived of his right among us on account of his differing in sentiment from any or all of his brethren.

This paper is as remarkable in its utterances as in its omissions. One searches through it in vain for any creed or protestation of faith, and the discipline would be almost as suitable in its simple arrangements for a society of ancient Greek philosophers. The society was from its origin devoutly and earnestly Christian, but they were Quakers, and their disownment having been only for civil or political cause and not on any ground of religious difference, their belief on all main points was already so clearly understood that no publication of it was deemed needful or advisable. The Discipline, however, points clearly to the main grounds wherein they differed from Friends. The closing statement, "Neither shall a member be deprived of his right among us on account of his differing in sentiment from any or all of his brethren," is an assurance of religious freedom which no other Christian sect has ever given to its followers.

These publications attracted considerable attention at the time, especially among Friends, and members of that society in other States who had suffered disownment began to organize and meet in the same manner. In Chester County in Pennsylvania, at West River in Maryland, even as far as Massachusetts, Free Quaker meetings began to spring up, and a regular correspondence between these Friends and the Philadelphia Meeting seemed to have existed.

Meanwhile the new society in Philadelphia was much inconvenienced for want of some suitable place in which to hold their meetings for worship and business. Application was made to the Friends who had disowned them for leave to use one of the meeting-houses of that society, but this was refused. The Free Quakers consulted thereon, and holding that their expulsion had been mainly caused by political differences with which a

religious sect as such had nothing to do, and as they had been disowned for simply obeying the laws and devoting their lives and property to the service of their country, they conceived that their disownment for such cause gave their orthodox brethren no right to exclude them from the joint use of the meeting-houses and burial-ground of the Quakers. In this view many persons who were not of that society agreed with them, for the Whig Quakers, or Fighting Quakers, as they were called, had the sympathies of the people with them. Thus cheered, they prepared a formal printed letter "From the Monthly Meeting of Friends, called by some the Free Quakers, held by adjournment at Philadelphia, on the ninth day of the seventh month, 1781, to those of our brethren who have disowned us," which states the differences that had arisen, and proceeds:

> We think it proper for us to use, apart from you, one of the houses built by Friends in this city for these purposes, and therefore we thus invite you to the opportunity of showing what degree of kindness and brotherly love toward us still remains among you. We also mean to use the burial-ground whenever the occasion shall require it, for however the living may contend, surely the dead may lie peaceably together.

The original letter was presented by Timothy Matlack, Moses Bartram, and White Matlack to the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia on the 27th day of the seventh month, 1781. On the back of the letter is a memorandum, evidently made by some members of the meeting to whom it was delivered, of the proceedings of the Quakers thereupon and of the verbal answer which it was agreed should be made to Timothy Matlack or "either of the persons who attended with him," and which was done accordingly. Probably by some mistake the original letter was returned, together with the endorsed memorandum, so we know just what the verbal answer was. It was as follows:

> We have considered the contents of the papers presented to our last meeting by Timothy Matlack and others, and are of the judgment that it is improper to be read in the meeting, of which we think the parties concerned will have grounds to be convinced on a cool and dispassionate reconsideration of the requisition they make.

This answer amounting to a final refusal, the Free Quakers applied to the Legislature of the State, alleging their right, and stating that they and others had been disowned by the leading

men of that Society on various pretenses, among them the following:

> Some have been disowned for affirming allegiance to the State in compliance with the laws, and their elders and overseers have proposed and insisted on a renunciation of that allegiance as a condition of reunion with them; some for holding office under the State, and some for holding office under the United States; many for bearing arms in defense of our invaded country, although the laws of the State enjoined and required it of them, and some have been disowned for having paid the taxes required of them by law.

And they closed by praying for leave to bring in a bill for recognizing the rights of persons disowned by the people called Quakers to hold in common with them the estates owned by them, and the right to search and copy their records. This petition virtually charged the managers or elders of the Quaker Society of acting in complicity with the Royalists and treasonably toward the American Government. This petition was signed by about fifty men and was presented to the Legislature on the 21st of December, 1781.

This petition was answered by an address and memorial on behalf of the people called Quakers, signed the 18th of the first month, 1782, by John Drinker, clerk of the Meeting, and which was probably presented to the Legislature at about the time of its date. This denies any treasonable intent by the Quakers, and sets forth that in disowning the members, as charged, they had simply acted upon the rules of their society and well-established discipline, and that in so doing they had only exercised that degree of religious freedom which was guaranteed to all bodies of Christians by the law, and that in refusing to join in warlike measures in support of political freedom they were only obeying their consciences and the divine commands according to their understanding: and so the Commonwealth in its first days was presented with the question, How far is the exercise of freedom in matters of religion to be considered an excuse for non-compliance with the law of the land?

On the one hand it was urged that the liberty of every man to worship God, and in matters of religion to act according to the dictates of his conscience, was solemnly guaranteed by law from the time of the settlement of the Colony by William Penn.

On the other hand it was argued with equal earnestness that where the State is in danger she has a right to call upon all her citizens for support and to punish any who make their conscientious scruples an excuse for disobedience. The question was not only debated in the Legislature, but also with considerable earnestness in the public press. Several broadsides and small pamphlets were published at about this time on the subject. The several memorials to the Legislature were very able statements from the supporters of each side of the controversy, though it is rather sad to note that the affectation of a Christian meekness in their language really covered great bitterness of spirit on both sides. The Legislature very wisely refused to decide the question, or place any written limits either to the right of the Government to demand support or of tender consciences to have special respect and favor, and the question has not been decided to the present time, but remains open, so that each case may be decided on the merit of its particular facts. As to the petition of the Free Quakers, it was tabled and nothing further was done during that session of the Legislature. The matter was revived, however, at the next session by a memorial and remonstrance presented by Isaac Howell and White Matlack, which set out at length their claims and those of the other Friends disowned on political grounds, and repeated the prayer of the petition which had been presented before. This address was presented in the House of Representatives on August 21, 1782, entered on the journal at length, and referred to a special committee.

The committee, however, took no action, and the Legislature doing nothing in the matter, Isaac Howell presented a short petition, asking the consideration of the House to the subject, early in 1783, and this was accompanied by a letter signed by thirty-seven of the disowned Quakers, joining in the request of the petition; but the Legislature adjourned without taking any action. Meanwhile, however, Cornwallis had surrendered to General Washington, the English forces abandoned New York, the Revolutionary War had come to an end by virtue of the treaty with England which acknowledged the independence of the American Colonies, and the State of Pennsylvania became a sovereign power. The Whigs, having thus won their cause,

felt a strong sympathy with those of the Quakers who had suffered disownment by the religious society in which they were born for the sake of their attachment to the new Republic just being established. Prominent citizens felt and said that the disowned Friends had been hardly and unjustly dealt with. The Free Quakers began to raise money and take steps to build a meeting-house for themselves, and Samuel Wetherill, White Matlack, John Eldridge, and Isaac Howell were on June 16, 1783, appointed a committee to find a suitable lot of ground on which to build, and on the seventh day of July, 1783, the committee reported to a meeting for business that they had obtained a lot suitable for the purpose at the southwest corner of Fifth and Mulberry Streets—in front, on Mulberry Street, forty-eight feet; in depth, on Fifth Street, sixty feet—which they held ready to convey to trustees. The Society of Free Quakers thereupon approved the action of their committee and appointed a board of trustees to accept from Samuel Wetherill a conveyance of the lot, and on the tenth day of the same month a deed of the lot was duly executed to them accordingly—

in trust to and for the use and benefit of the religious society of people distinguished and known by the name of Free Quakers, in the city of Philadelphia, to erect and build a meeting-house thereon, and therein to meet for the solemn worship of Almighty God, the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the Universe.

They at once and unanimously resolved to build a meeting-house thereon and forward a subscription to defray the expense of so doing, and "a disposition to aid us appearing to be general," as the minutes state, at the next meeting they somewhat enlarged upon the plan of their building and appointed White Matlack treasurer, directing him to "keep all money received and to be received by him in the bank." The Bank of North America, then newly established, which was incorporated May 26, 1781, and began active business January 7, 1782, is undoubtedly referred to. The subscription prospered. Among the contributors to the building fund were Washington, Franklin, and a number of other distinguished patriots, and the meeting-house was built accordingly. When the wall was nearly finished and the marble tablet was almost being built into its place, one of the Free Quakers was asked why the words "in the year of the

empire S" were inserted. He answered, "I tell thee, friend, it is because our country is destined to be the great empire over all this world."

One little circumstance illustrating the customs that then prevailed may perhaps be mentioned. The religious people of that day had not yet taken the earnest stand in regard to the use of alcoholic drink which has since distinguished the Society of Friends; the query was still asked at the Yearly Meeting "whether Friends were careful to keep their laborers in harvest and elsewhere duly supplied with spirits," and the Free Quakers on this subject at least agreed with their orthodox brethren. When the roof of the meetinghouse was completed, in 1784, refreshment was provided to the laborers, and the receipted bill for the rum, lemons, and sugar with which they were entertained is preserved to this day among the papers of the society. Let us hope that the punch was not quite as strong as the building. The meeting-house was completed early in 1784, and worship was first held in it on the 13th day of June in that year and regularly thereafter on every Sunday for many years.

The notes of the meetings for business continue during this period to show considerable correspondence with the disowned Friends of Massachusetts, several of whom visited the society in Philadelphia, and Samuel Wetherill at about this time went on a religious visit to these Friends and was absent for several months. It seems that meetings on similar principles to the society in Philadelphia were organized at Long Plain, near Dartmouth, and at Rochester.

The society, though now prospering, was without any graveyard, but in 1786 a law was passed vesting certain city lots in trustees for a burial-ground for the use of the society. This act was passed August 26, 1786, and recites that—

it is but right and just to forward the designs of religion and benevolence, and that the virtuous citizens of the Commonwealth who have been deprived of their religious rights and privileges on account of their attachment to the cause of their country in the time of its utmost danger should have the encouragement of the Legislature.

And then proceeds to grant public city lots Nos. 34 to 41, on the west side of Fifth Street, below Locust Street, to—

Christopher Marshall, Joseph Stiles, Nathaniel Brown, Isaac Howell, Peter Thompson, Benjamin Say, and Joseph Warner and the survivors

and survivor of them and the heirs and assigns of such survivors forever, in trust, nevertheless, to and for the sole purpose of a burial-ground for the use of the religious Society of Friends, distinguished and known by the name of the Free Quakers, in the city of Philadelphia.

Being now established, with all the property and rights usually to religious societies, the Free Quakers entered upon a prosperous career. Their meetings for worship were well attended. The upper room of their meeting-house was rented at first to the Masonic lodge of which Washington was a member, and afterwards to one Benjamin Tucker, who kept a school there, and the rents thus obtained were formed into a fund for the charitable relief of the poor members of the society; and the history of the society soon became, as appears by the minutes, almost as peaceful and uneventful as that of their orthodox friends, who had disowned them.

Meanwhile the political differences which had caused their separation were fast disappearing. The Quakers gladly joined with their more enterprising fellow-citizens in obedience to the republican form of government, and in 1789 their Yearly Meeting sent a letter to Washington on the occasion of his inauguration as President, congratulating him and wishing long life and prosperity both to him and to his amiable consort.

Washington replied in courteous terms to this address, which marks the complete and loyal recognition by the Quakers of the American Government which that people have always since maintained; and while they did not formally amend their Discipline in the matter of disownment they, and indeed all bodies of Christians, have since become so liberal and merciful to the shortcomings of individual members that it may almost be said that the doctrines of the Free Quakers on this point are now generally accepted everywhere. The Friends, however, could not bring themselves into harmony with the Free Quakers, and in 1790 sent word to Samuel Wetherill forbidding him to speak in their graveyard, to which he replied in a letter to their ministers' meeting. It seems also that he was spoken of as an infidel, to which charges he replied by writing a pamphlet entitled "The Divinity of Jesus Christ proved." But as the political difference died away some of the Revolutionary soldiers made acknowledgment to their meetings and were received back into

membership with Friends, and so before long the Free Quakers, never a very large body, became comparatively few in number, held together principally by the talent and exertions of their clerk and preacher, Samuel Wetherill. He continued active in the ministry until his death, in his eighty-first year, in 1816, when he was succeeded as clerk by his son of the same name. Before his death the disowned Friends of Maryland, Massachusetts, and Ohio had all died or been taken back into their meetings, and the Free Quakers were a small and rapidly diminishing band of the Revolutionary heroes of Philadelphia. Religious worship was faithfully observed by them every Sunday. Clement Biddle died in 1813, Samuel Wetherill, Jr., died in 1829, Timothy Matlack removed from this city and died in 1829, at Holmesburg, in the hundredth year of his age; Elizabeth Claypoole died in 1833. The families of the first members ceased to attend Sunday meetings, and John Price Wetherill, who succeeded his father as clerk, after worshiping nearly alone for several years, closed the meeting for the last time, and meeting for religious worship ceased about 1836.

CHARLES WETHERILL.

SLAVERY IN COLONIAL DAYS.

ALMOST simultaneously with its discovery and resettlement by Europeans, this continent became a slave market. The natives of Hispaniola, that decayed gem of the Antilles now known to us as Haiti, were reduced to servitude immediately after the Spanish conquest, and a similar fate soon overtook the aborigines of Venezuela, New Grenada, Peru, and Ecuador. Before the close of the sixteenth century all the native races in what is now known as Latin America became commodities of barter and sale. The importation of African slaves began as early as 1501, and before the close of that century nearly every maritime power of Europe, including England, was either directly or indirectly engaged in the African slave trade.

At first this inhuman traffic had neither apologists nor advocates, and was carried on without any express legal sanction.

This was not unnatural. Moral criterions, like forms of religion, have their seasons of birth, maturity, and decay, and they never rise higher or fall lower than the prevailing standard of intellectual development; and it goes without saying that where there is no conscience to condemn an act, it needs neither apology nor legislative sanction.

But there soon came a time when the more advanced thinkers began to question the morality of the African slave trade, and then it was that some authoritative or legal sanction was necessary to its respectability; and, strange to say, this authoritative sanction of an immoral and heathenish traffic was first brought about through the intervention of a Christian priest. I allude, of course, to Bartolomé Las Casas, Bishop of Chespa. Washington Irving and others have been at great pains to reconcile this act of the saintly bishop with his well-known humane and Christian character, but they have never been able to "argue the seal off the bond," and Las Casas has gone into history, like many other noble characters, with a stain upon his record. The only rational apology that can be offered for this misstep in his brilliant career is that he was essentially what we would now call "a one-sided man." He seldom saw more than one side of any given question, either in politics or morals, and, aside from this, he was too much of the courtier to sacrifice position and influence to private opinion. His sympathies had been aroused in behalf of the Indian, whose wrongs he had so often witnessed, and so to ameliorate the hard lot of the Indian slave in the mines of Hispaniola he proposed the substitution of the more robust and hardy African. He thus became the first apologist and advocate of the African slave trade.

The example of Spain, thus fortified by the Church, soon became contagious. The African slave trade was carried on by the British nation for nearly two centuries, under the immediate auspices of the government, before the slightest effort was made to awaken the public mind to a sense of its iniquity. The Stuarts granted charters of incorporation to companies endowed with special privileges for kidnaping and selling Africans; and this was done not only for the purpose of supplying the English colonial markets, but for the sake of the profits arising from the traffic in the colonies of France and Spain. Thus by the

treaty of Utrecht, of 1713, Great Britain was granted the exclusive privilege of introducing negro slaves "into the dominions of His Catholic Majesty" for the term of thirty years, the only restriction being that not more than five thousand should be thus introduced during any one calendar year.

But the principal object of England's participation in the African slave trade was to supply her own colonies in North America and the West India Islands. There was a supremely selfish motive at the back of this. England wanted to increase her North American Colonial products for home consumption and re-exportation, and she wanted besides to discourage the emigration of her European subjects to the New World, where they were disposed to seek refuge from the oppressions of the Restoration. To accomplish these selfish ends she did not hesitate to violate the spirit of her own ancient common law by fastening the curse of slavery upon her Colonial subjects in New England, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Let us briefly trace this policy to its ultimate sequence.

Very soon the importation of African slaves became so great as to excite alarm, and the spirited little colony of Massachusetts was the first to raise the voice of remonstrance. Her Colonial Legislature finally grew bold enough to impose a heavy import duty on African slaves, and this duty was subsequently increased with a view of making it prohibitory; but the law was rendered inoperative through the interposition of the Royal Council, and subsequently each of the Royal Governors in all the Colonies was instructed from London to promptly veto all such measures. The Colonies of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey each had a similar experience. Every measure looking to the restriction of the slave traffic was promptly vetoed, and every petition by the people to that end was received with haughty indifference.

Finally, the Colonies learned the necessity of concerted action, and one of the very first measures of the *de facto* Congress of 1774 was in the form of a resolution providing that after December of that year "no more African slaves be imported into any one of the Colonies," and this resolution was substantially reiterated, with additional emphasis, some nine months later. Afterwards, when the controversy with the mother country had

culminated in a settled purpose on the part of the Colonists to throw off British allegiance, this very slavery grievance was alleged as one of the chief reasons in justification of that purpose. Thus, in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, we find a clause charging that the King of Great Britain had "steadfastly forbidden all attempts to prohibit or even to limit the importation of African slaves into the Colonies."

This clause was subsequently stricken out, as Mr. Jefferson tells us, "in complaisance to South Carolina," thus affording the first example of the sacrifice of principle to temporary expediency, and like all such sacrifices it cost the country dearly. It was an entirely new departure on the slavery question. More than that, it changed completely the whole aspect of the question; for, as pointed out by the learned Dr. Van Holst, up to that time the Colonial Congress, as a *de facto* body, stood clearly committed against negro slavery, but now when, for the first time, the Congress had become a *de jure* body as well, it weakly abandoned the whole question. The Congress did more than this, for by relegating it to the particular colonies, now called "States," it tacitly legalized slavery in every one of them.

I use the word "legalized" advisedly and purposely; for although up to that time slavery was a fact in each of the thirteen Colonies, it was not a legal institution in any one of them. Not one of the original charters under which the Colonial governments had been established contained a word or phrase that could be construed or even tortured into a grant of right to property in man; and if it had it would have been illegal, for slavery was not sanctioned by the British constitution—a traditional *legis non scriptæ* to which all British statutes are supposed to conform. Moreover, slavery was not sanctioned by either the common law or the statutory law of England, and both classes of laws were of full force in the North American Colonies up to the time of the Revolution; nor did the fact that England had forced slavery upon her colonies, contrary to her own laws and over their repeated protest, alter the legal aspect of the case.

It is not my present purpose to dwell at length upon the fatal consequences of that first blunder of the Colonial Congress,

They are too familiar to require specification. They stand out in bold relief on nearly every page of our constitutional and political history. We see them in the work of the Constitutional Convention of 1787; in the makeshift provisions of articles one and four of the Constitution which that convention submitted; in the debates which preceded its final ratification by the people of the States; in a series of subsequent amendments to the Constitution itself; in the decisions of our legal tribunals, and in the long series of legislative expedients and "compromises" which settled no question, but merely put off the day of trial.

Finally, when all expedients failed, the day of trial came, and the negro slave of three centuries became a free citizen, and then we realized that the "race problem" was before us in a still more perplexing and menacing form. It is with us yet and is likely to remain for generations to come. All recognize the danger, but no one has yet been able to suggest a practical remedy, unless, indeed, the remedy may be found in such a judicious restriction of the suffrage as will not conflict with the amended articles fourteen and fifteen of our Federal Constitution.

It might be instructive, though perhaps not very pleasant reading, to minutely trace the fatal consequences of that blunder of 1776 through the first eighty-six years of our national existence; how this irrepressible slavery question kept us in constant ferment; how it gave rise to constitutional constructions which made us a nation without subjects or citizens; how upon one notable occasion it led to the attempted nullification of a law of Congress by the local authorities of a single State; how upon a subsequent occasion it compromised our national honor by forcing us into an aggressive and unjust war with a neighboring Republic; and how, as a consequence of that un-American policy, it plunged us into a destructive civil war twenty-seven years afterwards. But, leaving all this aside, I here limit myself to one or two popular errors of opinion touching the final abolition of the African slave trade.

Most of our people have rather shadowy opinions on this subject. They have a vague impression that somehow the institution of slavery was originally planted here by Great Britain,

and that it was strengthened and perpetuated in our midst by the obstinate refusal of the mother country to respect the oft-expressed wishes of our Colonial ancestors; and so, indeed, it was. History no more clearly attests any one fact than this; and the necessary inference is that negro slavery in the United States was an exotic growth, and never would have existed in North America but for British selfishness and cupidity.

But, while accepting these as facts and necessary inferences, the same persons express surprise when told that it was the United States who first made the African slave trade odious; that it was the United States who first protested against this traffic, and that it was the first power but one (and that one not England) to declare the traffic piracy. Some well-informed people have accepted the error so industriously promulgated by British philanthropists that Great Britain led the van in the international crusade against the African slave trade. I once met an American college professor who accepted Lord Castlereagh's statement, made in the British Parliament in 1818, that "it was England who first prohibited the African slave trade!" Nothing can be further from the truth of history. It is a historical fact easy of verification that the United States by a public law of Congress interdicted the foreign slave trade thirteen years before Great Britain did; that we made this traffic "a punishable crime" seven years before Great Britain did, and that, with the single exception of Denmark, the United States preceded all the nations of christendom in the final and total abolition of that nefarious traffic.

It is well to remember these things, and it is well to teach them to our children; and, while we are about it, it would be well enough to tell them that even as late as the first quarter of the present century it was the Virginia slaveholders who gave the first impetus to the African colonization scheme; that that society was first organized under the auspices of the United States Government at their instance; that it was they who first liberated their slaves and sent the first negro colonists to Liberia; that it was they who ceded the territory now known as the States of Ohio and Indiana to the General Government on the express condition that it should never become slave territory,

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and that it was the son of a Virginia slaveholder who published the first anti-slavery newspaper ever issued in the United States; that so long as he continued to publish his journal in a little town in East Tennessee he did so with the utmost impunity, but when, in order to better his financial condition, he removed to the free State of Illinois his press and type were pitched into the Mississippi River by a howling mob and he himself narrowly escaped lynching by flight.

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS,
Late U. S. Minister to Central American States.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *October*, 1894.

THE WARS WITH THE BARBARY STATES.

"Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute."

PERHAPS no achievement of modern history will excel the remarkable series of acts by which the United States, in the twenty-fifth year of its existence as a nation, put an end to a humiliation to which the commercial powers of Europe had submitted for centuries. From the time when the Spanish Moors, driven out of Grenada by Ferdinand and Isabella, settled on the opposite coast and began the practice of piracy, the Barbary States—Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers—had been united against all Christian commerce in the Mediterranean. Emboldened by their immunity from punishment, they pushed their depredations and extended their operations into the Atlantic, seizing the vessels of all nations which refused to pay them tribute. While England and France had caused their flags to be respected, and Russia and Austria were protected by special agreements, the Dutch, Swedes, and Danes paid annual tribute to the pirates for exemption, thus sanctioning the outrage and placing themselves in the humiliating position of wearing a badge of servitude.

About the year 1800 Tripoli intimated to the American Government the propriety of paying tribute to her. Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, replied by declaring

war against Tripoli, and sent out an armed naval force under Commodore Dale. This officer, with two frigates and a sloop-of-war, blockaded Tripoli, thus preventing their cruisers from getting to sea, and at the same time protecting our commerce. In 1803 Commodore Preble arrived at Tripoli with seven more vessels. In the month of October of that year one of the blockading vessels (the "Philadelphia," Captain Bainbridge), while reconnoitering, was grounded in the harbor and forced to surrender. The officers were held as prisoners of war, but the crew were treated as slaves. Meanwhile the vessel was floated and moored in the harbor and strongly manned by the Tripolitans, whose naval force was thus unexpectedly augmented.

The rendezvous of the American fleet was at Syracuse, in Sicily, somewhat more than a day's sail from Tripoli. A young lieutenant under Preble, named Decatur, formed a plan for destroying the "Philadelphia" and thus reducing the Tripolitans once more to their ordinary naval strength. This scheme was submitted by Decatur to the Commodore, who approved it and ordered the lieutenant to put it into execution. Decatur armed a ketch which he had captured, and with it entered, in February, 1804, under cover of night, the harbor of Tripoli. His pilot spoke the Tripolitan language, and being hailed on approaching the "Philadelphia," the pilot answered that he had lost his anchor and wished to fasten his boat for safety to the frigate until morning. The frigate sent a boat ashore to ask the necessary permission, and then Decatur and his crew leaped upon the deck. They rushed upon the surprised and affrighted seamen, some fifty in number, and drove them overboard into the sea. Then they set fire to the "Philadelphia," and, by the light of the blaze, escaped without the loss of a single man. One sailor, however, was wounded by a saber cut on the arm, which he had interposed to prevent Decatur from being decapitated by an infuriated Tripolitan.

The Tripolitans, enraged at the loss of the "Philadelphia," treated Bainbridge and his enslaved crew with the utmost severity. Commodore Preble entered the harbor of Tripoli three times and bombarded the town, destroying some of the shipping, but making no material headway. At last General

Eaton, with a force of nine Americans, twenty Greeks, and about five hundred Egyptians, began a series of brilliant operations as a land force, and this, with the timely arrival of the frigate "Constitution" in June, 1805, forced the Bashaw of Tripoli to come to terms. He released Bainbridge and the crew of the "Philadelphia," abandoned the policy of levying tribute upon American vessels and commerce, and concluded a treaty by which peace was at once declared.

Forgetful of the punishment received by Tripoli, the Dey of Algiers, during our second war with Great Britain, thought the United States would not be powerful enough to cope with two enemies upon the ocean, and determined to resume piracy upon our commerce. His pretext was the unsatisfactory quality of a cargo of military stores furnished by the American Government. He ordered the American agent to at once leave the capital. As soon as he departed the Algerians began their depredations. Our vessels were captured and, with their cargoes, confiscated, and their crews enslaved and held for ransom. This continued for two years, until the conclusion of the war with England and the signing of the treaty of peace.

In the latter part of 1814 the President, after suggesting to the Congress the importance of taking measures of prevention, dispatched two squadrons to the Mediterranean, under Commodores Bainbridge and Decatur. The latter, in June, 1815, after a brilliant engagement, captured an Algerian frigate of forty-four guns and a brig with twenty-two, and then sailed for Algiers with his prizes. Our Navy had won great renown in the war with Great Britain, and when they arrived at Algiers the American fleet inspired the Dey with terror. He was willing at once to enter into the terms proposed by Decatur, which were that he restore all captured property, give up the men enslaved, pay an indemnity of six million dollars for the injury done American commerce, and exempt our vessels from tribute forevermore. His signature was placed upon this document on the fourth day of July—an auspicious date for so honorable an achievement—and the proud position thus attained by the United States attracted the attention of entire Europe, for the American Government had extorted expressions of submission from the Barbary Powers such as no other nation had ever

obtained. The Congress held at Vienna discussed the subject, and resolved that from that time forward Christian slavery in Algiers must be suppressed, while Great Britain sent a fleet to that city and compelled the Dey to submit to conditions such as had been imposed by Decatur.

E. J. RUSSELL.

HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE.

CELEBRATION OF THE STORMING OF FORTS MONTGOMERY AND CLINTON—A VISIT TO TEMPLE HILL.

THE Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands and Quassaick Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, had what is termed "a field day" at Temple Hill on October 6. Although Temple Hill was a part of the real camp ground of the Army and the scenes of more important events connected with the Revolution and the birth of the Nation than any other place, yet it is a spot that has until late years been seldom visited. As most people know, it is a knoll south of Snake Hill. It commands a magnificent view of the whole field of occupation in this vicinity. This was the anniversary of the storming of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, and the outing was in a measure a celebration of the day.

After all had arrived at the monument on the hill, the Rev. Dr. Hall offered prayer and the President of the Historical Society, Rev. Rufus Emery, gave a narrative of the event celebrated. Afterward the company strolled over the camp ground and spent several hours very pleasantly and profitably.

The President's address was as follows:

"Daughters of the American Revolution and Members of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands: This place and time bring to our memories many events and circumstances of interest in our local history, and of importance in that which relates to the great struggle for national independence and liberty which our ancestors undertook and fought out. On this hill where stands this monument once stood an edifice, built for general purposes by order of General Heath, and said by Chaplain Ganno to have been designed for public

worship on Lord's day. It was officially known as the 'Public Building,' the new 'Public Building,' and as the 'Temple' from its use by the Masonic order. In this building were held the public meetings of the officers, military orders proclaimed, and 'all public functions celebrated.' In it soon after its completion was held a grand entertainment in which youth and beauty, wit, wealth, and character graced the occasion with their presence, and from Newburgh came the star of the evening who, with the Commander-in-Chief, opened the festivities. Here on the 19th of April, 1783, eight years after the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, was published the proclamation of Congress announcing the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain. The reading of the proclamation was followed by a prayer by Chaplain Ganno. After this the assembled soldiers gave three resounding huzzas. The grand anthem of Independence was then performed with voice and instrument, the Continental Army proclaiming with united voices that there was 'no King but God.' In the same place was held that ever memorable meeting called by Washington to consider the Newburgh letters, when, with manly independence and fervent charity, he said to the convention of officers then assembled: 'Why, then, should we * * * adopt measures which may cast a shade over that glory which has been so justly acquired, and tarnish the reputation of an army which is celebrated through all Europe for its fortitude and patriotism?' Here it was with an honest courage and pathetic feeling by well-chosen and considerate words the great leader allayed and calmed the rising storm of distrust and discontent among the soldiers. Here also was held the meeting for the formation of the Society of the Cincinnati, which society, in the words of our historian Ruttenber, 'now stands as the representative of the heroic age of the Republic, a golden thread through the medium of which its members perpetuate the memory and services of their fathers.' Around this hill, in the meadows spreading out before us, was the encampment of the regiments of the Continental Army after the glorious victory of Yorktown—a military city of a thousand dwellings, sheltering ten thousand soldiers from Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and

New Hampshire, and not far from here was the burial place of the cantonment, where was laid to rest many a brave soldier unnamed and unhonored save in the thankful remembrance of a grateful and patriotic posterity.

"Here in this encampment and in the Temple was waged a warfare in which neither swords nor arms had a place; though bloodless, it was as strong and real as if there had been charging squadrons, clanging cavalry, and thundering cannon. The consequences were greater than the victories of Yorktown or Saratoga, for it gave to the country and to history in place of a crowned Washington an uncrowned Father of his Country. The date brings to mind the 6th of October, 1777, when the forts, Clinton and Montgomery, the former under the command of General James Clinton and the latter under his brother, Governor George Clinton, were surprised and captured by the British forces under Sir Henry Clinton. These forts had been constructed by the Provincial Congress of New York, at the suggestion of the Continental Congress, in order to prevent the passage of the enemy's vessels up the Hudson.

"Fort Clinton, the stronger of the two, was on the south side of Poplopens Kill; Fort Montgomery on the north side of the same, distant from the other about six hundred yards. A deep ravine extending from the river inland separated them. A bridge across the kill furnished the means of communication between the two forts. These forts, built under the direction of Bernard Romans, an experienced engineer, had been constructed with reference to defending the obstructions which had been stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose, consisting of a chain, a boom, and a chevaux de frise, the whole being guarded by the two frigates Montgomery and Congress and two galleys. It was thought by the committee who had charge of the matter that 'if the obstructions of the river can be rendered effective the enemy will not attempt to operate by land, the passes through the Highlands are so exceeding difficult.'

"Governor Clinton was at Kingston when the news of intended attack came. He prorogued the Legislature, then in sessiona nd hastened to the Highlands, assumed command of Fort Montgomery and gathered the militia of the neighborhood

into the forts for their defense. The number of men in the forts was about eight hundred, most of them being untrained militia and in many cases unarmed.

"On the morning of October 4 a division of the British Army, consisting of eleven hundred men, moved up the Hudson and landed at Tarrytown. It was followed by a second division of about the same number, marching by land, and joined the first at Tarrytown. The whole body marched from Tarrytown into the interior and after dark returned. A third division was sent up the river the same day, but did not land, remaining all day on the transports at anchor off Tarrytown. The next day the whole body of troops moved up to Verplanck's Point. Early on the morning of October 6, in a thick fog, they were landed at Stony Point. From Stony Point they marched around Dunderburgh and halted between Dunderburgh and Bear Hill. Here the force divided, one division marching to the west of Bear Hill, to the rear of Fort Montgomery, the second division moving to the attack of Fort Clinton. Sunday night, the day before the attack, Major Logan, an alert officer and well acquainted with the ground, was sent out to ascertain the intentions of the enemy. He returned on the morning of the 6th and reported that the enemy had landed a considerable force on the west side of the river, at King's Ferry, between that and Dunderburgh. As this division against Fort Clinton advanced they were met by a detachment from the fort under Lieutenant Jackson, who fell into an ambush near Doodletown, and fell back toward the fort. One hundred men, half Continentals and half militia, under Lieutenants Bruyn and McClangley, moved to the support of Lieutenant Jackson. They were too weak to withstand the force of the enemy, and fell back, disputing the ground inch by inch. A stone wall served as an outwork of the fort, and from this the retreating detachments seriously annoyed the assailants. Beyond the wall there was an abatis of four hundred yards exposed to the fire of ten cannons. To gain the fort this abatis must be passed over. The enemy had no cannon. The only course by which the attacking force can reach the fort was to pass over the abatis as rapidly as possible, each man making a path for himself. The command was given that not a shot should be fired, the bayonets alone be relied on.

The enemy charged across the abatis under a destructive fire from the fort. Arriving at the foot of the works, they pushed and hoisted each other into the embrasures. Some of the defenders were killed in the embrasures and some wounded. It was after sunset when the fort was captured. After the fort was taken and was in possession of the British, the remainder of the garrison returned to the esplanade, fired a volley, threw down their arms, and ran away into the woods.

"As the division which had marched around the western base of Bear Hill approached Fort Montgomery, Governor Clinton sent Captain Fenno with the only field piece in the fort to retard the advance of the enemy, covered by sixty men, all under the command of Colonel Lamb. They found themselves in a critical position, and, spiking their gun, retired. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, just as the sun was setting, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell advanced to the fort under a flag of truce. He was met by Lieutenant-Colonel Livingston. Campbell demanded the surrender of the fort, 'to prevent the effusion of blood.' Colonel Livingston replied 'that he had no authority to treat with him, but if they (the assailants) would surrender themselves prisoners of war they might depend on being well treated. If they did not choose to accept these terms they might renew the attack as soon as he should return within the fort, for they (the garrison) were determined to defend it to the last extremity.' The officers retired and the attack was renewed with great violence. Now against the fort containing only a few hundred defenders was hurled a force of more than nine hundred men, bayonet to bayonet. After a struggle of nearly three hours the fort was captured about 8 o'clock in the evening. Governor George Clinton escaped in a boat and crossed the river to General Putnam. General James Clinton, though wounded by a bayonet, escaped under cover of the darkness and made his way to New Windsor. The soldiers, about two hundred, who escaped found their way through the mountains to their homes and some to General James Clinton at New Windsor.

"These two forts were captured not by superior courage, but by superior numbers. They did not capitulate nor surrender; they were overwhelmed. The American loss was two hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and missing. The British had forty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded.

"The two frigates which guarded the obstruction were set on fire by the defenders and deserted about 10 o'clock at night. An eyewitness thus describes the scene: 'The flames suddenly broke forth, and as every sail was set both vessels became a magnificent pyramid of fire. The reflection on the steep face of the opposite mountain and long train of light that shone upon the water a prodigious distance had a wonderful effect, while the ear was filled with the continued echoes from the rocky shores as the flames gradually reached the cannon. The whole was sublimely terminated by the explosion, which again left all in darkness.'

"The contest of October 6, 1777, was a heroic action on the part of the American leaders and soldiers. Eight hundred men for six hours held these forts against the attack of three thousand. It was a contest of untrained and undisciplined yeomanry against the disciplined army of Britain. Though it was a defeat, it was also a stubborn defense; though it was a retreat, it was not a surrender nor capitulation. The forts were held, as Colonel Livingston said, 'to the last extremity.' All honor to the leaders and soldiers of Orange and Ulster, brave defenders of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. May not many years pass away before monuments shall mark the sites of their heroic defense, keeping fresh in the memories of coming generations the daring and persistent courage of the fathers.

"All honor and grateful remembrance to the unknown dead, who fell in the terrific onset, whose precious dust the earth around the forts now holds in trust. Though dead they still have a voice, telling of sterling devotion to the great cause of American Independence and the sacrifice of life which secured it.

"I cannot better close this brief and imperfect sketch of the events of this day we commemorate than by quoting the words of Governor George Clinton, which he addressed to General Washington a few days after the battle. Having made a report of the attack, the defense, and capture, he says: 'I should be guilty of the greatest injustice were I not to declare that the officers and soldiers under me of the different corps behaved with the greatest spirit and bravery.'

"Neither should the reply of Washington be omitted. He says, in answer to Governor Clinton's report: 'It is to be re-

gretted that so brave a resistance did not meet with a suitable reward. You have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that everything was done that could possibly be done by a handful against a far superior force.'

"When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the brave brigade,
The noble eight hundred."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

THE greatness of Washington consisted in his commanding personality. Long before he had compelled England to acknowledge our independence the great military powers of Europe had agreed that he was a great general. He proved himself even greater in his executive ability as the first President of the new nation. Among all the dissensions which arose in organizing a new national government he was equal to every emergency in quieting all conflicting parties and bringing harmony out of chaos. He was literally the Father of his Country. The Thanksgiving proclamation of our beloved first President is so admirable and characteristic of this noble and just man, who could ask divine protection and guidance for sovereigns and nations (who had so recently opposed him in war), "and especially such as have shown kindness unto us, bless them with peace and concord," that the destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtue. It reproved the intemperance of their ambition and darkened the splendor of their victory.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and, whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the

United States a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almigthy God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of government for their safety and happiness: Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, that will be. That we then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to its becoming a nation, for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one more lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which He hath been pleased to confer on us. And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness unto us), and bless them with good government, peace, and concord, to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In 1789 this proclamation called for a Thanksgiving which was observed by four millions of people in thirteen States clustered along the Atlantic coast. This year it will be celebrated by a nation of seventy-five millions, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

MARY BERTRAM WOODWORTH.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Read before the Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines, Iowa, Daughters of the American Revolution, August 3, 1894.]

EVERY thoughtful student of history must sooner or later arrive at the fixed conviction that some divinity is at work in this world shaping the ends of national as well as of individual life. Nothing stands alone. Everything is related to what has gone before and to that which follows after. Out of disasters and tumults, out of wars and strivings flow beautiful and beneficent results. It may be chance, but when fraught with such divine consequences to the world we must needs believe—

Eternal God that chance did guide.

Nowhere are the marks of such guidance more plainly visible than in the history of our own land.

English colonization in America occurred at a peculiarly auspicious period. Coming earlier it would have led to the establishment in the New World of political and religious ideas and institutions which were fast becoming obsolete. Under Queen Elizabeth, Englishmen had not yet attained to that activity of mind in politics which was reached under the guiding hand of Puritanism during the reign of her successors. When at last the hour came men of advanced views, of high purpose, and mighty will were standing ready to bear over land and sea the seeds of a nobler civilization and plant them in the virgin soil of this continent.

Believing themselves to be the chosen seed of a great nation, from the outset everything had tended to foster and develop a spirit of liberty in the Colonists. Separated by three thousand

miles of ocean from the habits and traditions of the Old World, the domestic struggles of England left the Colonies untrammeled, and the love of freedom and independence took deep root.

The spirit of the early saints and heroes of America still lived on in their descendants, and in every crisis that arose during the reign of the later Stuart kings men were not wanting to declare their steadfast determination to be buried in the graves of their fathers rather than relinquish one jot or one tittle of the inheritance so dearly bought. The nobler spirits of the time regarded it as a sacred duty to hand down unimpaired from sire to son this precious legacy through all succeeding generations.

History, from 1608 to 1688, shows why we are a free people and the origin of our institutions. Henceforth we enter upon a wider theater and trace the causes of our becoming a united people. A world-wide struggle begins which will extend from New England to the Orient and exercise a determining influence on the fortunes of mankind.

The Seven Years' War, which broke out in Europe in 1754, was a turning point in the history of the world. The foundation of England's empire in India, the reconstruction of Germany, and the United States of America resulted from this stupendous conflict. Hemmed in by a long chain of French forts and menaced constantly by hostile foreigners with their savage allies of the wilderness, the Colonists, indomitable as their love of liberty was, would scarcely have dreamed of breaking the ties which bound them to the mother country had not the French been driven from the continent. This event paved the way for the creation of a future free and independent political existence.

A true colonial policy was but ill understood by the nations of Europe two centuries ago. The old Greek colonies were but loosely held, and, while always standing in friendly and filial relations to the parent state or city, they enjoyed from the earliest stages of their career an unquestioned right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Not so with England and her transatlantic offspring. She regarded the American Colonies as her exclusive property, to be harassed, hampered, rebuked, chastized, and domineered over at her own good will and pleasure. The chief obstacle to such high-handed measures lay in

the intrepid spirit of the freemen who held the outposts of civilization, and in the difficulty of making her commands audible and effective across the leagues of water which separated her from her possessions.

Perhaps a more contemptible, short-sighted monarch than George III never sat upon a throne. His idea of peace, like that of Louis XIV, meant simply a series of outrages on the powers around him. Patience and forbearance were regarded as signs of weakness and tokens that fresh injuries could be inflicted with impunity. The only limit was that of human endurance. He represented that ignoble type of mind which appreciates no other logic than that which is borne on the thunders of Sinai. His determination to play a part in English politics was attended with remarkable results. Before twenty years had rolled around his harsh and arbitrary temper had driven the American Colonies to revolt and independence, and alienated from himself the love and loyalty of his home subjects.

Like the ship money, whose payment John Hampden had so valiantly resisted, the tax on tea was trifling, but the principle was everything, for human freedom was the stake.

The causes which led to the outbreak of the Revolution are a more than twice-told tale. Sufficient to say that, having whipped the Colonies with rods, the King and his ministry were now preparing to whip them with scorpions.

Every fiber of their hearts bound these peace-loving Colonists to the old home across the sea. Slowly, slowly, the spirit to dare and to resist took possession of them—the spirit which makes it easy for a true man to die, when to yield would be impossible. To them, as to other men of diverse lands and times under the hoof of oppression,

> There came a Voice without reply—
> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the Truth he ought to die."

True gentleness and lovableness of character by no means imply the possession of slave-like attributes. On the contrary, the great battles of justice and human freedom have usually been fought by men notable for their gentleness and love of peace. Out of quietness and harmony springs the sternest valor. The heart of every true American burns within him at the story

of Otis and Warren and Adams, of Washington and Greene and Marion, not reckless adventurers or pot-house politicians, but men of far-seeing intelligence and high character, "heroes in heart and hand." With all our hearts we must needs admire the wisdom and fortitude and dauntless courage of these old patriots who lifted America to a place among the nations of the earth.

Nor was this patriotic temper confined alone to the leaders of the movement. From every hill and valley of New England arose a great cry which awakened responsive echoes among the mountains of Virginia and the savannas of Georgia. Widely separated by distance and race instincts, but now bound together by a common interest and a common danger, men remembered only that they were Americans and rose up in arms like Clan Alpine at the command of Roderick Dhu.

Great was the contempt expressed by the English troops for the humble Minute Men who were mustering to the defense of life and liberty, but the question as to whether America was peopled by men or cowards was forever set at rest as the red-coated British troops rolled ignominiously down the slope of Bunker Hill. In a nobler way it was answered still more decisively during the terrible winter at Valley Forge and the long eight years' struggle in cold and hunger and discouragement in which these fathers and sons of liberty fought a battle, not for themselves alone, but for the advancement and betterment of all mankind.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

The sound of the old Liberty Bell was heard around the world and ushered in a new era in the history of mankind.

Every element which leads to revolution had long existed in France, and the successful uprising of America fired the train. The shock was like that of an earthquake. Every throne in Europe rocked. Italy awoke from the torpor of ages, and before the movement ceased the revolutionary spirit had extended

even to Mexico and the states of South America. Old things had passed away and all things were to become new.

At the close of the Revolution this country was plundered and pillaged and without credit or currency, but the long struggle had been the "open sesame" to a great national life. Henceforth it was the destiny of America to work out on the grandest scale before the nations of the earth the problem of a government based on the consent of the governed—a "government by the people, through the people, for the people."

In the divine economy there is no loss without some compensation. The independence of America, which seemed a fatal blow to England's greatness, was but a necessary stepping-stone to the establishment of the supremacy of the English race. "From that hour," writes the historian Green, "the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. It is already the main branch of the English people, and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. But, distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English people is one; and in thus remaining one before half a century is over it will change the face of the world. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be not even the wildest dreamer would dare to prophesy. But one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind."

In waging their valiant fight for their own liberties the Americans contributed much to renew and purify political life in England. In winning independence for themselves they also won a higher political standpoint for the mother country and for the whole world.

The importance of the American Revolution can scarcely be overestimated. "The religious precedents and drift of the past," says Bascom, "had not been more sharply questioned

nor its conclusions more broadly denied on general principles by the Protestant Reformation than were the opinions pertaining to society and government by the American Revolution. This Revolution, while favored by circumstances, had not been their blind result. It had not been made ready by mere physical forces; with these there had been a steady ripening of opinions, a practical use and theoretical proclamation of the principles of political freedom. This Revolution was not allowed, therefore, to transpire in the dark, its underlying truths obscured by the turmoil of conflict or lost sight of in the interests of the hour. It was ripened by convictions and accompanied by the clearest announcement of its justifying reasons. Its social bearings were thus much more important than its immediate political ones. Though it was the starting point of a great nation, it helped to set in motion and gave a permanent, unmistakable form to social truths which overleap all national bounds and carry discussion and commotion everywhere."

The chief influence of America upon Europe must ever be a moral one. Its commercial relations are the least important. Its peculiar institutions are an example to the nations. In the opinion of eminent observers these "are something more than an experiment, for they are believed to disclose and display the type of institutions toward which, as by a law of fate, the rest of civilized mankind are forced to move, some with swifter, others with slower, but all with unresting, feet."

The beginnings of our history cannot be studied too long or too well. We shall search in vain the annals of other nations for higher examples of patriotism and lofty purpose, for more generous and heroic deeds. Not in vastness of territory or in the power which springs from material wealth does a country find its strongest bulwark, but in the souls of the men who inhabit it. From the characters and precepts of the fathers spring the wisdom and valor of the sons, and by reverent contemplation of the immortal dead who have passed onward each succeeding generation is uplifted and inspired.

Centuries ago the great Pericles, in an oration over the hero dead who had fallen while defending the liberties of Greece, urged in eloquent words why men should do honor to the memory of the dead. It was not that they—secure in their

immortality—needed temple or column to perpetuate their fame or reward their virtues, but because through admiration of what is heroic men rise to higher levels. All their thoughts and actions are colored by such fine companionship. "No wreath is given and no monument reared by a nation to the memory of its illustrious dead but it blossoms with good for the living through all future time. Virtue is encouraged, patriotism kindled, and all that is noble in our nature inspired to action by this homage to the greatness and goodness of our race."

Nor is this greatness and goodness the exclusive possession of the Revolutionary fathers. The background of American history is filled with a noble company of gracious and reverend figures. Though in most instances debarred by their sex from winning laurels in battle or on tented fields, the mothers of the Republic were in nowise unworthy to be the companions and helpmates of heroes and patriots. When war's alarum sounded they uncomplainingly took upon themselves the burden of home and family, and, like the Spartan matron of old, sent forth their husbands and sons to battle, bidding them return with their shields or upon them. No yoke was too heavy, no sacrifice too great when borne in the cause they loved.

Would we know of what metal our foremothers were made we must search the pages written by that iron-handed warrior, John Adams, and the records of Mercy Warren.

Many of the choicest blessings of human life were won for us through the courage and constancy of these old Revolutionary sires and dames, and it well becometh posterity to clear away the dust of time from their memories and to pay due tribute to their lives and works.

MRS. LILLIAN MONK.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

REASONS FOR BELONGING TO CHAPTERS.

In the first place, outside members have no representation, except in the District of Columbia, and that will cease after February next, in the Continental Congress. As that is the court of highest resort, the law-making, judicial, and executive power of the National Society, it is of moment to all members to share in its deliberations and decisions. It may be said that they are represented by the National Board, and so they are, as the District of Columbia is represented by the United States Congress. For how can the National Board with its numerous and pressing duties concern itself with every individual need? It is difficult to keep informed as to the demands of the Chapters which present in compact form the ideas and conclusions of their collective members. It would be impossible to give time and attention to individual needs, even if each member had a clearly defined idea of her needs and interests; but this is not the case. Floating members who have no interchange of ideas, no special object to bring them together or keep alive their interest in each other, must be, with few exceptions, inert and uninformed or else fractious and unreasonable for want of cohesion and coöperation.

In the second place, as the Board acts as a unit the members-at-large have really only one direct representative, while each Chapter of twelve or more members has at least one representative, its Regent, and may have three or four if it increases its membership.

Then the interest of the National Board is necessarily impersonal, as it would not do for its members to show any partiality, whereas it is the duty of the Regent and Delegates to give special attention to the interests of their Chapter, as also of its individual members, particularly the Regent, who is at all times its first representative and mouthpiece. She must have a con-

stant personal care not only for its general good, but for each member: she must see that all have equal opportunities to participate in entertainments, to join in action, and to acquire information. Through her invitations are given, complaints are made, mistakes are corrected, and wrongs redressed. She is like the captain of a company; the State is the colonel of the regiment; the National Board is the council of the generals. Each must do her best in her sphere of action, that the combined efforts of all may form a perfect whole.

Then, having a settled plan and time of meeting and officers to arrange all matters, the members of Chapters become imbued with the *esprit de corps* natural to aggregated human beings; they discuss vital questions and become better informed and more discerning; they learn to consider the rights of others as well as their own privileges. In fact, each Chapter is or should be a training school for its members, so that each succeeding Congress may find us making steady progress toward just and liberal sentiments and unity of action in support of law and order.

These meetings of the Chapter may be made occasions of innocent recreation as well as of moral and mental improvement. They bring the members into more intimate acquaintance, and in many cases are the beginnings of warm friendships which otherwise might never have been formed.

And let not the officers be impatient; things of slow growth are most permanent. Mushrooms spring up in a night and perish in a moment; oaks take years to develop and stand fast for centuries. No progressive and enlightened Chapter would be content with a handful of members; it is one of the worthy ambitions of all to strive to increase their membership to fifty, that they may have a second representative in the Congress.

The greater the number of Chapters, the more the members are brought in touch with each other and the greater the diffusion of knowledge and just principles. Without this, mere increase of members might become a serious menace to the stability and good government and moral and intellectual progress of the Society.

LILIAN PIKE.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

MAGNIFICENT weather favored the commemorative exercises at Wyoming, and the attendance was large and enthusiastic. The ample tent was spread, and it proved none too large for the throng. The monument was hung with flags, and at its base was a profusion of roses. Seated alongside of President Calvin Parsons were Vice-Presidents Charles A. Miner and Benjamin Dorrance; also Dr. J. R. Gore, of Chicago; State Librarian Egle, and the participants in the programme.

The occasion was graced by the presence, in a body, of a numerous delegation of the Daughters of the American Revolution, under the lead of their Regent, Mrs. W. H. McCartney. The Sons of the Revolution also attended in a body, wearing their badges. There were also present numerous visitors from various neighboring towns. The exercises were not too long, scarcely two hours, and they were agreeably interspersed with selections by the Ninth Regiment Band, present in uniform.

After Rev. Dr. Frear had made the opening prayer, Captain Calvin Parsons made a brief and informal address as chairman. He alluded to his first appearance as a soldier on this spot in 1833. Only a few of the old men survived, but it was good to see them still coming to the monument, with larger and more interested audiences each year.

Led by the orchestra, the audience rose and sang, with excellent effect, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," a selection that is never omitted from the third of July programmes.

Then came the historical address by Judge Sylvester Dana, of Concord, New Hampshire, a grandson of Anderson Dana, who perished at Wyoming in 1778, and probably the only living grandson. Judge Dana is a well-preserved man of seventy-seven years. His subject was "The Fatherland of the First Wyoming Settlers," by which, of course, he referred to Connecticut. The address was not voluminous, and was an intensely interesting historical study of the early settlements of Connecticut and of some of the institutions of that State.

Judge Dana alluded with pleasure to the fact that these organizations of a historical character are springing up, and they are useful in keeping alive the fires of patriotism, already burning too low, and to hold up to the rising generations good examples for their imitation, as well as personifications of evil for their avoidance and contempt.

SOMETHING ABOUT CONNECTICUT.

In ancient, very ancient, times, said the speaker, the world was generally considered to be flat and that it rested on an elephant, the elephant on a turtle, the turtle on an enormous serpent. As to what held the serpent up nobody could tell. All beyond was shadowy and indefinite, and the speculations of the ancients extended no further. Now, said the speaker, I inquire what did this Wyoming world rest on? Upon the back of the elephant, Connecticut. Upon what did the Connecticut elephant stand? Upon the turtle back of old England. Now whether the English turtle rested upon the coils of a serpent of Roman, Danish, or Norman origin the speaker would not inquire, but he would proceed with some considerations of Connecticut, though with little claims to originality.

He then proceeded to tell how Connecticut was settled. The Dutch from the mouth of the Hudson were in New Haven harbor as early as 1615, but they did nothing further for seventeen years, when (1632) they built a fort near the present city of Hartford, and English emigrants passed up the same river the next year, regardless of Dutch protests, and built a fort; but all attempts of settlement prior to 1636 were practically failures.

Reference was made to the hostilities which the Massachusetts settlers experienced with the Indians, and how in 1637 the settlers turned on their implacable savage foes and ruthlessly slaughtered them, thus breaking the power of the Pequots. Reference was made to King Phillip's War in 1675, the last Indian outbreak to disturb the tranquillity of Connecticut.

For a brief period there were three distinct colonies within the present limits of Connecticut—New Haven, Saybrook, and Connecticut proper, though all ultimately merged for the purposes of greater protection and better government.

An element which contributed largely to the prosperity and

happiness of the settlers was their system of government, which was more liberal and popular than that of any other colony in those primitive times. The people found themselves outside of visible authority, royal or proprietary, and they at once instituted town organizations—elected town officers and appointed magistrates. The latter promulgated laws, in style much like military orders, and copying, to some extent, the regulations of the Mosaic dispensation.

Matters went on in this way until 1639, when the people of Connecticut determined to have a written constitution in order to clearly define the rights of the people and the machinery of their government. Accordingly at their instance Roger Ludlow, assisted no doubt by Rev. Thomas Hooker, drafted the first detailed constitution that was ever established upon earth. I say detailed constitution, for I am well aware that the document drawn up on board the Mayflower, some eighteen years previously, has the credit of being the first constitution in effect. It was, however, a very brief document—associating its signers together in a body politic, but with no specific provisions as to its practical operation. Therefore to Roger Ludlow must primarily be awarded the honor of framing the first written detailed constitution or system of government that ever went into effect.

The speaker then alluded to a charter obtained from the mother country by John Winthrop, than which a more favorable charter was never granted any colony by any English monarch, and when the Revolutionary War subsequently occurred Connecticut people were not under the necessity of expelling a royal governor who had been appointed by the Crown and of improving a system of government, as did most of the other Colonies, but they had a government already provided, with a patriotic governor of their own choice, Jonathan Trumbull—"Brother Jonathan," as Washington was accustomed to call him. Indeed, this charter was republican in all but the name, and so well did it operate that it was continued in force long after the Revolution, down to the year 1818, before it was superseded by the formation of a regular constitution, having existed about one hundred and fifty-six years.

Judge Dana alluded to the spirit of adventure which sent the Connecticut people out to establish settlements in Massachu-

setts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Nor was it surprising that they should have turned their faces toward this beautiful valley of Wyoming, where they at great cost had extinguished the Indian title and where their Colony had been granted jurisdiction.

Passing reference was made to the punishment of witchcraft, but old England, too, was hanging witches, and her law was unrepealed till 1736. Other Colonies had similar laws, and in Connecticut there was never a punishment for witchcraft. While in England capital punishment was applied to thirty-one crimes, it was applied to only fifteen in Connecticut.

The speaker then went, in pleasant vein, into a consideration of the alleged "blue laws," which had no existence, but were the invention of an unprincipled Tory preacher named Peters. The speaker amused the audience by reading some of the more grotesque of the bogus laws. For example, doing away with juries, banishing priests, forbidding the giving of food to heretics, kissing on Sunday, making mince pies, dancing, playing cards, playing musical instruments (except drum, trumpet, and jew's-harp), etc. By being reiterated over and over they have acquired credence in some quarters and been quoted as veritable history.

After music by the orchestra Sidney R. Miner, Esq., read a brief paper devoted to the consideration of the Indian fury, Queen Esther, and the part she is said to have played in the battle of Wyoming. It was an admirable study, well delivered, and was received with every evidence of interest. It was particularly acceptable to the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have been trying to purchase the historic rock on which the Indian squaw dashed out the brains of the prisoners, and by enclosing it save it from further vandalism.

WHO WAS QUEEN ESTHER?

Mr. Miner thought that the killing of the prisoners at the bloody rock by the ferocious Esther was demonstrated by the testimony of the survivors, as told in history. The speaker gave an account of Esther's life and family, with credit largely to Dr. W. H. Egle, State librarian.

I. A Frenchman by the name of Montour, who was generally called "Monsieur" Montour, and whose first name is not

known, emigrated to Canada about 1665. By an Indian wife he had a son called Jean, a captain in the English service, and two daughters, whose first names are unknown.

II. One of these daughters, who was always called "Madame" Montour, was born about 1684. At the age of ten years she was captured by the Iroquois or Five Nation Indians and adopted as a member of one of their tribes. She became the wife of Carondowanna or Big Tree, a chief of the Oneida tribe, who, after the custom of the Indians, assumed for himself the name of Robert Hunter, a governor of New York. She is said by some writers to have been well educated and to have associated, to some extent, with people of refinement. She was treated with great consideration by the whites on account of her great influence over the Indians. This no doubt gave rise to the belief and statement of some writers that she, as well as her daughter Margaret and granddaughter Esther (for whom she was mistaken by Stone and other writers), was "much caressed" by the wealthy residents of Philadelphia and other places.

Madame Montour was the mother of three sons, Andrew, Lewis, and Henry, and two daughters, Margaret and another, sometimes called Catherine. She died decrepit and blind about 1753.

III. Margaret, commonly called "French Margaret," probably the eldest child of Madame Montour, was the wife of Peter Quebeck or Katarionecha, a chief of the Iroquois, who is spoken of as "a man of good character." She had two sons, Nicholas and another, whose name is unknown, and three daughters, Esther, Catherine, and Mary, commonly called "Molly," and possibly other children.

IV. Esther, the eldest daughter of "French Margaret," became the wife of Echobund (also called Eghobund, Echgohund, or Echogohund), a chief of the Mousey or Wolf clan of the Susquehanna Delawares. This clan is said to have founded the town of Sheshequin on the site of the present Sheshequin, or Ulster, Bradford County, in this State. Echobund was called the "king" of the tribe, and after his death his wife was generally known as "Queen Esther."

Esther had children, probably, but only one son is mentioned, the one who is supposed to have been killed at Exeter the day

before the battle of Wyoming. She had, as I have already stated, two sisters. Catherine, whose husband was Thomas Huston or Hudson, called by the Indians Teleneinut, has, like her grandmother, Madame Montour, been by some writers mistaken for Queen Esther. She is supposed to have been the mother of Roland, "Stuttering" John, and Belle Montour, all well-known characters in their time. Of Molly, the other sister, and the two brothers very little, if anything, is known, except the fact of their existence.

It may strike you as odd that all the descendants of Monsieur Montour, female as well as male, bore his name. This is due, no doubt, to the custom among the Iroquois for the chief's title and power to be transmitted through the female line, together with the name, the wives of the chiefs retaining their maiden name even after marriage. The male descendants, however, did not change their names, for, as you will observe, they all retained the name of Montour as far as they have been traced.

Esther's town of Sheshequin was destroyed in the same year in which the massacre occurred, and she is said to have been removed to Long Point, New York, and to have died there, very aged, early in the present century, and to have been buried on the shore of one of the lakes.

Frank Stewart, of Berwick, read and recited a clever bit of original versification, "A Legend of Wild Wyoming," in which the "grasshopper war" figured.

Dr. J. R. Gore, of Chicago, was called on, and spoke informally. He said five of his ancestors gave up their lives on Wyoming's bloody field—three Gores, Timothy Pearce, and John Murphy. He was glad to be here on this anniversary occasion. When he left here as a small boy, seventy years ago, his mind was full of what he had heard from the lips of survivors of the battle, and he had been afraid to be out alone at night, so dreadful were the stories he had heard. As to Queen Esther, he had never heard the stories of her cruelty doubted until a year or two ago. In his boyhood days Queen Esther was considered as real as Colonel Butler or General Sullivan. Dr. Gore is past eighty-three years of age, but is hale and hearty and blessed with both good sight and hearing.

After the benediction by Rev. W. A. Beecher the assemblage dismissed.

WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION FOR THE NATIONAL MARY WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In March, 1894, immediately after the Third Continental Congress, the secretary of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association sent out an appeal to the Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the country, asking for aid in completing their work.

Many Chapters have already sent in contributions and more have responded since then. New Chapters have been formed and members added to the list, which now numbers thousands of patriotic women, descendants of Revolutionary heroes.

On the Board of Lady Managers of the National Mary Washington Association the president, the two vice-presidents, and the secretary are all charter members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Among those who have already worked among the Daughters are:

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, vice-president at large, who has worked steadily and with great success in Virginia, West Virginia, and in New York; at the White Sulphur Springs in 1891 she gave a Colonial ball, one of the most brilliant entertainments ever given at that far-famed resort, which alone netted over a thousand dollars. Since then she has raised many hundreds in securing hereditary life members, among them Miss Mary Custis Lee, the Duchess de Veragua, and the Infanta Eulalia.

Mrs. Fairman, of the New York City Chapter, has worked constantly and faithfully. In 1892 she gave, aided by Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus and other ladies of her Chapter, a beautiful dramatic entertainment.

The Mary Washington Chapter, of Washington City, whose Regent, Mrs. Admiral Lee, is a vice-president on the Mary Washington Board, gave, soon after the Chapter was organized, a large sum to its namesake, the result of a lecture by their recording secretary, Miss Janet Richards.

Miss Desha, when vice-president for Kentucky, aroused much

interest in that State. Several hereditary life members were secured, and the John Marshall Chapter of Louisville sent a liberal donation from a lecture given by Senator Lindsay at the house of the Regent, Mrs. Sallie Marshall Ewing Pope. Mrs. Lindsay is now our vice-president.

Mrs. Lipscomb, the vice-president for Georgia, has worked faithfully among the Georgia Chapters, particularly in those towns bearing the classic names of Rome and Athens as well as Savannah, Atlanta, and others.

Mrs. Lyman Trumbull, our Illinois vice-president and Vice-Regent of the Chicago Chapter, has also been an earnest worker. She sent $1,500 from a Colonial tea in Chicago, 1892, and another contribution from a Colonial reception and from serving tea in the Mount Vernon building at the Columbian Exhibition.

Mrs. Hubbard, of California, Mrs. Maddox, the State Regent, and the Sequoia Chapter, have evinced the greatest interest and sent frequent and liberal contributions. Mrs. Hearst, the vice-president for California, has sent over a thousand dollars.

Mrs. Dolph, of Oregon, and Mrs. Adams, of Nevada, have contributed liberally. Mrs. Squire, of the State of Washington, has been very active in securing hereditary life members. The Mary Ball Chapter, of Tacoma, has sent a donation.

Mrs. Newport, State Regent of Minnesota, has also been an earnest worker and a constant contributor.

Miss Susan Carrington Clarke, M. W. vice-president for Connecticut, has made collections from many Chapters in that brave little State, amounting to a large sum. The Faith Trumbull Chapter, of Norwich, has also sent a handsome contribution through Miss Hyde.

The Rhode Island Chapters, through their Vice-President-General, Mrs. Wilbour, and their State Regent, Miss Knight, have contributed generously.

New Hampshire has also done so through their State Regent, Mrs. Arthur Clarke.

In New Jersey Mrs. Mather, the new vice-president, is much interested in the subject and has appealed to her Chapters. Mrs. Putnam, of the Boudinot Chapter, has done good work. Of another Daughter, who appears in the directory as Mary Virginia Terhune, but better known and loved as Marion Har-

land, it is impossible to say too much. While editor of the "Homemaker," in 1889, she opened its columns for contributions and collections, and issued a stirring appeal the following February under the moving title, "A Disgrace a Century Old." She lectured in eight States for the benefit of the cause, raising not less than fifteen hundred dollars and rousing the women of America to a knowledge and love for the mother of our great hero not only by her lectures but by her most interesting "Story of Mary Washington."

Mrs. McPherson, our first vice-president for New Jersey, was very active and efficient until obliged by ill health to go to Europe.

In Pennsylvania Mrs. McCartney, the new M. W. vice-president, who has already done work for the Society in the Wyoming Valley Chapter, has been prevented by a terrible domestic affliction from working during the summer. Mrs. Smith, of the Philadelphia Chapter; Miss Lillian Evans, of the Donegal, and Miss Mickley, of the Liberty Bell Chapters, have all sent donations. Mrs. Hogg, the State Regent, is much interested and has procured life members.

Unfortunately the historic State of Delaware has no representation in the Daughters of the American Revolution, but the vice-president of the Mary Washington Society for that State has sent a handsome contribution.

Mrs. J E. Palmer, Regent of the Portland Chapter and vice-president of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association in Maine, sent a donation from her Chapter as soon as it was organized.

In Ohio Mrs. Meade Massie, the vice-president, is a member of the Chillicothe Chapter, of which Miss McClintock is Regent. Miss McClintock shows great interest, and Mrs. Massie has sent liberal donations and has secured many hereditary life members, among them Mrs. James A. Garfield.

The Cincinnati Chapter, whose Regent is Mrs. Brent Arnold, has sent a handsome contribution. Mrs. Hinkle, the State Regent, has become a hereditary life member.

Mrs. Clifton R. Breckenridge, vice-president for Arkansas in the National Mary Washington Memorial Association, did faithful service in her State among the Daughters until her departure for Russia. She is herself a hereditary life member.

Mrs. Mary Bolling Washington, vice-president for Tennessee, has sent many contributions and has become a hereditary life member.

The Irondequoit Chapter, of Rochester, New York, has sent a donation through the efforts of their Regent, Mrs. Little. Mrs. Elizabeth Swift Martin, Regent of the Geneva Chapter, has also sent a donation.

Mrs. Catherine Gansevoort Lansing, of Albany, vice-president of the State of New York, has done such efficient, untiring, and noble work for the Mary Washington cause that I cannot refrain from mentioning her name here. She is second only to Mrs. Pryor in her list of hereditary life members. Though she has never joined the Daughters, she is the granddaughter of General Gansevoort, of the Revolutionary Army.

The same tribute is due Mrs. Macon, of Colorado, who was a Miss Harrison, of Stafford County, Virginia, born at Pine Grove, Mary Washington's home, on the Rappahannock. Mrs. Story, of Louisiana, and Mrs. Lewis, of South Carolina, who, with Mrs. Governor Dillingham, of Vermont, were the earliest contributors to the cause, are of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry. Mrs. Story, in New Orleans; Mrs. Lewis, in Charleston, and Mrs. Macon, in Denver, gave Colonial balls of such magnificence that they have become historic.

The vice-president for Maryland, Mrs. Mary Washington Keyser, is a descendant of Mary Washington and a hereditary life member. She is a member of the Baltimore Chapter, and has worked nobly for the monument to her great ancestress.

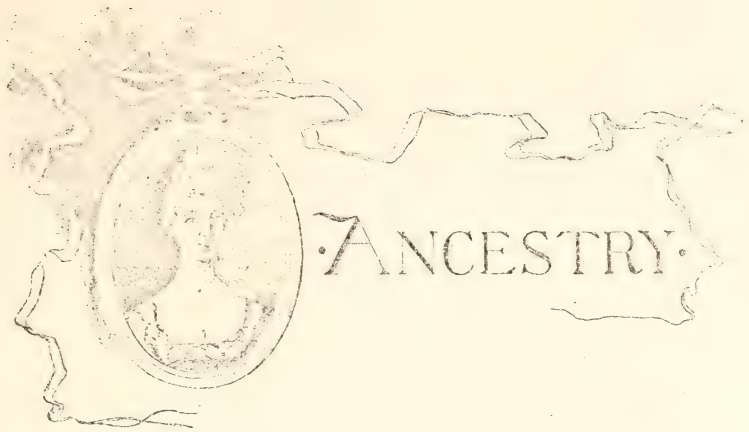
North Carolina has not sent contributions from her Chapters, but the M. W. vice-president, Mrs. Vance, has done good work. Mrs. Empie, of Wilmington, a descendant of Mary Washington, has sent fifty dollars for hereditary life memberships for herself and her daughter.

In Virginia the Mount Vernon Chapter has made a contribution. Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, the Regent of the Albemarle Chapter, is a descendant of Mary Washington and a hereditary life member. Her Chapter, the Albemarle, combined with the Lewis Chapter, of Roanoke, of which her daughter, Mrs. Cocke, is Regent, conferred a hereditary life membership on Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, the President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The monument is completed and paid for, but the endowment fund is still to be raised and measures taken for its future care and preservation. The Association is very desirous, if possible, of collecting sufficient for that purpose before the 22d of February, 1895, when the list will be closed of the hereditary life members, the future custodians of the monument.

An opportunity is therefore given to those Chapters which the appeal may not have reached, or which have since organized, so that their members may have the privilege of adding their contributions and do their part in fulfilling the first resolution of the Daughters of the American Revolution so enthusiastically responded to at their organization on October 11, 1890.

MARGARET HETZEL,
Secretary N. M. W. M. A.



CATHARINE HITCHCOCK TILDEN AVERY.

CATHARINE HITCHCOCK TILDEN AVERY was born December 13, 1844, at Dundee, Michigan, and married, July 2, 1870, Elroy M. Avery, of Monroe, Michigan. She is the eldest daughter of

Junius Tilden and Zeruah (Rich) Tilden. He was born at Yarmouth, Massachusetts, November 28, 1813; died at Monroe, Michigan, March 1, 1861. She was born at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, January 28, 1813; died at Dundee, Michigan, June 30, 1854. They were married in Buffalo, New York, September 14, 1838. He was the son of

Dr. Calvin and Catharine (Hitchcock) Tilden. Dr. Calvin Tilden was born September 29, 1774, at Scituate, Massachusetts; died at Hanson, Massachusetts, June 28, 1832; Brown University, 1800. His wife was born at Hanson, Massachusetts, June 8, 1783; died at Hanson September 22, 1852. They were married December 23, 1804. Calvin Tilden was the son of

Samuel Tilden, born September 14, 1739, at Marshfield, Massachusetts; died May 29, 1834, at the same place; married Mercy Hatch November 10, 1763, at Marshfield, Massachusetts, and he, the said Samuel Tilden, was a Revolutionary patriot.

Catharine Hitchcock, the wife of Calvin Tilden, was the daughter of Dr. Gad Hitchcock, who was born at Hanson, November 2, 1749; died November 29, 1835; Harvard College,

1768; married, July 9, 1778, Sagie Bailey, and he, the said Gad Hitchcock, was a Revolutionary patriot. He was the only child of

Gad Hitchcock, LL. D., who was born February 12, 1719; died August 8, 1803, and he, the said Gad Hitchcock, was a Revolutionary patriot. He was the son of

Ebenezer Hitchcock and Mary (Sheldon) Hitchcock, and she, the said Mary Hitchcock, was the mother of six boys who were Revolutionary patriots.

Sagie (Bailey) Hitchcock, wife of Gad Hitchcock, M. D., was the daughter of Colonel John Bailey, who was born October 30, 1730, and died October 27, 1810, and he, the said John Bailey, was a Revolutionary patriot. The wife of John Bailey was Ruth (Randall) Bailey, and she was the mother of two Revolutionary patriots.

Every one of Mrs. Avery's father's ancestors who was of military age or nearly so was a Revolutionary patriot. Two were more than seventy-two years of age and died soon after the war began; one was less than a year old when the war broke out; the rest were Revolutionary patriots.

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF DEACON SAMUEL TILDEN.

In 1775 Deacon Samuel Tilden was a member of Joseph Clift's company of militia for six months. (See History of Plymouth County, Massachusetts.)

In 1776 the Committee of Correspondence for Marshfield consisted of four members, of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See History of Plymouth County.)

The Committee of Inspection of Marshfield consisted of twenty-one members, of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See Marshfield Records.)

A paper is still in existence in Hanover, Massachusetts, dated June 14, 1775, and directed to Captain Amos Turner, giving a list of the names of a committee whom he should notify "upon the appearance of an invasion of the enemy," and the name of one of the committee is Deacon Samuel Tilden.

Samuel Tilden was an only son. His father was dead and his eldest son was only ten years old when the war broke out.

There was no other of that family to go to the war or to perform Revolutionary service.

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF GAD HITCHCOCK, M. D.

May 27, 1775, Colonel John Thomas returned the name of Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's mate in his regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (2 Force's Archives, 826.)

On the afternoon of Friday, June 30, 1775, it was ordered that a warrant be issued to Dr. Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's mate in Colonel John Thomas' regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (2 Force's Archives, 1464.)

He was surgeon's mate to Dr. Lemuel Cushing, in Colonel Thomas' (afterwards Col. John Bailey's) regiment, from May to September, 1775. He was then transferred to the hospital at Roxbury as surgeon's mate under Surgeons Hayward and Aspinwall, where he remained till May, 1776. In June, 1776, he was appointed surgeon in Colonel Simeon Cary's regiment of the Massachusetts Line, going to New York. Here he was soon appointed chief surgeon of General Fellows' Brigade Hospital, where he continued till February, 1777. (See Documents in Old War and Navy Department, Washington, D. C.)

He was placed on the pension-roll June 10, 1819, at $240 a year. This was increased March 4, 1831, to $355 a year. He was an only child. He married Sagie Bailey, daughter of Colonel John Bailey.

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF GAD HITCHCOCK, LL. D.

Gad Hitchcock was the son of Ebenezer Hitchcock, who was a lieutenant in Colonel Dwight's regiment in the Louisburg expedition, 1745. His mother was a descendant of the "worshipful Major John Pynchon," of Springfield, and of Captain Joseph Sheldon, of King Philip's War.

Gad Hitchcock was graduated at Harvard College, and settled in Pembroke, Massachusetts, in 1747. In 1774 he was chosen to preach the election sermon before Governor Gage and the Massachusetts House of Representatives on the "election of his Majesty's Council for said province." The following copy of an interesting document tells its own story :

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *May 26, 1774.*

Resolved, That Mr. Turner, Major Morey, and Doctor Holton be and hereby are appointed a committee to return the thanks of this House to the Reverend Mr. Gad Hitchcock for the discourse delivered by him yesterday, being the day of the election of Counsellors, and to desire of him a copy of the same for the press.

Attest : SAMUEL ADAMS, *Clerk.*

The fierce excitement and spirit of resistance that preceded the outbreak of the Revolution had reached its height. The tea had already gone overboard in Boston harbor and blood was soon to flow at Lexington. "Pembroke had been among the foremost towns in indignant protests and threats against the tyrannical action of the royal government, and the preacher's whole heart was with his people," whose ideas he had helped to mold. He had chosen for his text Proverbs xxix : 2, "When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." "The very text was like a trumpet call to battle. Fresh from the people, whose excitement and indignation he shared, he arose in the presence of the hushed assemblage and launched full on the bosom of the astonished Governor 'When the wicked bear rule, the people mourn.'" (Headley's "Chaplains of the Revolution.") He proceeded "to make a few general remarks on the nature and end of civil government, point out some of the qualifications of rulers, and then apply the subject to the design of our assembling at this time."

He then went on to say : "The great end of a ruler's exaltation is the happiness of the people over whom he presides, and his promoting it the sole ground of their submission to him." * * * "In such governments as the British, rulers have their distinct powers assigned to them by the people, who are the only source of civil authority on earth, with the view of having them exercised for the public advantage. * * * And as its origin is from the people, who not only have a right, but are bound in duty for the preservation of the property and liberty of the whole society to lodge it in such hands as they judge best qualified to answer its intention, so when it is misapplied to other purposes and the public, as it always will, receive damage from the abuse, they have the same original right,

grounded on the same fundamental reasons, and are equally bound in duty to resume it and transfer it to others."

After recalling the course of events for the last few years and praising the legislative bodies chosen by the people for their fidelity to the cause of freedom, he proceeds to speak of the cause of their assembling:

"Much lies at stake, honored fathers, much depends and will probably turn on the choice you make of Councillors, not to this province only, but to the rest of the Colonies. In the present scenes of calamity and perplexity, when the contest in regard to the rights of the Colonies rises high, every Colony is deeply interested in the public conduct of every other.

"The present situation of our public affairs requires good degrees of knowledge, firmness of spirit, patriotism, and the fear of God in those who stand at the helm and guide the state. They should be men able to investigate the source of our evils, point out adequate remedies, and that have resolution and public spirit to apply them.

"Our danger is not visionary, but real; our contention is not about trifles, but about liberty and property, and not ours only, but those of posterity, to the latest generations; and every lover of mankind will allow that these are important objects, too inestimably precious and valuable enjoyments to be treated with neglect and tamely surrendered, for however some few—I speak it with regret and astonishment, even from among ourselves—appear sufficiently disposed to ridicule the rights of America and the liberties of subjects, 'tis plain St. Paul, who was a good judge, had a very different sense of them: 'He was on all occasions for standing fast, not only in the liberties with which Christ had made him free from the Jewish law of ceremonies, but also in that liberty with which the laws of nature and the Roman state had made him free from oppression and tyranny.'

"If I am mistaken in supposing plans are formed, and executing, subversive of our natural and charter rights and privileges and incompatible with every idea of liberty, all America is mistaken with me.

"Our continued complaints—our repeated, humble, but fruitless, unregarded petitions and remonstrances—and, if I may be allowed the sacred allusion, our groanings which cannot be

watered, are at once indications of our sufferings and the feeling sense we have of them.

"We sincerely hope and trust the elections of this day will turn on men who shall be disposed in their proper department to restore and establish our rights—men acquainted with the several powers vested in the honorable board, and determined, with persevering spirit, to assert and uphold them; men in every view friendly to the constitution of government in this province and resolved to maintain it, undiminished and entire.

"As a people, we have ever been remarkably tender both of our civil and religious liberties, and 'tis hoped the fervor of our regard for them will not cool till the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light.

"The people of this province and in the other Colonies love and revere civil government; they love peace and order, but they are not willing to part with any of those rights and privileges for which they have in many respects paid very dear.

"The soil we tread on is our own, the heritage of our fathers, who purchased it by fair bargain of the natives, unless I must except a part which they afterwards, in their own just defense, obtained by conquest; we have therefore an exclusive right to it.

"But while we are disposed to assert our rights and hold our liberties sacred, let us not decline from our former temper and despise government, but may we always be ready to esteem and support it in its truest dignity and majesty. Let us respect and honor our civil rulers, and as much as possible lighten their burdens by a cheerful obedience to their laws, without which the great end of government, the public safety and happiness, cannot be promoted."

Governor Gage was filled with great wrath on account of the boldness of the position. Dr. Hitchcock in after years said: "It was doubtless a most moving discourse, inasmuch as it moved many of the congregation from the house, referring to some of the Governor's party who left the church in their indignation." After listening to the sermon, the Legislature ordered it printed and then proceeded to elect Councillors in full accord with the preacher's advice. Governor Gage negatived thirteen of them and adjourned the Legislature to meet at

Salem, June 17, as a punishment and a means of keeping them from coming together. At Salem he again adjourned them, but they locked the doors, refused the Governor's messenger admission, and transacted their business in spite of him. Such sermons had something to do with the Revolution. There are several of the original copies in existence and a few years ago it was reprinted. I have a copy.

Gad Hitchcock served as chaplain, but was not commissioned. He was elected, July 12, 1779, a member of the convention to make a constitution for Massachusetts. The convention met in 1780, and formed the constitution under which Massachusetts was governed till 1820.

Joseph, one of the brothers of the Rev. Gad Hitchcock, was a Revolutionary soldier and in the Committee of Safety, of Ludlow, Massachusetts.

Daniel, another brother, was colonel of a Rhode Island regiment at the siege of Boston; commanded a brigade at the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777; did such good service, that Washington publicly thanked him and Greene gave him his own watch as a keepsake. The watch is still in the possession of a member of the family. Daniel died a few days after the battle, of a disease from which he was suffering at the time when he led the gallant charge.

Abner, another brother, served under Captain Walker for eight months, from May, 1775, and was also at the "Lexington Alarm."

Seth, another brother, also served in the Revolutionary War.

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF COLONEL JOHN BAILEY.

Colonel John Bailey was the only son of Captain John Bailey, of the militia of Hanover, Massachusetts. He was lieutenant-colonel of Colonel John Thomas' regiment at the beginning of the War of the Revolution. When the Continental Army was reorganized he became colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

He was at the siege of Boston; was one of those who crossed the "Neck" and fortified the hill. On March 29, 1776, he marched his regiment to New York and played an important part in the siege there. He lost some men at White Plains,

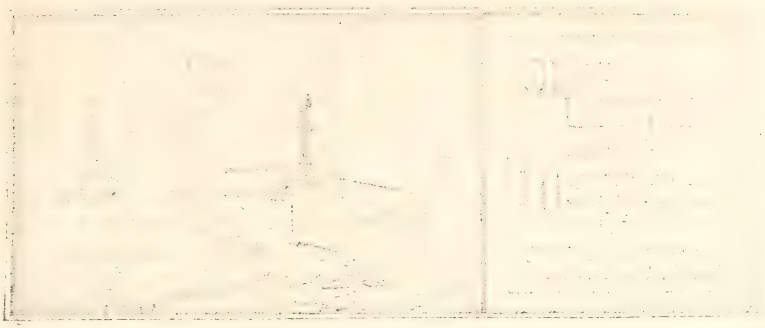
was in the battle of Princeton, crossed the Delaware with Washington, and aided in the capture of the Hessian General Rahl. He was then sent to the Northern Army, assisted in the campaign, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne.

There is a letter in the State Department at Washington from Colonel Bailey to General Washington, dated November 16, 1777, at Hardwick, New Jersey, stating that he is on his way with his regiment to join him near Philadelphia. There is also a letter dated West Point, June 13, 1779. He resigned in April, 1780, on account of ill health. His resignation was accepted October 21, 1780, and he was retired on half pay. During the latter part of the war he served as "colonel commandant" of "late Leonard's Brigade."

Luther Bailey, second son of Colonel John Bailey, also served through the entire war, ending his services as major of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

Colonel John Bailey's daughter, Ruth, married William Stockbridge. He was one of the six Tories of Hanover. She, however, was a staunch patriot and employed her time, unknown to her Tory husband, in aiding the cause. She even "ran" bullets for her father and brother while her husband was at church.

The wife of Colonel John Bailey was Ruth Randall. She had a brother, Stephen Randall, who served in the Revolutionary War.



WASHINGTON, *October*, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR: Apropos of the article on Lafayette's visit to America in 1824–'25, I enclose you a copy of a letter which he wrote to my grandfather at that time and which I think will prove interesting.

KATE KEARNEY HENRY,
Regent D. C., D. A. R.

ALBANY, *June 13th*, 1825.

DEAR SIR: I have received on my arrival at this place your kind favour and the letters that accompanied it. Mr. Clay had informed me that such letters as Had a chance to meet me at Louisville were sent there, that the posterior packets were detained at Washington. He therefore invited me to ask their bein sent from the State ofice to any place where they could meet us. You know my dear Sir that those packets of letters whatever be their volume have been hitherto forwarded by the mail stage, nor do I understand in what other way I could get them, the letters I have received from family and friends allude to an anterior correspondence the words of which render part of them unintelligible and unanswerable. I must therefore claim your kindness to have those packets sent to me as soon and as safely as possible from Washington, and also from Louisville, as you know in whose hands they have been deposited.

I am this morning setting out for Boston where everything you please to send will find me untill the 20th of this month. I shall hence visit the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, so as to be returned to Albany on the 29th. On the 30th evening I expect to go down the North River to New York, paying some visits on my way, but so as to reach the city two

days before the 4th July. I beg your pardon for the trouble I give you, but you will better than myself at which of those places the letters from Washington and afterwards those from Louisville can best come to my hands, and I am sure you will friendly sympathise in my eagerness to obtain them.

I need not observe that letters directed to my son or M M le Valleur ought to be also returned. As to the trunks and other packages of that kind which cannot be forwarded by the mail I will claim your kindness to have them conveyed to New York and directed to Mr. Wittlock, Jun. at that place.

While I ought to apologise, I will only thank you for the trouble which you have encouraged me to give you, and of which I confess I stand in great need, Having no other way to restore the series of my correspondence from the other side of the Atlantic.

With the highest regard I have the honor to be yours

LAFAYETTE.

P. S.—Upon consideration of the departure attending other Conveyance than the stage, I beg you my dear Sir to keep at Washington the trunks and other objects too bulky to go by that Commodity. I expect to be at the Seat of govern't about the middle of July.

RICHARD FORREST, Esquire,
Department of State, Washington City.

THE following letter was written by a lady in Philadelphia to an officer in the ministerial army in Boston, a few days after the battle of Lexington, and printed in the Virginia Gazette of January 13, 1776.

SIR: We received a letter from you wherein you let Mr. ——— know that you had wrote after the battle of Lexington particularly to me, knowing my martial spirit, that I would delight to read the exploits of heroes. Surely, my friend, you must mean the New England heroes, as they alone performed exploits worthy fame, while the regulars, vastly superior in numbers, were obliged to retreat with a rapidity unequalled except by

the French at the battle of Minden. Indeed, General C... gives them their due praise in his letter home, where he says Lord Percy was remarkable for his activity. You will not, I hope, take offense at any expression that in the warmth of my heart should escape me, when I assure you that though we consider you as a public enemy, we regard you as a private friend, and while we detest the cause you are fighting for, we wish well to your own personal interest and safety; thus far by way of apology. As for the martial spirit you suppose me to possess, you are mistaken. I tremble at the thought of war, but of all wars a civil one. Our all is at stake, and we are called upon by every tie that is dear and sacred to exert the spirit that Heaven has given us in this righteous struggle for liberty. I will tell you what I have done: my only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me. I am confident he will behave with honor and emulate the great examples he has before him. Had I twenty sons and brothers they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family. Tea I have not drank since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington, and, what I never did before, have learnt to knit and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants. In this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this, that as free I can die but once, but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans; they have sacrificed all assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea-drinking, and finery throughout this extensive continent. If these are the sentiments of females, what must glow in the breasts of our husbands, brothers, and sons?

It is not a quibble in politics (a science which few understand and which we are contending for); it is plain truth, which the most ignorant peasant knows and is clear to the weakest capacity, that no man has a right to take their money without their consent. The supposition is ridiculous and absurd—my friend, reconcile it with your own good sense—that a body of men in Great Britain, who have little intercourse with America and, of course, know nothing of us, nor supposed to see or feel the misery they would inflict upon us, shall invest themselves

with a power to command our lives and properties at all times and in all cases whatsoever. You say you are no politician. Ah, sir! it requires no Machiavelian head to develop this and to discover that this is tyranny and oppression. It is written with a sunbeam; every one will see and know it, because it will make them feel, and we shall be unworthy of the blessings of Heaven if we ever submit to it. All ranks of men among us are in arms; nothing is heard now in our streets but the trumpet and drum, and the universal cry is, "Americans, to arms!" We have five regiments in the city and county of Philadelphia, complete in arms and uniform and very expert in their military maneuvers. We have companies of light horse, light infantry, grenadiers, riflemen, &c., several companies of artillery, and some excellent brass cannon and field-pieces. Add to this that every county in Pennsylvania and the Delaware Government can send two thousand men to the field.

Heaven seems to smile on us, for in the memory of man never were known such quantities of flax, and sheep without number. In short, we want for nothing but ships of war to defend us, which we could procure by making alliances; but such is our attachment to Britain that we sincerely wish for a reconciliation, and cannot bear the thought of throwing off all dependence on her, which such a step would assuredly lead to.

The God of Mercy will, I hope, open the eyes of our King, that he may see while in seeking our destruction he will go near to complete his own. We hope yet to see you in this city, a friend to the liberties of America, which will give infinite satisfaction to your sincere friend, &c.

NOTE.—No signature is given. This letter was printed a year after it was written. It was perhaps opened and confiscated, as the writer, though so patriotic, was not discreet in giving so much information to the enemy. I do not know whether this entire letter has ever been reprinted or not. I have the original newspaper.

M. O'H. DARLINGTON,
Pittsburg Chapter, D. A. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE inquiry frequently comes to members of the Board, "Can a National number given to a Daughter of the American Revolution be given, passed down, inherited, or entailed to any relative or any other "Daughter" on the decease of a member in good and regular standing?" The answer is, emphatically, No!

Some blank numbers appear among the charter members to whom numbers were given who were afterwards proved ineligible. None of these have been filled, except in cases where the applications were made previous to October 11, 1891.

This condition could not occur except in the charter membership, for after the organization all applicants' papers must be passed upon by the Board, and the National number comes in the regular order of admission. Therefore, so long as the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has an existence, a member's National number is held sacred to their memory.

TO-DAY our Society has a membership of 6,661. If each member would send one subscription or one advertisement to the Magazine we would soon be in a position to make our Magazine second to none. Will you not try?

THE President's Thanksgiving Proclamation is out. Thursday, November 29, is the day appointed.

Do we comply with this old, time-honored custom because our fathers and mothers did it before us? Do we not believe that the proclamation of Washington, which is reproduced in this number of the Magazine, was preserved sacredly in the hearts of the people and observed with enthusiastic rejoicing?

Let us not forget the hardships and the privations they endured, or the "feasts they spread in the wilderness," because

out from the shadows there came a great joy, a new home in a new world. "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was the song in their hearts.

The customs of those primeval days should be held sacred by every true American. Good fellowship and the love of country should put us in hearty sympathy with the Thanksgiving festival.

We rejoice that some of the old-time sentiment has descended to the present generation, and that the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution in stirring the slumbering embers of the past will not only help America's children to read history, search out the vital spark, which is the life, but even her traditions will be held sacred, in which all hearts can rejoice and give thanks!

CHAPTERS.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized on the 16th of June, 1894, at Los Angeles, California. Bunker Hill anniversary (the 17th) falling on Sunday, the Society decided upon the previous evening as specially desirable for the first meeting of the Chapter. The necessary twelve ladies being qualified, proceeded to formal organization. They were Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, Mrs. Mary Hollister Banning, Mrs. Gertrude Barrett Eastman, Mrs. Ellen Rose Gibbon, Mrs. Elinor Brown, Mrs. Anne O. Banning, Mrs. Sarah Russell Clark, Miss Susan Glossell Patton, Miss Eliza P. Houghton, Miss Mary M. Houghton, Miss Clara H. Houghton, Miss Mary Russell, and Miss Camilla McConnell. The State Regent, Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox, sent a letter, which was read, appointing as Chapter Regent Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont. The Chapter was organized by the appointment of officers as follows: Regent, Mrs. Frémont; Vice-regent, Miss Susan Glossell Patton; registrar, Miss Eliza P. Houghton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. R. Gibbon; recording secretary, Mrs. Francis A. Eastman; treasurer, Mrs. M. H. Banning. After a prayer by Rev. John Gray, of St. Paul's Church, an address was delivered by Mrs. Clark, giving in detail the objects of the Society and appealing to all Americans to cultivate patriotism and to teach the young people to revere the flag and the Commonwealth. Mrs. Jirah D. Cole sung with great expression "The Star Spangled Banner," which was followed by an interesting address by the President of California "Sons of the Revolution," Holdridge O. Collins, Esq. A poem, written in the Centennial year, entitled "Rhoda Farrand," recalling an incident of the Revolution, was read by Miss C. H. Houghton, which closed the formal exercises. Tea drinking followed. The tea was served from coppers owned and used in the field during the war by Lafayette. Toasts were drunk in tea to "Eschscholtzia Chapter," "Sons of the Revolution," "Our

Fathers of the Revolution," "The Women of 1776," and "The Flag of our Country." Responses were made by Miss Houghton, Mr. Collins, Colonel F. A. Eastman, Major H. T. Lee, and General Johnston Jones, Major Elderkin, United States Army, acting as toastmaster.

MERCY WARREN CHAPTER CELEBRATES THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.—Just one hundred and thirteen years ago Lord Cornwallis, the English general and statesman, was forced to surrender with all his troops at Yorktown, Virginia. As every one familiar with the history of the war of the Revolution well knows, this disaster proved the ruin of the British cause in America. As a fitting commemoration of the surrender, Mercy Warren Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Springfield, celebrated the event with appropriate exercises at the residence of Mrs. L. J. Powers, on Pearl Street. There was a large number present, including several members from Westfield. The committee on arrangements was composed principally of Westfield women, and included Mrs. F. I. Robinson, Mrs. M. M. Whitney, Mrs. Thomas Moseley, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs. Lewis Parker, Mrs. Charles Snow, and Mrs. J. S. Clerk, all of Westfield; Mrs. F. B. Bigelow and Mrs. M. M. Mills, of Springfield, and Mrs. Oliver Smith, of Hartford. One of the pleasing features of the afternoon's programme was a very entertaining paper upon "The review of the surrender of Cornwallis and its results on the ending of the war," by Mrs. Smith, of Hartford. A paper was also read on the life of Cornwallis, by Mrs. Frank B. Bigelow, of Springfield. The remainder of the programme consisted of a poem by Whittier, read by Mrs. Lewis Parker, of Westfield, entitled "The Soldiers of '75;" vocal selection by Mme. Sarine, of Westfield, and a piano selection by Mrs. Laflin, also of Westfield. At the conclusion of the entertainment a luncheon was served.

LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON CHAPTER.—Yesterday was a red-letter day for the new patriotic order of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Parke hospitably opened at an early hour their pleasant home on Franklin Park, Bloomington, Illinois, to the Society, and cordially wel-

comed, not only the charter members and their friends, but also the ladies of the city interested.

The 12 o'clock lunch served by Mrs. Parke to the charter members and in honor of the visiting national officers, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Kerfoot, and Mrs. Shepherd, was a very elaborate affair, and really was the initiatory banquet of the local chapter. Each lady, upon being seated, was presented with an elegant souvenir of the occasion in a beautifully inscribed badge, bearing in gold, and exquisitely painted by Mrs. John R. Little, the insignia of the order, a spinning wheel and distaff, with the initials "D. A. R." and date of the organization, "May 3, 1894." Each lady was given a finely written card, the work of Mrs. Little, bearing a patriotic quotation from some of our early heroes. These were read and appropriately served in lieu of "after-dinner speeches."

At the close of the social hour they were called to order by the Illinois Vice-President-General and State Regent, Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, who, in a concise ceremony, effected the organization. The officers are: Chapter Regent, Mrs. Taylor; secretary, Mrs. Little; registrar, Miss Mana Lackey, and treasurer, Miss Mattie Williams.

Shortly after adjournment of the business session and before the hour appointed for the public meeting the house was comfortably filled, and very soon was crowded with a host of interested, patriotic ladies. Mrs. Kerfoot, with commendable promptitude, called the meeting to order at the time designated, and briefly stated the purposes of the organization. She is a lady of much ability, business tact, and pleasing address.

Mrs. Kerfoot officially introduced Mrs. Stevenson as the National President-General. Mrs. Stevenson responded by saying that this was the first time she had ever addressed an audience in her home city, and after some beautiful words spoken in tribute of Bloomington's nearness to her heart, proceeded to plainly define in detail the object of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Said she:

"The National Society was organized in the city of Washington on October 11, 1890. At the last Congress, February 22, 1894, there were about five thousand names enrolled, and the applications are now pouring in, taxing the time and strength of the National Registrar and assistants.

"The objects of the Society are:

"1. To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries.

"2. To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, 'To promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge,' thus developing an enlightened public opinion, and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens.

"3. To cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

At the close of Mrs. Stevenson's address Mrs. Kerfoot gave opportunity for discussion, to which a number of ladies enthusiastically responded. Mrs. Ward read extracts from a letter just received from Miss Sarah E. Raymond, of Boston, formerly city superintendent of public schools here. There are a number of ladies in this city who are now "proving up," some who have already sent in applications, and many more who yesterday gave their names as desiring to unite with the order. Altogether the start for a fine, large society is most flattering. The charter members of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Bloomington are given herewith, together with a synopsis of their family histories, upon the record of which their papers have been passed and filed in acceptance by the National Order, at headquarters, Washington, D. C. This charter list of members contains the names of six of the lineal descendants of Mildred Washington, the aunt of General George Washington.

Mrs. A. E. Stevenson.—Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, the wife of Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson and the President-General of the National Daughters of the American Revolution, traces her ancestry back to the Colonial days, and prior, through a long retrospect of years. Mrs. Stevenson's great-grandmother, on the maternal side, was Peachey Walker, the youngest daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker, commissary-general

of the Virginia troops in the Braddock campaign. Dr. Walker led the first party of explorers into Kentucky in 1730. During the Revolution he was a member of the House of Burgesses. His great-great-grandfather, also in the maternal line, was Captain James Speed, who at the battle of Guilford Court-House, North Carolina, in 1781, lost his life in that terrific struggle, which was one of the series of desperate encounters that finally drove Cornwallis into the trap at Yorktown.

In the paternal line of ancestry, Mrs. Stevenson is a granddaughter of Honorable Willis Green, of Virginia. He was a member of nearly all the nine conventions held during the war and helped frame the Constitution of Kentucky. Willis Green was the grandson of Mildred Washington by the third husband, Colonel Henry Willis, making Mrs. Stevenson a lineal descendant of Mildred Washington. The name of Colonel Joshua Fry the four times great-grandfather of Mrs. Stevenson, is known well in the annals of history as one of the early martial heroes of Colonial times. He was from Somersetshire, England, a graduate of Oxford University, and sent by the English Government to fill the chair of mathematics in William and Mary College, Virginia. Later on he was George Washington's senior colonel and commander-in-chief of our forces during the French and Indian Wars. He settled in Jamestown in 1737; was a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia; member of the governor's council of 1750; commissioned to treat with the Indians upon important treaties, and detailed upon various duties touching State and Nation, and was associated with Peter Jefferson, the father of the author of the Declaration of Independence, in the compilation of a map of the Colony of Virginia.

George Washington took his first lessons in the art of war under the veteran Fry in the nine years' struggle beginning with 1754, which drove the French from the vast region stretching from the Lakes and St. Lawrence to the Ohio, and gave to Great Britain a dominion which, later on, in the great struggle of 1776, we took from her. Upon the death of Colonel Fry his young favorite, Major Washington, succeeded him, and carried to successful issue the campaign as planned by him.

The lineage of Mrs. Stevenson is that of her sister, Mrs. Julia Green Scott, widow of the late M. T. Scott, and Mrs. Scott's daughter, Miss Letitia.

Mrs. Lucy Woodford Parke.—Mrs. Lucy Woodford Parke, wife of Dr. C. R. Parke; Mrs. Mary Taliaferro Poston, and Miss Mana Parke Lackey are descendants of Brigadier General William Woodford, of Virginia. He was one of the great Revolutionary heroes, and fought in a number of important battles, including those of Valley Forge, Monmouth, and Brandywine. He was ordered by Washington to Hampton Roads, and there sank five British vessels. General Woodford and the Marquis, General Lafayette, were companion soldiers and warm friends. They had headquarters together at Brandywine, and both were wounded at that great battle. Upon Lafayette's return to this country, August 15, 1824, he visited Lexington, Kentucky, and was met there by Mrs. Parke's grandfather, Colonel John Thornton Woodford, who presented him with the military sash worn by his father, General William Woodford, at the battle of Brandywine, and which was stained with his blood as he fell wounded by the side of Lafayette. He was greatly affected by the gift of this touching memento, and this sash is still preserved in the family of Lafayette.

General Woodford was commissioned by General Washington and ordered to the relief of Charleston, South Carolina, where he engaged in a severe battle with the British, and was captured and carried by them via sea to New York City, where he was placed on board one of the notorious prison-ships, where in a few days he died of the infectious prison-ship fever, and thus in the vigor of his manhood, but forty-six years of age, one of the great lights went out. There are three counties in the United States named in his honor—in Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri. General Woodford's wife was the granddaughter of Mildred Washington Gregory, being the daughter of the daughter of Mildred Washington by her second marriage.

Mrs. Sarah Martin Taylor.—Mrs. Sarah Martin Taylor, wife of Dr. James B. Taylor, traces her genealogy back to Major John Martin, who was present at the siege of Yorktown and distinguished himself in active service, besides giving largely of his means. He was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. On the maternal side she descends from Colonel Armistead Long and Elizabeth Ball, the daughter of Colonel Burgess Ball, of Virginia, who was related by marriage to the Washingtons.

Her great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Taylor, with his six brothers, served as officers in the war.

The Williamses.—Mrs. Sallie Williams Lillard; her sister, Mrs. Mary Reed (lately deceased), and Miss Mattie Williams are the descendants of Mrs. Karenhappuch Norman Turner, who rode for many miles on horseback from her home in North Carolina to the camp of the patriots, and nursed the fallen soldiers back to life, health, and service. They are also eligible on their father's side of the family, the Hon. R. E. Williams being a lineal descendant of two Revolutionary soldiers.

Mrs. John Little.—Mrs. Helen M. Johnston Little, wife of John R. Little, and her sister, Miss Emma Johnston, of Portland, Maine, have the honor of entering the order upon seven distinct lineal records. On the father's side they trace their ancestry back ten generations to the first Earl of Annandale, of Scotland, who married Helen, sister of the Earl of Mar. During the McGregor war their ancestor migrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland, and in 1733 his son came to this country and settled on the coast of Maine. The grandson of this first comer was prominent first as a scout under Colonel Joshua Fry during the French and Indian campaign, and later served as a major in the Revolutionary War. On their mother's side they are from the Massachusetts branch of the Clay family, who are related to the Clays of Kentucky, of whom Hon. Henry Clay was a member, and again on their mother's line of ancestry descendants of Colonel Samuel Bullard, who served during the entire eight years' siege, and was at the close of the war made president of the court-martial for the State of New York. He was a member of the council of war held by General Ward in Boston in 1775. They also enter under the records of Captain John Look, Lieutenant Benjamin Weaver, Ephraim Littlefield, and Lieutenant John Clay, Junior.

Mrs. I. H. Light.—Mrs. Ellen M. Chamberlin Light, wife of Mr. I. H. Light, files upon the record of her great-grandfather, a volunteer private of 1776. William Chamberlin was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, of English parentage, in 1754. At the age of twenty-two he enlisted under Captain Joel Dickerson, in Colonel Samuel Elmore's regiment. They were immediately ordered to the relief of General Schuyler, in New York, and

took the field under his command, July, 1776, in undertaking the arduous task of repelling the invasion of Burgoyne by tearing up the bridges, felling trees, and otherwise obstructing the pathway of his army. August 25, 1776, they marched out of Albany into Tryon County and there met the enemy. Their quarters were at Fort Stanwix, afterwards called Fort Schuyler, the present site of the city of Rome, New York. During the winter of 1777 they suffered the severest of privations and underwent the greatest of hardships. William Chamberlin was pensioned by the United States Government, in consideration of his services, in 1818. The family on the father's side date back to 1674, many of the men fighting in the early Indian defenses and later in the French and Indian campaign and the War of 1812.

Mrs. Light is also eligible to election in the order through her mother's ancestry. One of her maternal ancestors followed Roger Williams into Rhode Island and assisted in the establishment of that Colony in 1636. Another was one of the last Colonial delegates sent on to the British Parliament in a final protest against the injustice done the Colonists.

Mrs. Carrie Parke Braley.—Mrs. Carrie Parke Braley, the wife of Mr. Theodore A. Braley, is a descendant of the Parke, Rogers, Fleming, and Evans families of Pennsylvania, all of whom are most honorably mentioned in the annals of Revolutionary days. Her paternal ancestor, Joseph Parke, was a lieutenant-colonel of the famous "Flying Camp of Pennsylvania," which was in the battle at Flatbush, New York. He served in many honorable and trusted positions during the war, and was a member of the first Legislature of Pennsylvania, for many years. Three successive generations of his family served in this same capacity, and all were men of the highest integrity and clear judgment. Joseph Parke's commission as colonel, signed by General George Washington, still exists, and is owned by a member of the family residing in Washington. Parkesburg, Chester County, Pennsylvania, was founded by and named for Joseph Parke.

On her maternal side Mrs. Braley traces her eligibility through three patriots. She is a great-granddaughter of John Fleming, Junior, who was a wagon-master and in active service at the

battle of Brandywine, although but a youth of fourteen at that time. His father, John Fleming, Senior, was a major in the Provincial service, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1776, which framed the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and later represented his county at the General Assembly. He was one of "Mad Anthony's" most trusted and patriotic officers. Again on the maternal side we find another hero of those olden times, Colonel William Evans, who was not only in active service on the battlefield nearly the whole eight years of the struggle with England, but served in many other ways—sometimes as a member of the Committee of Safety, justice of the peace, member of the committee at Philadelphia to draw up the Articles of Independence, and as a representative to the State Councils.

GASPEE CHAPTER.—The third annual meeting of this Chapter was held October 11, in the rooms of the Rhode Island Historical Society, in Providence, the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, presiding. The roll was called and the minutes of the last annual meeting read by the secretary, Miss Anne W. Stockbridge, who at the same time presented her annual report, covering the work of the year.

During the year 1893-'94 the Chapter has grown from one hundred and fourteen to one hundred and forty-six members, an increase of thirty-two members. Chapter meetings have been held on the days appointed by the constitution, October 11, February 22, and April 19. In addition to these meetings, one was held December 6, and "Gaspee Day" was celebrated by an excursion to Concord, Massachusetts, by invitation of Miss Mary C. Wheeler. There have also been held seven meetings of the executive committee.

At the December meeting it was voted that the Gaspee Chapter accept the invitation of the Rhode Island Sons of the American Revolution to unite with them in the erection of a bronze tablet, to be placed on the Board of Trade Building, on Market Square, in Providence, to commemorate the burning of the British taxed tea. This Chapter contributed $150 toward the expense of the tablet, the money being taken from the treasury by vote of the Chapter.

At the meeting held December 6 a paper was read by Miss

Mary Anne Greene on "The Daughters of Liberty." As a supplement to Miss Greene's paper, Mrs. Richard J. Barker read a partial list of names of the original members of the Daughters of Liberty, and by vote of the Chapter she was asked to prepare a paper on that subject. Mrs. Oliver A. Washburn read a paper on the "Stamp Act" at this same meeting.

The meeting of February 22 was held at "Hopeton House," the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard. The secretary, Miss Stockbridge, was in Washington as a delegate to the National Congress, and her place was filled by the treasurer, Miss Mauran. At this meeting Miss Mary A. Greene presented her report as chairman of the Tablet Committee, and the motion was made and carried "that the sister Chapters of Bristol, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket be invited to be present at the unveiling of the tablet." Miss Greene was chosen to represent the Chapter at the ceremonies at the Board of Trade Building. Mrs. Barker read the paper prepared by her on "The Daughters of Liberty," and Miss Greene added a few remarks on the practical work of that society. A most delightful part of the programme followed these remarks through the thoughtfulness of the Regent, Mrs. Goddard, who had arranged to have Mr. Frank Raia play the National airs on the harp. After this charming intermission, Mrs. Joseph Warren Greene read from Lossing's "Mary and Martha, the Mother and Wife of George Washington." After Mrs. Greene's reading, came another selection of music, followed by an elegant luncheon given by Mrs. Goddard to the members of the Chapter.

"Patriots' Day," April 19, the meeting was held at the Rhode Island Historical Society's rooms, and it was "voted that a historian be added to the list of officers of the Gaspee Chapter," and Mrs. Richard J. Barker received the unanimous vote of the Chapter. A communication from Mrs. A. Livingston Mason suggested that "the Gaspee Chapter, on the 30th of May, through the American minister or some suitable person, decorate the graves of the Marquis de Lafayette and Count Rochambeau in memory of their gallant services to this country during the Revolutionary War." This suggestion took form in a resolution, and it was "ordered that the graves be decorated on May 30 with American flags and floral offerings." Mrs. D. Russell

Brown and Miss Anne W. Stockbridge presented their reports as delegates to the National Congress. Mrs. James H. Robbins, Regent of the Old Colony Chapter of Massachusetts, read a paper on the "Origin and Aims of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." This address has been published in pamphlet form by the Rhode Island State Regent, Miss Amelia S. Knight, and is also to be found in the August number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. To commemorate "Patriots' Day" sketches were read by Mrs. William W. White and Miss Child.

"Gaspee Day," as previously stated, was celebrated in Concord. Through the courtesy of Miss Wheeler, a full account of this pilgrimage appeared in the September number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY. In closing her report Miss Stockbridge mentioned invitations from the Colonial Dames and the Rhode Island Sons of the American Revolution.

Miss Julia Lippitt Mauran presented her report, as treasurer, of the financial condition of the Chapter, which was followed by that of the historian, giving an account of the pleasures of the field day in Concord, and the joining in the celebration of the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the bombardment of Bristol, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Sons of the American Revolution.

The Chapter then proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year, with the following results: For Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard; secretary and registrar, Miss Anne W. Stockbridge; treasurer, Miss Julia Lippitt Mauran; historian, Mrs. Richard J. Barker; executive committee, officers *ex officio* and Mrs. William R. Talbot, Mrs. William Ames, Miss Mary C. Wheeler, Miss Mary A. Greene, Mrs. Albert G. Durfee, Miss Sarah E. Doyle, Miss Isabel H. Pegram, and Mrs. Edward S. Clark; nominating committee, Mrs. William R. Talbot, Mrs. Walter A. Peck, and Miss J. S. Vose; committee on literary work, Miss Mary A. Greene, Mrs. Albert G. Durfee, and Mrs. Richard J. Barker; auditor, Mr. Halsey De Wolf; delegates to the National Congress, the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard; Mrs. Richard J. Barker, Miss Sarah E. Doyle, and Miss Anne C. Cushing; alternates, Mrs. H. A. Kimball, Mrs. Robert Ives Gammell, and Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter. The meeting then adjourned to the call of the secretary.

I can close my report of the history of the year no better than by quoting Miss Stockbridge's words, when she said to the Chapter: "We hope that some patriotic instinct has been aroused, some love and veneration for the past awakened, some wish to be of service to that country for which our fathers died and which needs the loving service of the Daughters of the present day and generation."—ELIZA H. L. BARKER, *Historian*.

PITTSBURG CHAPTER.—On October 11, 1894, the annual meeting of this Chapter was held in the chapel of the North Presbyterian Church, Allegheny. The reports show the Chapter to be in a prosperous condition. The registrar reported two hundred and twenty-three members. After hearing read the minutes, reports, and roll-call the chair was taken by Mrs. N. B. Hogg, State Regent, and officers were elected for the next year. The registrar and secretaries having declined renomination, the following ladies were elected: Regent, Mrs. Park Painter; Vice-Regent, Miss M. W. Denny; secretary, Mrs. Sullivan Johnston; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. Gordon; treasurer, Miss K. C. McKnight; registrar, Miss Sidney Page; historian, Miss Mary O'H. Darlington; board of managers, Mrs. M. K. Moorhead, Mrs. W. B. Hawkins, Mrs. J. B. Oliver, Miss McCandless, and Miss Harding.

At the recent encampment of the Grand Army in Pittsburg a banner was hung across Fifth Avenue, a welcome to the Grand Army of the Republic from the Daughters of the American Revolution; also the insignia and motto in blue letters on a white ground. A Society pin set with precious stones from thirteen States was sent by the Chapter to Mrs. Schenley as an acknowledgment of the deed to the Block House. The work about the Block House cannot be finished until certain street improvements are decided. A board of managers for this property was also elected.—M. O'H. DARLINGTON.

CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON CHAPTER.—The first meeting for the purpose of organizing the Indianapolis Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held February 9, 1894. There were present at that meeting eight accepted members of the National Association. The

matters concerning a future organization of a Chapter were discussed, and it was decided that it be called the "Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of Indianapolis." As it is necessary to have twelve members for organization, the meeting adjourned to meet again when the full number had been secured. This having been accomplished, the second meeting was held Tuesday, February 20, 1894. At this meeting the names of the officers who had been appointed for the first year were announced, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of forming a constitution and by-laws for the use of the Chapter. At the third meeting, May 10, the report of the committee was heard and a constitution adopted. At the fourth meeting, held May 24, the 25th of September was selected as the date of the annual business meeting, this being the anniversary of the birth of Mercy Warren, and it was decided to have four regular meetings during the year. The present officers are: Mrs. Vinton, Regent; Mrs. Atkins, treasurer; Miss Merrill, historian; Miss Browning, registrar; Mrs. Lilley, secretary.

The following is a list of members: The officers (eight) and Mrs. C. C. Foster (who is State Regent for the National Association), Miss Snyder, Mrs. Winchester, Mrs. Winters, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Chislett, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Sayles, Mrs. Bybee, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Perry—an increase of nine members since the organization in February.

OFFICIAL.

THURSDAY, *October* 4, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 902 F Street at 4 p. m.

Present (twenty-one): Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Desha, Mrs. Gannett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Dorsey, Miss Mallett, Miss Washington, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Heth, and Miss Miller. Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Foot, and Mrs. Stanley, members of the Advisory Board, were also present.

The meeting was called to order by the President-General.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of June 19, 1894, which were accepted as corrected. The Recording Secretary read the minutes of August 18, 1894, which were accepted as corrected.

The President-General requested that all motions presented be put in writing.

In the absence of the Vice-President-General in Charge of Organization of Chapters, Miss Desha presented the following report:

ARKANSAS.

Mrs. Cantrell, State Regent, reports Chapters forming in several towns.

COLORADO.

Letter from Mrs. Slocum as State Regent.

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. Keim, as State Regent, appoints Mrs. Lorenzo Leitchfield as Chapter Regent in Willimantic, Connecticut; Mrs. Albert Case as Chapter Regent in South Manchester, Connecticut; Mrs. Charles F. Beardsley as Chapter Regent in Newton, Connecticut. She also reports the formation of a Chapter in New Canaan with twenty-two members.

DELAWARE.

The State Regent, Mrs. Churchman, reports progress and expects to have several flourishing Chapters by February.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Columbia Chapter organized.

FLORIDA.

The State Regent, Mrs. Ambler, appoints Mrs. Ellen Call Long as Chapter Regent in Tallahassee.

GEORGIA.

The State Regent, Mrs. Morgan, appoints Mrs. L. A. Tharin as Regent in Thomasville and Mrs. William A. Strother as Chapter Regent in Albany, Georgia.

Letter of acceptance from Mrs. Kemme as Chapter Regent in Washington, Georgia.

INDIANA.

Mrs. Foster, State Regent, appoints Mrs. Minnie G. Browne as Chapter Regent in Fort Wayne, Mrs. Josephine T. Thomas as Chapter Regent in Crawfordsville, Mrs. Harriet McCoy as Chapter Regent in Rensselaer, and Mrs. R. C. Hemmingray as Chapter Regent in Muncie.

IOWA.

A Chapter organized August 22, 1894, at Dubuque, by Mrs. Clara A. Cooley, Regent.

MAINE.

Letter of acceptance from Mrs. Chandler as State Regent and Mrs. Rich as Chapter Regent in Lewiston.

Mrs. Palmer, Regent of Portland, reports the formation of the Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter at that place.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. Green, State Regent, appoints Mrs. Greenbalge as Regent in Lowell, Massachusetts, if her papers are accepted.

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Burrows, State Regent, appoints Mrs. William L. Limon as Chapter Regent in Saginaw. She recommends several ladies whom she wishes confirmed as soon as their papers are accepted.

Mrs. Burrows sailed for Europe last Wednesday. She will be absent for six months, and leaves with the Corresponding Secretary-General the work begun in Michigan.

MISSISSIPPI.

Letter of acceptance from Mrs. Sims as State Regent.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The State Regent, Mrs. Clarke, appoints Mrs. G. L. Jenness as Chapter Regent in South Deerfield.

NEW MEXICO.

Letter of acceptance from Mrs. Prince as State Regent.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Letter from Mrs. Nash, State Regent, regretting her inability to attend the Board of October 4.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Bacon, State Regent, appoints Mrs. James R. Vandiver as Chapter Regent in Anderson Court-house.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mrs. Burleigh, State Regent, appoints Mrs. M. W. Garrett as Chapter Regent in Aberdeen.

TENNESSEE.

Mrs. Mathes, State Regent, appoints Mrs. Evelyn McF. Dixon as Chapter Regent of John Sevier Chapter, Morristown, East Tennessee, and Mrs. Alice Wilson Rucker as Chapter Regent in Franklin, Tennessee.

WISCONSIN.

Mrs. Peck, State Regent, announces her return from Europe.

Mrs. Geer, Vice-President-General in Charge of Chapters,

appoints Mrs. Florence Anderson Clark, of Austin, as State Regent of Texas.

Respectfully submitted.

(Signed) MARY DESHA,
Acting for Mrs. Geer.

The Recording Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Walworth relative to the formation of a Chapter in Saratoga, New York.

It was moved and carried that the report of the Vice-President-General in Charge of Chapters be accepted.

In the absence of Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Lilian Lockwood, Business Manager of the Magazine, presented the following report of Mrs. Lockwood as Business Manager of the Magazine up to July 1, 1894:

FIRST REPORT.

American Monthly Magazine, per the Board of Management, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Account with Mary S. Lockwood, Business Manager.

1894, to July 1:

To subscriptions	$209 45	
sale of extra Magazines	18 54	
engraving in Magazine paid for privately	22 00	
		$249 99

OFFICE EXPENDITURES.

1894, to July 1:

To mailing extra copies as second-class matter	$5 00	
postage	9 50	
two Falcon letter-files	1 00	
agent	2 40	
amount of one early subscription returned; Magazine not received	2 00	
returned; Magazines not in stock	1 00	
incidentals of office and furnishings for desk, as per account book	13 83	
Total	34 73	
To amount delivered to Mrs. Tullock	$213 27	
checks lost in mail, having been sent to Mrs. Barclay for indorsement	11 99	
Total	$215 26	
Expenditures	34 73	
		$249 99

Amount placed to Mrs. Lockwood's credit in the bank for contingent expenses		$300 00
To Mrs Walworth for expenses of New York office deemed expedient to be paid without delay	$100 00	
typewriting mailing list, with carbon copy	16 00	
Miss von Stosch for drawings	15 00	
two plates for Magazine	4 90	
Total	$135 90	
Balance	164 10	
		$300 00

The itemized account of disbursements by the Treasurer-General for the Magazine previous to July will of necessity be delayed until her return.

Respectfully submitted.

M. S. LOCKWOOD,
Business Manager.

The report was accepted.

The following report was offered by Miss Lilian Lockwood, from July 1, 1894, to October 1, 1894:

FIRST REPORT.

American Monthly Magazine, per Board of Management, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Account with Lilian Lockwood, Business Manager.

RECEIPTS.

1894, July 1 to October 1:

To subscriptions, as per bills on file, from July 1 to October 1	$353 60	
sale of extra Magazines	24 13	
engraving in Magazine paid for privately	10 00	
		$387 73

OFFICE EXPENDITURES.

1894, July 1 to October 1:

To mailing extra copies from office as second-class matter, as per vouchers	$2 16	
postage	10 47	
printing and furnishing 500 notification postals	6 25	
two Falcon letter-files	1 00	
binding volume IV	1 25	
incidentals, as per account book	2 80	
incidentals of moving	2 56	
one Magazine in response to advertisement	20	
Total	$26 69	
Amount delivered to Mrs. Tullock	$348 42	
Balance on hand	12 62	
Total	361 04	
Office expenditures	26 69	
		$387 73

Bills presented to the Treasurer-General and paid by her:

PRINTERS' BILLS.

These bills cover the printing, engraving, envelopes for Magazines, the addressing of same, and postage for those sent from the printers.

For July	$270 80
August	245 44
September (not yet returned with endorsement and not paid)	279 61
To business management	150 00
proof-reading	15 00

Since July 1 there have been sent from the office of the Business Manager 405 Magazines, 376 letters, and 356 postals. Of these Magazines a number were sent to early subscribers who held receipts for subscriptions but had received incomplete volumes, or perhaps none; others were sent as sample copies, and the remainder paid for singly or subscriptions received too late to be mailed from the printers. Sixty-three new subscribers have been added to our list.

The Business Manager would like to request the Board to empower her to make arrangements, if possible, with the printers to reduce the edition of the Magazine from fifteen hundred copies to twelve or thirteen hundred copies per month from January 1 until it be deemed advisable to increase it. There are mailed each month about one thousand Magazines, and it would seem that two or three hundred extra copies would be sufficient for the present.

As to advertising, the Business Manager begs that she may be allowed to defer reporting on this subject until the rendering of her next report, when all contracts will have been signed and approved.

In response to the circulars sent out by the Magazine Committee, but two agents have been appointed to solicit subscribers and advertisers. It can hardly be expected that the Magazine will be put on a paying basis very soon unless the members of the Society take a little more active interest in it.

The Magazine will be found each month at the leading book stores of this city. It is requested that the ladies send the name of some responsible bookseller in their respective homes who would keep the Magazine on sale at a commission.

Respectfully submitted.

LILIAN LOCKWOOD,
Business Manager.

The report was accepted.

The Corresponding Secretary presented the following report for July, August, and September, 1894:

Application blanks issued	6,426
Constitutions issued	3,929
Letters written	745

Postals written..... 43
Rosettes sold..... 207
(71 at 30 cents, $21.30; money forwarded to Treasurer-General.)
Badge permits issued..... 240

The report was accepted.

Miss Desha made a statement as agent of the "D. A. R. Spoon," saying she would present an itemized account later. Upon motion of Mrs. Brackett, it was decided to wait for the itemized account.

Dr. McGee moved that the regular order of business be suspended for the reading of a letter from Mrs. Pryor, of New York. Motion carried.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Pryor relative to forming another Chapter in the city of New York; also the opinion of Judge Pryor on this subject.

A letter was also presented to the Board from Miss McAllister relative to this matter.

Dr. McGee offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be desired to inform Miss McAllister and Mrs. Pryor that the Constitution authorizes no office of City Regent, but only State Regents and Chapter Regents; that in Mrs. Pryor's commission, dated September 15, 1891, the phrase "for the city of New York" is substituted for "in the city of New York," through a clerical error, and it is the opinion of this Board that it cannot be superior to the Constitution, and therefore the position of Regent of the city of New York has never existed. Mrs. Pryor and her successors have been and are Chapter Regents.

Motion carried.

The Registrars presented the names of two hundred and sixty applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society. The same were accepted.

Miss Desha read a letter from Mrs. Burrows relative to the badge permits. It was moved and carried that three thousand badge permits be printed at once, to be similar in form to those formerly used by the Society. Motion carried.

Mrs. Burnett, Registrar-General, presented a letter from a lady relative to her National number. The Registrar was requested to reply to the same.

The Registrar presented the resignations of Mrs. Mary Pitt Chase and Mrs. Mary Frances Caufield. Miss Washington moved that the resignations be accepted. Motion carried.

The Corresponding Secretary presented for the registration of the New York Chapter the names of certain members dropped from the rolls of that Chapter for the non-payment of dues. Upon vote, the same were dropped from the National Society. She also presented the resignation of Miss E. M. Gillett, of Washington, D. C.

The Registrar reported that she had presented the name of an applicant for admission to the Society which was referred to the Committee of Safety, but upon investigation she found that no such committee existed. The Board then went into executive session to act upon the matter.

The Recording Secretary read the following telegram from Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, dated at Westminster, Maryland, October 4, 1894:

Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson,

President-General, Daughters of the American Revolution:

My grandfather, Judge Maulsby, is dead. I cannot, of course, be at the National Board meeting, but ask its sympathy for Mrs. Ritchie and myself.

A committee—Mrs. Dickins, chairman; Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Bullock—was appointed to draft resolutions of sympathy to be forwarded to Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Ritchie.

Dr. McGee moved that the suggestion made by the Business Manager of the Magazine to have the edition of the Magazine reduced to twelve hundred copies be accepted. Motion carried.

A statement was presented by the clerk of the Treasurer-General that the Treasurer-General would submit an itemized account upon her return.

The Board then adjourned till Friday, October 5, 1894.

Julia S. Goodfellow,
Recording Secretary-General, D. A. R.

FRIDAY, *October* 5, 1894.

The adjourned meeting of the Board of Management met at 902 F Street at 4 p. m.

Present (thirteen): Mrs. Stevenson, Dr. McGee, Miss Desha, Mrs. Goodfellow, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Washington, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Mann. Mrs. Johnson, member of the Advisory Board, was also present.

Prayer was offered by the President-General.

Mrs. Brackett made the following motion, seconded by Miss Washington:

Attention having been called to the fact that names of members of committees, of those offering resolutions, parts of and whole resolutions, and sometimes the entire subject acted upon are omitted from the official record, since the adoption of Mrs. Blackburn's resolution of June 19, which declares this Board is bound only by what appears in the minutes, I move that the clerk be requested or instructed to use the utmost care in taking down proceedings of the Board of Management.

Motion carried.

The business was resumed where it was left off the previous night—the statement presented by the clerk of the Treasurer-General.

Miss Washington, seconded by Mrs. Dickins, offered the following resolution:

That accounts of all expenses be referred to the Finance Committee, and they be empowered to call for detailed statements or any necessary information.

Motion carried.

The Corresponding Secretary presented the following books to the Society: "In Ye Goode Olde Colony Dayes," by Alvin Probasco Nipgen, presented by the author; "The Country Home," by Maria Hildreth Parker, presented by Emelie Reade, of Lowell, Massachusetts; "Colonial and Revolutionary Relics of the People of New Jersey," presented by the author, Mary Sherrard Clark, of Belvidere, New Jersey.

An amendment to the Constitution, article IV, section 2, offered by Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, upon motion of Miss Washington, was read.

Mrs. Dickins made the following motion, seconded by Dr. McGee:

That Mrs. Morgan be requested to write out section 2, article IV, as she wishes it to appear *in full*, that the Board may vote intelligently upon it, understanding what she wishes to retain and what expunged.

Motion carried.

The following amendment to the By-Laws, article IV, section 1, was offered by Mrs. Stranahan, of New York, Vice-President-General: Add at the close of the section "except the President-General, who may be elected and hold office from year to year, so long as the judgment and inclination of the Society shall choose."

Amendment to article IV, section 1, offered by Mrs. Kate K. Henry, Regent of the District of Columbia: Add at the close of the section "except the President-General, who may hold office from year to year."

Miss Desha gave notice that she would offer an amendment to the By-Laws, article VIII, sections 1, 2, 3, and 4, at the next meeting.

Miss Desha offered the following:

Amendments to this Constitution may be offered at the Continental Congress by any Chapter, through its Regent or Delegate, provided that notice of such amendment is sent to every other Chapter and every State Regent and National Officer at least two months before the Continental Congress at which it is proposed to be voted upon, the Chapter offering the amendment bearing all the expense incident thereto.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Gertrude, of the New York City Chapter.

Also letter from Mrs. Mathes, of Tennessee, in regard to the change of the name of the Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, of Memphis.

Also letter from Mrs. Morgan, State Regent of Georgia, presenting a resolution from the Xavier Chapter, of Rome, Georgia, in regard to the erection of a monument to the women of the Revolution.

The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to answer Mrs. Morgan's letter.

The Corresponding Secretary presented a resolution from Mrs. Newport, State Regent of Minnesota, and signed by six-

teen State Regents and ten Chapter Regents, in regard to foreign flags floating over American buildings. Mrs. Dickins moved that Mrs. Newport be informed that the Board of Management request her to refer this matter to the National Congress of February, 1895, for full and final action. Motion carried.

Also letter from Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Corresponding Secretary National Council of Women, inviting the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to join the Council, or, if that is considered inexpedient, to send fraternal delegates to the National Council, which will meet in Washington February, 1895.

Mrs. Dickins offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we do not wish to send any names for delegates to the Council of Women, while sympathizing with all good work.

Motion carried.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the death of Miss Emily Cummins Howe, member of the Princeton Chapter. Miss Margaret Davidson Miller, member of the Oneida Chapter, New York, died July 13, 1894.

She also presented the By-laws of the Mercy Warren Chapter, Springfield, Massachusetts, and of the General de la Fayette Chapter, Lafayette, Indiana, and of the Quassaick Chapter, Newburgh, New York.

Also letter from Mrs. Peck, declining position upon the Committee for the University on account of other duties.

Also the Secretary's report of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Corresponding Secretary's report was accepted.

Mrs. Mann, Registrar-General, made inquiry as to her work as Registrar. She was referred to a resolution, passed at a previous meeting, making every Registrar responsible for her own work.

Dr. McGee, seconded by Mrs. Brackett, moved to adjourn.

It was moved and carried that the Board adjourn till Tuesday, October 9, 1894.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General, D. A. R.

TUESDAY, *October* 9, 1894.

The adjourned meeting of the Board of Management met at 902 F Street at 4 p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Desha, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Bullock, Miss Mallett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Dorsey, Miss Miller, Miss Washington, Mrs. Goodfellow.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The business of the meeting was resumed where it was discontinued on Friday—relative to Mrs. Mann's duties as Registrar.

Mrs. Mann stated that, as she found it impossible for her to verify papers, she would issue the badge permits and record the names of such issuance on the application papers. Mrs. Henry moved that Mrs. Mann be allowed to undertake this duty. Motion carried.

The President-General called for the reports of the different committees.

Finance Committee.—No report.

Printing Committee.—Miss Desha, chairman of the Printing Committee, stated that she had ordered the different kinds of supplies necessary for the office—application blanks, Constitutions, circulars, etc.; also that she had furnished some of the State Regents with stationery and postage from the Society.

Mrs. Dickins, seconded by Mrs. Lockwood, offered the following resolution:

That the Corresponding Secretary inform all State Regents who apply for paper that she was mistaken in furnishing paper, not knowing that there was a resolution of the Board not to furnish the same, and that if they are dissatisfied the matter can be rectified in the Congress.

Motion carried.

Miss Washington stated that there had been omitted from the minutes the name of one lady who was elected on the Executive Committee, Miss Virginia Miller. She also stated that, as the Constitution requires that all the members of the Executive Committee be elected by ballot, and that the three *ex officio* members were not elected in that way, there was no Executive Committee, and she moved that one be elected. Motion carried.

Mrs. Lockwood moved that the two Secretaries and Treasurer be elected by ballot.

Dr. McGee moved that the Secretary cast the ballot for these three officers. Motion carried.

The Secretary having cast the ballot, the Committee was elected, and the names will remain in the order of election.

Revolutionary Relics Committee.—No report.

Magazine Committee.—No report, members of the same not having yet returned to the city.

Committee on General Smallwood's Grave.—In the absence of Mrs. Ritchie, chairman of committee, Miss Dorsey stated that, owing to the difficulty in locating the grave, the committee would report later.

Dr. McGee offered the following resolution relative to the formation of the Saratoga Chapter:

That the attention of the Saratoga Chapter be respectfully called to the By-Laws, article IV, section 6, "and no one shall hold more than one office at the same time" in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It would appear from the list sent the Board that the Saratoga Chapter has created the office of "Acting Regent." If this is correct, Mrs. E. H. Walworth cannot hold that office and be honorary Vice-President at the same time.

Motion carried.

Inquiry was made if the Infanta Eulalia of Spain were a member of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Dickins, seconded by Mrs. Brackett, made the following motion:

I move that the Registrars be instructed to inform the Board if application papers were filed and accepted by the Board of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain; if a badge was ever issued to her, and, if so, by whose authority.

Motion carried.

Editor's Report.—Mrs. Lockwood, Editor of the Magazine, stated that as she presented a full report at the previous meeting no report was necessary, but that all questions were in

order, as she wished to conform to the wishes of the Board in all things.

Dr. McGee made inquiry as to the Note Book.

Miss Washington moved that the Editor's Note Book remain as it is. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved a suspension of the regular order of business to allow Mrs. Goodfellow to present the following. Motion carried.

To the President-General and National Board of Management of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution:

On account of unexpected circumstances, I find I will be unable to discharge the duties of the Recording Secretary-General this winter, and therefore place my resignation in your hands, the resignation to take effect on the appointment or election of my successor, which I particularly request may take place at the earliest possible moment.

It is with regret I sever relations which have been so very pleasant to me, and I would take this opportunity to thank the officers of the Board for the invariable courtesy they have shown me and their willingness to give me every aid in their power to make my work easier.

Very respectfully yours,

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW.

The resignation was accepted with regret.

Mrs. Brackett presented the following:

I nominate for Recording Secretary-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution Mrs. Agnes Martin Burnett, whose work as Registrar-General gives ample proof of her willingness and ability to discharge the duties of any office to which she may be elected and whose knowledge of stenography renders her specially fitted for this place.

All nominations to be voted on at next meeting.

Mrs. Gannett nominated Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson as Recording Secretary-General.

Dr. McGee moved, seconded by Mrs. Brackett, that the Editor of the Magazine be excused from putting in the names of the members of the Board in each issue of the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett offered the following resolution:

I move that no minutes nor parts of minutes be published in the Magazine under the heading "official" unless previously approved by the Board of Management.

Motion carried.

Dr. McGee moved that all minutes which appear in the Magazine shall so appear over the signature of the Recording Secretary. Motion carried.

Upon motion of Mrs. Henry, the Board adjourned till the first Thursday in November.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General, D. A. R.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED OCTOBER, 1894.

Millicent Porter Chapter, Waterbury, Connecticut	$4 35
Miss Fanny Ballard, second subscription, Louisville, Kentucky	5 00
Miss Katherine Batcheller, Saratoga, New York	5 00
Mr. Morton, Saratoga, New York	1 00
Miss A. M. Jones, Saratoga, New York	1 00
Miss E. Jones, Saratoga, New York	1 00

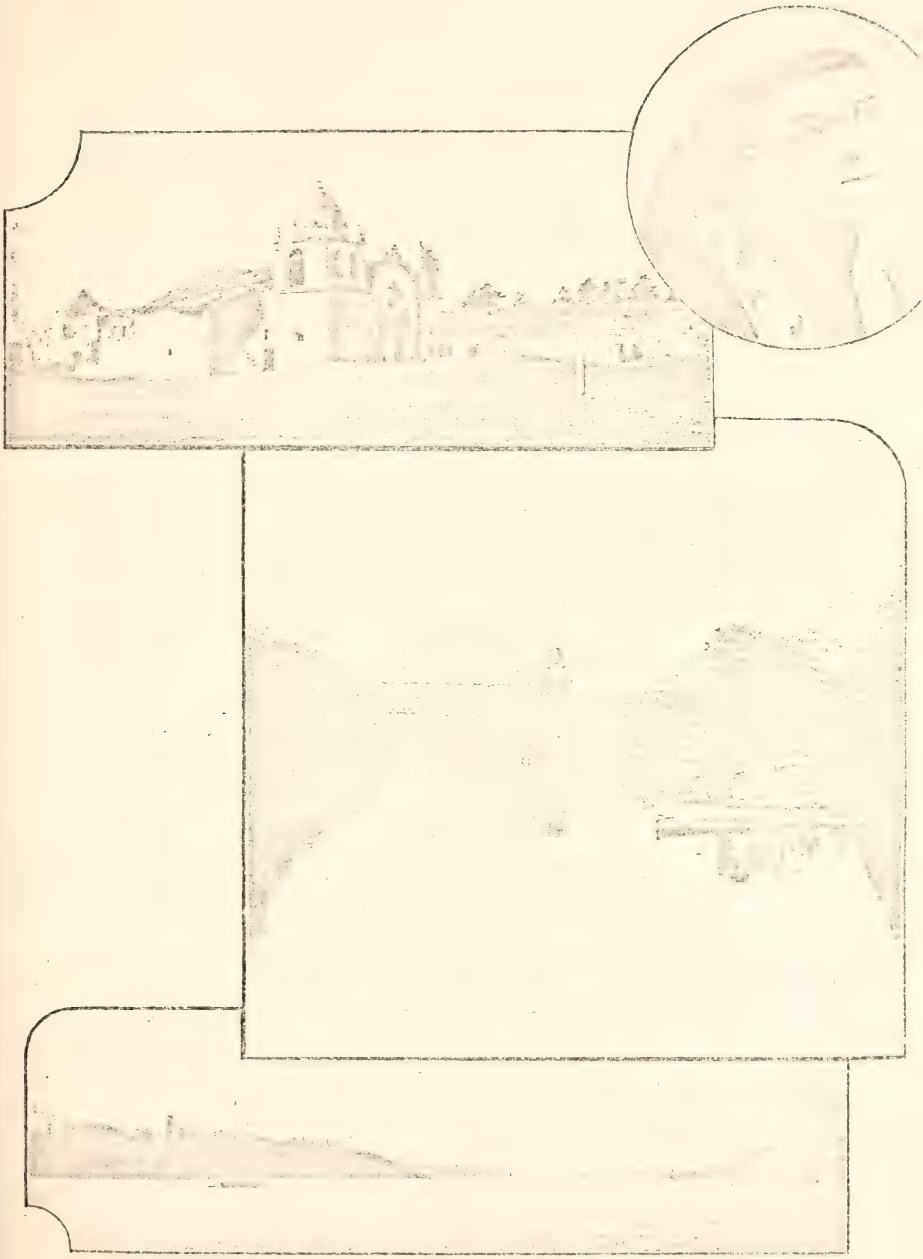
ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,
Treasurer.

ERRATA.

Under Mrs. Harrison's Portrait Fund in the September number of the Magazine a Chapter name should read "Ruth Hart Chapter" instead of "Heath."

In the August number, page 113, for "John Cameron" read "John Cannon."

The date of the June Board meeting was "June 19" instead of "June 10."



CARMEL MISSION. GOLDEN GATE. RUSSIAN RIVER. F. JUNIPERO SERRA

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. V. WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1894. NO. 6.

CALIFORNIA FROM PADRE TO CITIZEN.

WHEN the sun sank behind the "Golden Gate" and the shadows lengthened over the old missions of California a new star arose in the heavens and has since held its place in the galaxy of States.

History tells us that as early as 1602 Don Sebastian Vizcairo, under instructions from Philip III of Spain, entered the Bay of Monterey with two priests and a body of soldiers and took possession of the country for the King. A cross was erected, an altar was established, and then and there the first mass was celebrated that was ever heard in this birthplace of the great Commonwealth of California.

The place was named in honor of the viceroy of Mexico, Gaspar de Zaninga, Count of Monterey, who was the instigator and patron of the expedition.

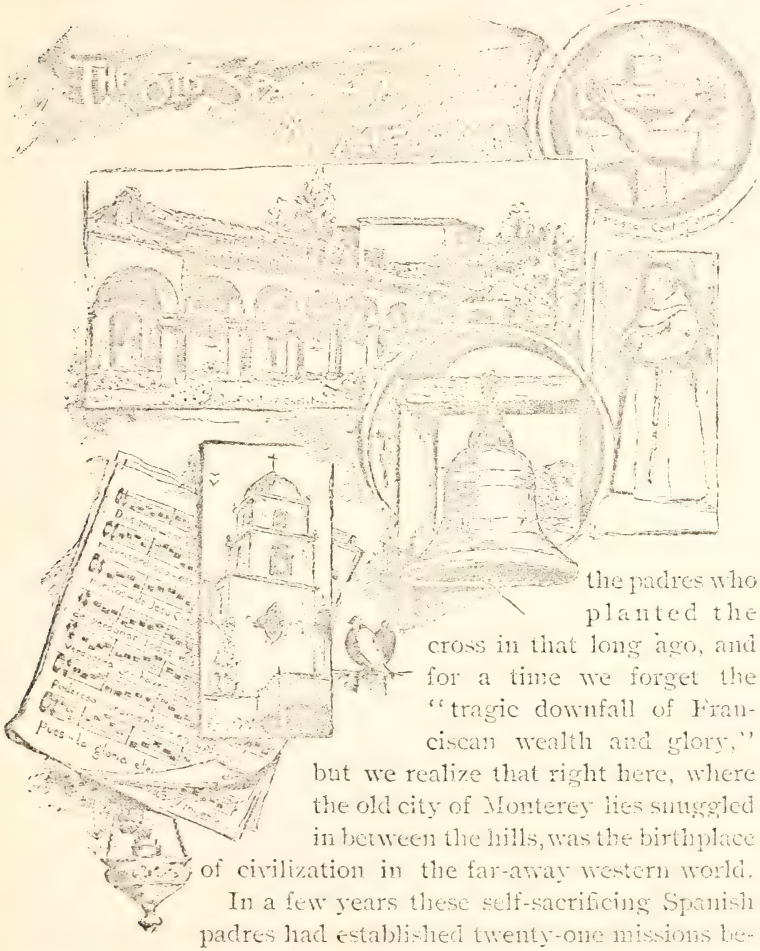
In time the project was abandoned, and for more than a century and a half a leaf in history was not turned.

A band of Franciscan missionaries was sent to the coast in 1768, with Father Junipero Serra as president. He founded a mission at Monterey in 1770, on the ground of Vizcairo's discovery. A year later the mission was removed to Carmelo Valley, five miles back from the bay, and called the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo.

To-day, on the banks of the Carmelo River, stands the old stone church then erected. The remains of Father Serra and three of his comrades repose beneath the sanctuary.

In the quaint old town still remains the presidio. In its inclosure was the chapel where now stands the Catholic Church. In passing through the crooked streets, with here and there touches of the old Spanish landmarks, when looking upon its

fortress heights, its undulating hills that dip their feet into the sea, the cross standing where it was planted in the century grown old, we can almost see a phantom ship skimming the blue waters of Monterey Bay, bearing the Spanish colors and

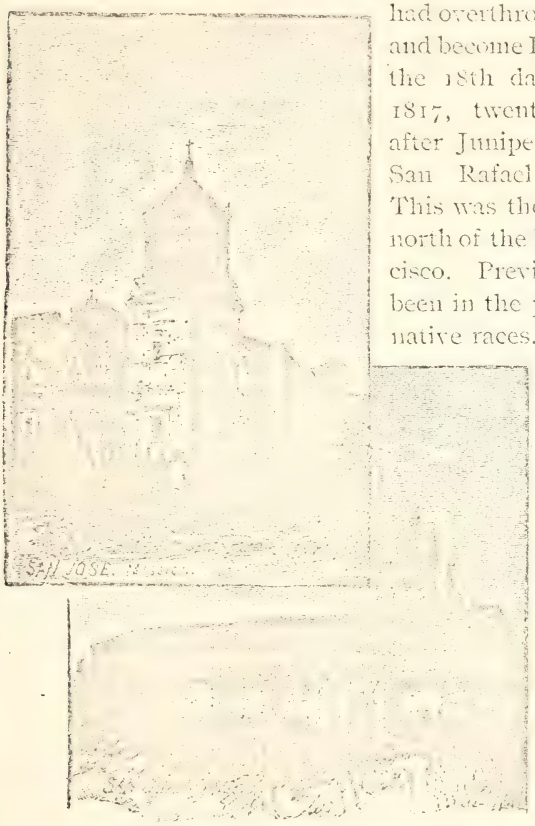


the padres who planted the cross in that long ago, and for a time we forget the "tragic downfall of Franciscan wealth and glory," but we realize that right here, where the old city of Monterey lies snuggled in between the hills, was the birthplace of civilization in the far-away western world. In a few years these self-sacrificing Spanish padres had established twenty-one missions between the Sierras and the sea, extending from San Diego to Sacramento.

The 3d of June, 1770, the day of the founding of the first mission, the fathers called the holy day of Pentecost. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," was the watchword of the

padre. This was ten years before George III ascended the English throne.

When the Franciscans were in the zenith of their glory the Colonies were in sackcloth and ashes. The population increased, a long list of Spanish governors held sway, revenues aggregated into millions, and all this was before Talleyrand dismissed Mr. Monroe from the Republic of France or Napoleon had overthrown the Directory and become First Consul. On the 18th day of December, 1817, twenty-three years after Junipero Serra's death, San Rafael was founded. This was the first settlement north of the Bay of San Francisco. Previous to this it had been in the possession of the native races. In 1823 a mission was founded at Sonoma. For fifty years these missions had been fostered and protected by the Government of Spain. Many of their buildings were imposing in appearance, and to-day in their ruins have a fascinating charm which appeals to the heart of every traveler. There is a fountain of riches hidden by these crumbling walls. We remember the Indians and the brotherhood became possessed of valuable lands and extensive herds, and while a slow civilization had taken root and was gaining power, Mexico, always turbulent and restless as the sea, was contemplating a plan of



independence from Spain through Agustin de Iturbide, called the "plan of Iguala." He separated the governments and set up one of his own. He in turn was forced to abdicate by the very allies who had helped in the overthrow. They looked upon the old dynasties handed down from the Montezumas with as much horror as of those of Spain. Santa Anna proclaimed a republic; revolution followed revolution.

California was so far removed from the center of activities that she could not keep up with the changes, and so became involved in political revolutions on a smaller scale on her own hook. Whenever there was a power in Mexico that held onto its prerogative long enough to get the news to California they claimed allegiance.

As soon as Mexico was separated from Spain they began to secularize the missions and dispose of the property. The mission lands were granted to resident Californians and naturalized citizens of foreign birth. Ranch life had hardly become the order of the new status ere other troubles arose. A large immigration had begun to flow from the United States, and jealousy was rampant among the native politicians. Repeated requests were made by the central government of Mexico to stop their coming and to send those already there out of the country. No power was sufficient to accomplish this, yet it kept up a continual irritation.

Affairs between the United States and Mexico were launched upon tempestuous seas. The United States had decided to annex Texas, and also get possession of California by purchase, treaty, or conquest. The Hon. George Bancroft, when Secretary of State under James K. Polk, sent the following order to John L. Sloat, commander of the Pacific Squadron, June 24, 1845, nearly a year before Mexico declared war upon the United States:

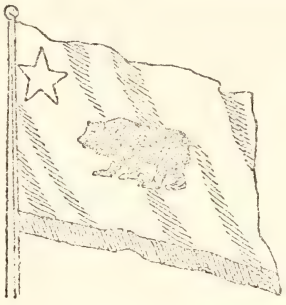
"If you ascertain that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco and occupy such other ports as your force may permit. You will be careful to preserve, if possible, the most friendly relations with the inhabitants and encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality."

Later (June 8, 1846) he said: "If California separates her-

self from our enemy, the central government of Mexico, and establishes a government of its own and under the auspices of the American flag, you will take such measures as will best promote the attachment of the people of California to the United States."

During these years the home-builders from the United States in increasing numbers were crossing the Sierras and settling in the beautiful valleys that lie between the foot-hills and the sea. Many of these Americans who arrived in the forties settled at Sutter's Fort, in Sacramento, in Napa, and Sonoma counties. Everybody in California felt that the prize was soon to fall into some national treasury.

England and France were as eager to pull the chestnuts from the fire as they had been in the Colonial days on the Atlantic coast. On the 14th day of June, 1846, a small band of brave men, only numbering thirty-three, raised the Bear Flag and called themselves Independents. It was with marked significance old grizzly was chosen. It is said "it was because he attended strictly to his own business, and would go on munching his berries if you let him and his cubs alone. If you undertook to crowd him out, or to make him turn out of his course, or go any faster than he wanted to, he would show fight, and when once in a fight he fought his way out or died in his tracks."



THE BEAR FLAG.

The crisis came; the Independents were determined to have peace if they had to fight for it. Commodore Sloat, in the harbor of Mazatlan, heard on the 7th of June that the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought on the Rio Grande. The following day he set sail with his squadron, and on the 2d day of July they sailed into the beautiful Bay of Monterey. On the 7th "Old Glory" unfurled her colors of red, white, and blue, and gathered the old city of Monterey under her folds. The red, yellow, and green that had greeted the sunrise of the century and been lowered as the day star sank

behind the western sea was folded forever. On the 9th the flag was raised by Captain Montgomery in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco.

The English and French frigates had been hovering about the Sandwich Islands, in view of getting the ascendancy not only of the islands, but of the Pacific coast. Admiral Seymour, of the frigate Collingwood of the British navy, on the day following Commodore Sloat's raising the American flag over Monterey, turned his ship into the bay, to be saluted by the American colors. He was one day too late.

To Major Mariano Guadelupe Vallejo belongs the honor of being the standard-bearer of freedom among the native Californians. He was born in Monterey. In years he became the military commander of the presidio of San Francisco. In 1834 a colony from Mexico settled in Sonoma County, hoping to shut out the Russians who had invaded the country, and also because it seemed the garden spot of California.

General Vallejo was in command of the frontier, and resided in Sonoma. Early in 1846 John C. Frémont arrived on the frontier of California, sent out by the Government for the ostensible purpose of making a topographical survey. He understood perfectly the intention of this Government to take possession of California in the event of war with Mexico, and bore his instructions. He went from the Sacramento Valley to Monterey. Not hearing of the declaration of war, as he expected, he decided to go on to Oregon. He asked permission of General Castro, military commander of California, to proceed to the San Joaquin Valley with his company of sixty men en route for Oregon. Very soon after consent was given and General Frémont had started on his way Castro arose, stirring up the Californians to overt acts against the Americans. Frémont left Lassen's Ranch, the most northerly settlement in California, on the 6th of April.

Lieutenant Gillespie was sent from Washington with special dispatches to General Frémont, arriving in San Francisco April 17, 1846. He pressed on to Sutter's Fort in the disguise of a merchant. There he engaged five men to go with him on a six days' march through the mountains on the trail of General Frémont. Samuel Neal, a daring frontiersman, volunteered as

guide. At this time the horses began to fail and the Indians were threatening. The condition was a desperate one. Neal volunteered to take two of the best horses and a German named Sigler and push on until they found the camp of General Frémont. After forty-eight hours of hard riding, without tasting food, they came upon the camp at the head of Klamath Lake. Neal soon gave General Frémont to know that Gillespie and his party were doomed unless the greatest haste was made to return to them. Frémont and fourteen of his men hurriedly took the advance and reached Gillespie in time to rescue the party, for that night they were attacked by a large force of Indians. Two of Frémont's men were killed and one wounded, but the savages were driven off and their chief was killed.

The message which Lieutenant Gillespie conveyed to General Frémont at the risk of his life was a verbal, not written one, for it had to be carried through the entire length of the enemy's country; but what it was can be surmised by the results.

Let it be remembered that Lieutenant Gillespie's undaunted courage took him through the rocky fastnesses of the Modoc Indians, whose later tragedies were the murders of General Canby, of the United States Army, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who went to them on a mission of mercy. Had it not been for this perilous venture, how much longer would the Territory of California waited to have been one in the sisterhood of States?

In the meantime the Bear Flag party, hearing of Castro's maneuvers, made an attack upon Sonoma, captured the commandant, General Vallejo, and garrison, and sent them to Sutter's Fort. This occurred June 14, 1846. Frémont arrived the next day. When the officers of the Army and Navy took charge of affairs the Independents went out of business and the whole of California was turned over to their care. Their work had been timely and well done. Following the raising of the American flag at Monterey on the 7th of July and San Francisco on the 9th and the same day at Sonoma, on the 10th it floated over the Independents in the Sacramento Valley.

January 19, 1849, James W. Marshall, standing beside a stream in the mountains—now El Dorado County—saw something shining in the water, and, behold, the gold that had been sought for through the ages lay glittering before him! The news flew upon the wings of the wind to every quarter of the

globe. Then commenced the flow of the great tide of humanity. The best and worst elements of older civilizations flocked to the new El Dorado. "Westward, ho!" was the rallying cry. With this influx of Americans from all parts of the United States came the desire for the admission of California into the Union. The pages of history are still fresh that tell of the bill framed by Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. The old question had to be met—slavery stood in the way. The battle waged bitter and long. Sectional spirit ran high. The Missouri Compromise or Wilmot proviso created no greater excitement. After an all-night session the Senate adjourned Sunday morning, March 4, 1849. California was not in the Union; the one star of the Bear flag had no place in the family of States. In the meantime the people elected delegates to form a State constitution. At the next session of Congress the fight went on. All summer the Senate grappled with the question. At last the friends won, and on the 9th day of September, 1850, President Fillmore signed the bill admitting California into the Union.

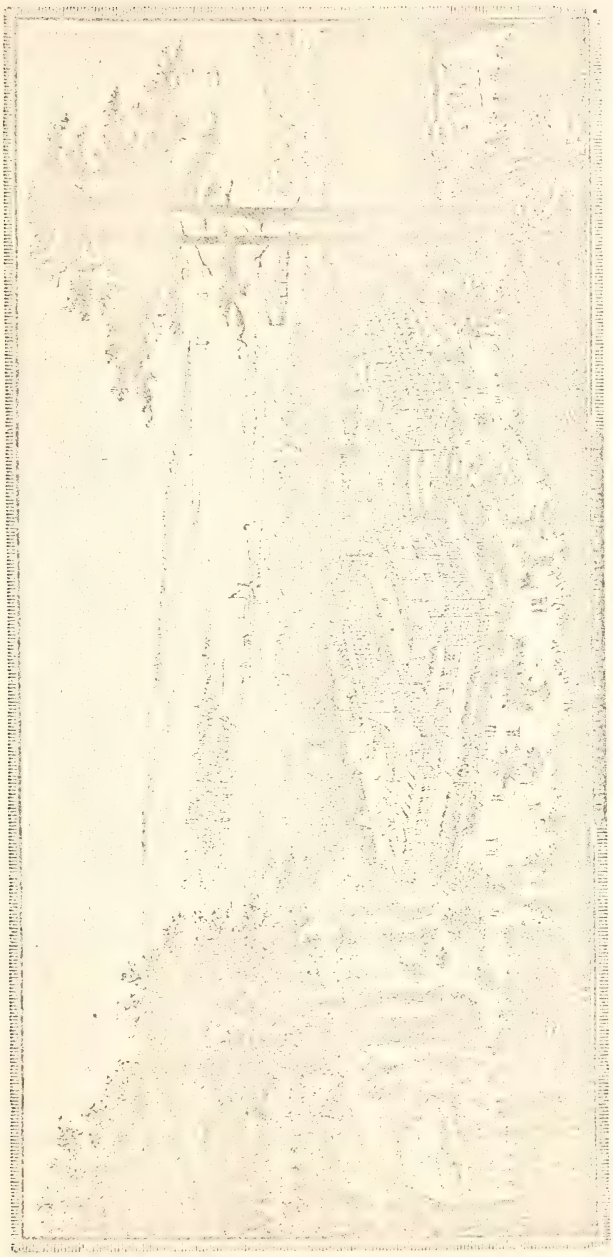
Forty-four years ago the Argonauts, the pioneers of California, were made citizens of this grand Republic. Compare the advancement of this less than half a century with the three hundred years of Spanish rule. Could the padres of the missions scattered along the coast return to those shores and see the change that has come over that fair land, they would surely feel that the day of miracles had not passed. Where the lone missions stood, cities have sprung up; where wild cattle ranged over the vast plains, thriving towns have grown. Upon the hills surrounding old Dolores Mission sits the beautiful city of the sunset sea; through her Golden Gate the white wings of nations enter to pay her tribute.

Now, let us search for the enchanter's wand which was waved over the face of this beautiful land. The history of the world does not bring to our knowledge any country that has made such progress, and the question we would ask is, Was this transformation scene produced by the men who came in ships after weary days and months beating round the Horn or through the Isthmus or over the weary stretch of mountain and plain, or was it when the band of steel was laid from the ocean of the rising sun to the sunset sea? In the light of to-day let us read the record. We go back to old Monterey, and what do we find?

From the sand hills and the dunes has arisen a palace for the gods, surrounded by the garden spot of the world—an enchanted place, flowers blooming in luxuriance, overtopping pines playing hide and seek with towers, minarets, gables, and angles, giant oaks spreading their protective arms over feathery ferns and blossoms wild. The winds of old ocean through the centuries have distorted the trunks and twisted the branches of the trees, but the outreaching protective power, the draperies of hanging moss, woo you into alluring nooks and trysting-places. In the midst sits beautiful Hotel del Monte, without rival. Money, art, taste, nature, the charm of the cypress drive, the blue ocean, the silvery bay, have made this the ideal spot for the travelers of the world.

When the Southern Pacific Company projected this enterprise and carried it to completion they opened the gates of Paradise. Southern California to-day, from San Diego and beautiful Coronado to the Golden Gate, owes its fascinating charms, its alluring luxuries, to these corporations that have made this the garden spot of the world, known to all the peoples of the earth. Would Mount Hamilton be sweeping the skies to-day, seeking the hidden mysteries of the stars, with its Lick Observatory, had she been obliged to double the Horn or cross the Isthmus with her instruments? Would Professor Lowe ever have built the great incline cable, heavenward-bound, or started it on its journey into the ether blue, where clearer skies bespeak greater results in the astronomical world than even Mount Hamilton can give, if the iron bands that bind our continent were not his handmaiden to do his bidding? Echo Mountain and Mount Lowe, monarchs of the Sierra Madre range, are household words to tourists. There are few places like this on this earth, where at one glance you see flowers and snow, rose gardens and sleigh-riding, snow-balling and eschscholtzia-plucking, singing birds and the Storm King battling, cities in the distance, towns at your feet, and the waves of old Pacific beating time with the ages.

Beautiful Pasadena, fascinating, enterprising Los Angeles, with her great-hearted citizens, her beautiful parks, and Italian skies, her graceful shore-line sweep of Santa Monica, the vineyards and the fruit farms, the fields of waving grain, so



restful to the eye in this southland, are the fruits of the handiwork of man, made possible by the wealth, energy, and motive power poured into the State by moneyed corporations. What would California be to-day without them? What is she because of them? Let the agitators of society answer.

Let us leave the southland and go to the northland—old Sonoma County, where the first stroke for freedom was made. One sunny morning we left the sunset city and boarded the steamer "Tiburus." Out passed our ship into the magnificent Bay of San Francisco, out under the guns of Alcatraz the Golden Gate open before us; incoming ships from the Orient greeted us; outgoing ships for Hawaii, Samoa, and New Zealand passed us. We realized that the waterways of the world were around us; the vision of a city beautiful behind us; the peaceful presidio at our left. The quiet mingling of the gray waters of the bay withthe incoming flow of the Pacific brought us to feel that restlessness, grievousness, and sin were banished; that "peace on earth, good will toward men" reigned supreme. We soon passed into the wharf slip at Tiburon and boarded the train on the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railway bound for the great central valley of Sonoma, where the historical Bear Flag was first uplifted, where Vallejo, Sutro, and Marshall had each lived their life and acted their part in the history-making of this region. All have passed over the great divide, and we are bound to see what of the works that follow them.

There is no part of the ride up this valley without interest. On one side is a view of the bay and its islands; on the other wooded valleys and the beautiful Russian River, running back into the Coast Range. It is a picturesque and fertile country. Our objective point is Cloverdale, for we are bound for the geysers. When we reach this gem of the mountains, Cloverdale, we have passed through a country that no forecast can estimate the wealth which will follow its development. The beautiful homes scattered through these valleys, the harvest fields, the fruit, the flowers are in such striking contrast to—

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49,"

that again we recognize the waving of the magic wand, and we, as a partner in the weal or woe of our country, give thanks for the enterprise, the freehandedness, with which men opened the way into these valleys, the sweet resting-places of nature. As our train winds in and out through the foot-hills, the meadows, the fields, the forests are as fresh and green as though just washed by showers, yet weeks have passed without rain. No irrigation is needed. The fruit ripens weeks earlier than in the southland. Verily this is a land flowing with milk and honey.

The southland brings to us all that art, money, and skill at the hands of men can give; the northland is beautiful from the hand of God, and no traveler has seen half of California who does not see this part of it. We left the valley and the railroad at Cloverdale and began the mountain ascent by stage, and we remembered the stage rides of Horace Greeley and Schuyler Colfax with Hank Monk and Clark Foss, and we went back again to the days when these men were helping turn the pages of history. We were traveling over the same roads, our driver a son of another generation. The mountains grew bolder, the scenery wilder. A thousand feet below we see the rushing Pluton River; rocks at the right; no sky visible; depths at the left. At the next turn the order is reversed—first mountains to the right of us, then to the left of us—a changing panorama so quick in transit you are almost giddy; flowers, mountain pinks, azalias, wild roses, and blue bells are peeping out of the crevices of the rock so near that when the horses are not on the run we can pluck them—much pleasanter than the view of fathomless nothing on the other side. Sometimes our leaders are out of sight in the tortuous curves, but on we fly through this beautiful mountain world. Tall trees lift their heads and we grasp a maple branch. It is a little touch of home set down here on the mountain side alone to say good morning to the children of the East. The horizon plays hide and seek with you, and at last is lost. Here and there a gable or a tower tells you the cities of the plain are far behind you, but you still have the mountains with you that have been silent sentinels watching the incoming of civilization lo these many ages. Now we go down, down a thousand feet a mile, rounding sharp curves, sometimes on two wheels and sometimes on four, and still we

sink lower and lower, until another mile brings us in front of a commanding hotel. We are at the geysers at the mouth of Pluto Cañon. His Satanic Majesty has put his household in order for the coming guests.

From the verandas of the hotel we took our first view of the vapory veil that rose in columns and spread itself over this Plutonic home. The very air was filled with sulphur fumes. The details of this wonderland we cannot give, but we crossed his river and thought of the Styx. The whole cañon is a boiling, seething mass. We found his kitchen, the tea-kettle was boiling, and we had "a five o'clock" tea in the morning. We sat in his "chair," we wrote from his "inkstand," we drank from his "punch-bowl," preached from his "pulpit," and sang "My Country 'tis of Thee" until it was echoed from the mountain tops, while the boiling of the waters, the whistling of the steam, the fumes from his kingdom, went on with ceaseless energy, as it has done since the morning stars sang together, for all we know, and since the red man fought in tribes for the supremacy of right to bathe in the healing waters.

When the padres were building their missions in the century gone the "Devil's Pulpit" was issuing clouds of steam in gentle puffs or earnest waves from its high outlook.

When John Marshall rocked the first gold into the cabin of "Root, hog, or die," Pluto's Punch Bowl had served generations as it was doing then and now.

When Bruin was chosen the emblem of this State he had roamed these mountains and sniffed the fumes of the "Devil's Kitchen" in Pluto Cañon for centuries.

When the shrill whistle of the engine first echoed through these valleys it was no new sound to the red men of these mountains, for "Steamboat Whistle" had piped its lay for ages through these cañons, but the newer whistled "Yankee Doodle's come to town," and the last thing that greeted our eyes as we began our rattling dashes down into the valley toward Cloverdale was the "Stars and Stripes," proclaiming citizenship!

Forty years ago the attraction of California was her gold. Very few of the Argonauts saw any future in her barren-looking soil. They had no dreams of groves of oranges and grapes,

nuts and prunes, that now make picturesque every hillside and valley. They brought ready-made houses with them from Boston to San Francisco. Rough boards sold for a hundred dollars a thousand "in the shade of the boundless redwood forests" of Northern California. We stood in the shadow of the gigantic sequoias, and the thought of the ages that they had been held in the hand of God waiting for the inroads of the civilization of to-day taught us new lessons of His omniscience.

We left the turbulent geysers, the calm, majestic, restful, redwood forests, and took passage again in a commodious car on the Donahue road, and with the shriek of the engine's whistle, harbinger of progress, went gliding along through the broad and fertile valleys to Santa Rosa.

We had not yet seen all we desired of the evolution from padre rule to citizenship. Our feet touched the ground where the revolution began, and we were turning the pages, reading by the light of to-day.

Arriving at Santa Rosa, we were again face to face with the new era. The first person we met was the familiar face of Mark McDonald, a name identified with the history of California, but known to us as a co-worker in the World's Exposition, where there were no State lines, for all were citizens of a glorious Republic. Through the courtesies extended to our party by this gentleman and Mr. R. A. Thompson, editor of the Santa Rosa *Democrat*, to whom we are indebted for much of the data of this paper, and to her great-hearted citizens, we were introduced to this city, sitting in her green valley, the blue mountains her protectorate; her brow wreathed in roses. It was her "fiesta" day. Surely her godmother, the beautiful Limonian saint, Santa Rosa, had not forgotten her child. Such a day! such a sky of clear, tender, softest blue! the whole city beautiful with color and fragrant with the odor of flowers.

We rode over the mountains and looked down Rincon Valley into the peaceful vineyards and olive orchards, and we thought of that morning when the Bear Flag Company on this ground made the fight for liberty, and it seemed to us that it was holy ground. From the blood of the martyrs had literally sprung up the green bay tree. Of the "fiesta" words could not picture its marvelous beauty—features as diversified as numerous—

MARGARET SIDNEY (MRS. D. LOTHROP.)

Regent of Old Concord Chapter.

floral floats, bands of music, Roman chariots, knights-errant, and gaily caparisoned vehicles; at night illuminated parade, open-air concert, battle of flowers, ending with a grand flower ball, and over all Bruin sat, watching, as much as to say, "I did it."

You can gather from the blue-grass lawns of Santa Rosa bouquets of flowers when icicles decorate the roofs of our Eastern homes and toboggan sliding is in its glory. Verily "winter is in the summer and spring is in the winter, and the harvest is in the seed-time, and autumn is lost out of the calendar altogether."

Before we leave the Golden State, joint heir in this Republic, we take the hand of the northland and place it in the hand of the southland, where it blossomed, and with the right of citizenship we give loving benediction: May its fair shield glisten forever over the sunset sea.

NOTE.—We are indebted to "Sunset Route to California West by South, and an Ideal Winter resort," for pictures of the Old Mission.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

A DAY WITH THE OLD CONCORD CHAPTER THAT INAUGURATES NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS.

THE beautiful Mosketaquid or Grass Ground River, or the Great River, whose waters bordered the happy hunting-grounds of the first owners of Old Concord, still threads its way lazily as ever through the town of the old North Bridge. By the side of this liquid highway, at a little remove, runs the main thoroughfare of the borough, up and down which in gentle stream flows the uninterrmitting life of the community. The great fields in the hazy dawn of the October morning show to the passer-by the prosperous dwelling-house and barn instead of the wide "open" reverberating to the soft moccasined foot, or that of hunted animal scarcely less wild, with supplemented fields of waving corn when the white man came into peaceful possession.

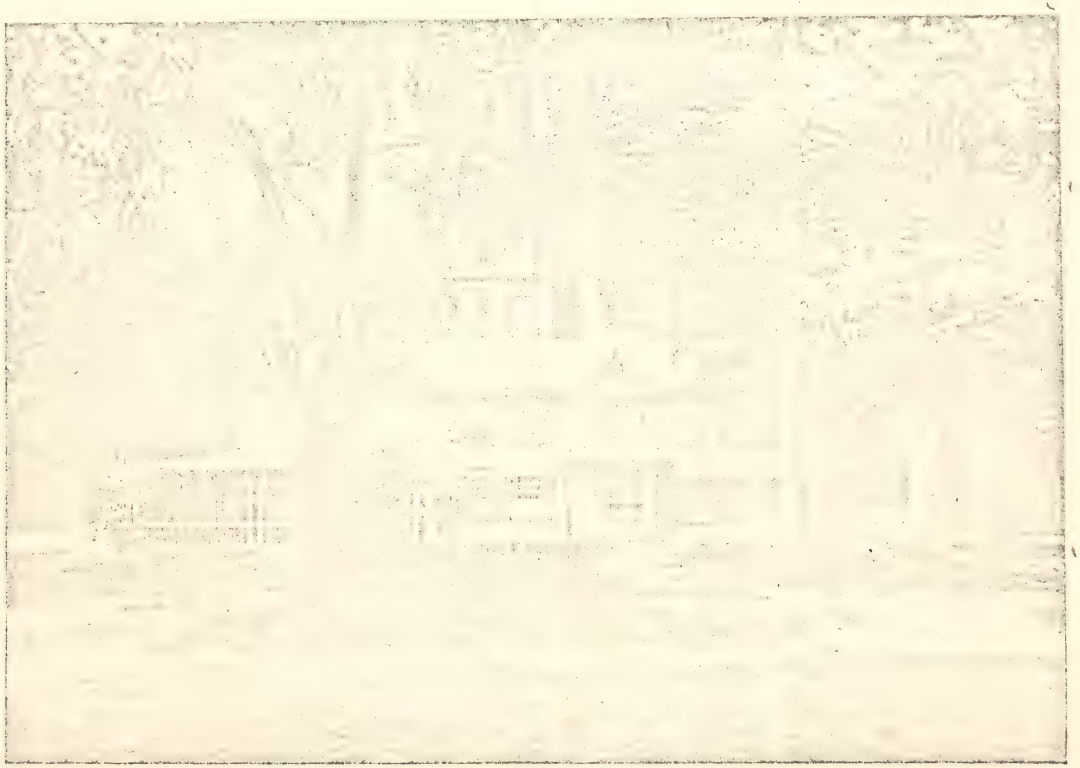
The Mill Dam, the throbbing center of the settlement's life when the old North Bridge spoke "to a waiting world," now represents trade as much as it dares in the calm, protesting at-

mosphere of higher things engrossing the old town. The old Lexington pike runs off in the identical curves that lent disaster to the visiting British on that April morning, with many of the same dwelling-houses still nestling under the ridge on the northern side, and very few smarter ones of modern aspect sprinkled in now and then to vary the scene.

The old Hill Burying-ground, wherein among the graves on the birthday of our nation stood Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn to take note of the Minute Men gathering their forces on Ponkawtasset Hill, still sleeps on in quiet peace, only broken by the foot of pilgrim eager to give an hour to do it reverence; and yonder is the sacred watch-tower, where the Provincial Congress took note of the impending storm and held every man to duty; while, as the bird flies, it is but a little journey to the Colonel James Barrett house on the way to Price Place. The old house, not changed a whit, still holds itself in gentle dignity, while seasons pass its weather-beaten face to leave it unharmed. Long may it defy the elements. Every stick and stone of it is sacred as long as patriotism is to grow into our sons and daughters by sight of such homes where liberty was born.

And over all, guarding not alone the old North Bridge and the town, but as well all other towns of our solid Union, stands as a living principle the bronze Minute Man, mighty and enduring, because so he stood for his God and for his country. So shall all endure who thus stand.

October 29, 1894, was the time set by those decrees men call "fates" for the first meeting of the Old Concord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and "The Wayside," the home of the Regent, memorable for great reasons, one being that it was the old home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was the place. We say "the fates decreed," for hard work had been done to bring about this meeting on the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Engagements in the other official lines of the society held fast the loyal women who were bidden to address the meeting and whose presence could not be spared; so, yielding to the inevitable, the 29th was the next date found capable of suiting all, and the 29th it was.



THE WAYSIDE.

Home of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

One would think the elements might be in sympathy from the first with the patriotic movement toward Concord of those devoted women, going out to do their duty and to take the infant Chapter by the hand to welcome it into the land of this living, growing American work. Not so; gray and forbidding began the morning, with a white bank of ominous clouds over Concord meadows; but the 19th of April, 1775, was no better as to brightness of sky. Why should our faith, founded on a righteous cause, be disturbed? So the camp-chairs are carefully and trustfully placed in Hawthorne's sitting-room and the Library and the old room, where, long before the Minute Men were little boys. It was a cabin under the ridge, and in the big hall and the square entry, converted by a bay-window extension made by the romancer into a little room, called by Mrs. Hawthorne the chapel, because here she read the simple religious exercises to her children and looked across the beautiful meadows to the rising and to the setting sun. All through the rambling old mansion the quaint rooms began to say: "Of all days this is the day to be proud of and to achieve our hardest, most loyal service, for, lo! the Daughters of the American Revolution are coming—are coming to speed the Concord women forward in the work!"

And the charter of the old Concord Chapter, with its thirteen names of members banded together like the thirteen infant Colonies, and gay with its grand official seal and ribbons and signatures, with a large bow of Colonial colors and flying ends atop, went up in the old hall, where the eyes of all the women could be directed to it; and the flag was furled at the entrance and caught up with great stalks of corn, with drooping tassels and the long, pendent ears—bless it for a National emblem, say we! What else than the Indian corn kept our puny Colonies together, and what else yields us now so faithfully its allegiance from our vast Western areas, together with every hamlet and hilltop of our land? Pine branches from the wooded crest of Hawthorne's "Mount of Vision" waved tremulously there, too, and over the old porch was the larger flag swaying in the breeze; and then the sun came out, and there was nothing more to ask for.

And the patriotic women came—every one—except our dear

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whom we longed to have recite her "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" but she was on the edge of the journey to Tennessee to care for her Association for the Advancement of Women, and so she sent loving greeting and message that she would come at some other meeting in our early future.

The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts stood sponsor to our Chapter by the presence of the wife of our Governor, Mrs. Isabel N. Greenhalge, and the wife of our Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Edith Prescott Wolcott, while the State Regent, Mrs. Helen L. Green, loyally responded to the call to Concord, as did Mrs. Samuel Eliot, the Regent of the Warren and Prescott Chapter of Boston; Mrs. Marshall Calkins, Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield; Mrs. Mary J. Seymour, Registrar of the same Chapter, and Mrs. W. F. Bradbury, Regent of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter of Cambridge. What a loyal, goodly companie!

And the delegations from the good old towns adjoining began to stream in, for the old Concord Chapter at its board meeting had voted to extend the invitation to join the Chapter to those towns until such time as they would desire to form Chapters for themselves. How fitting that those who fought shoulder to shoulder at the old North Bridge should be represented in the shoulder to shoulder comradeship that will keep the principles that were victorious in 1775 alive and progressive in 1894; and so loyal, patriotic women of Acton, Lincoln, Bedford, Billerica, and Carlisle stepped into "The Wayside" and were brought into touch with the movement and were united by the loyal resolve of the hour; and in Hawthorne's library sat the seventeen members of the Old Concord Chapter, each with her little knot of Colonial colors and victory in her eye.

Two verses of "America" rang out as only they could ring under such circumstances; and then, not daring to go forward a step in any work without God's blessing upon it, and realizing His goodness and grace who is God of our country as well as the Father of each of His children, all bowed the head while Mrs. Samuel Eliot offered the invocation.

The Regent of the Old Concord Chapter then welcomed the guests from Boston and vicinity, the delegations from the neigh-

boring towns, and the large audience of Concord's most representative and most patriotic women. She stated the object of the meeting—the desire for that union in purpose that the fathers felt in the struggle for liberty—that so these neighboring towns might all be banded together now; and she laid before them briefly the hopes, the aims, and the plans for specific work to be done by this Old Concord Chapter whereby it might help forward the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution, these to be given them in detail at a later meeting. She also announced that following the meeting there would be an opportunity to take by the hand all the official guests and make personal acquaintance with them. She then introduced Mrs. Governor Greenhalge, who was received with affectionate applause. Mrs. Greenhalge most graciously responded, saying that she had never spoken before in public, but that she was glad to do so before the Old Concord Chapter, then giving the greetings of the recently formed Chapter, of which she is the Regent in Lowell. Mrs. Lieutenant Governor Wolcott, amid equal applause, was next presented. She read, by request, in that beautiful and distinct voice of hers, the fine paper written by Miss Mary Desha in the Spirit of '76 for October, 1894, entitled "Daughters of the American Revolution." In planning the programme it was thought that this paper best answered all the numerous queries as to the reasons for the formation of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the good to be attained. From the interest that ensued from this reading, our Corresponding Secretary-General should be very glad that she wrote that paper.

The State Regent, Mrs. Green, then read a pleasant paper that was much enjoyed, and was followed by Mrs. Marshall Calkins, Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield, who gave many practical suggestions and whose address was very pertinent and interesting. Mrs. W. F. Bradbury, the Regent of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter of Cambridge, was now introduced and read a paper on the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis." It was an extremely able one, and gave great pleasure to every one who listened attentively.

Was it possible the end of this delightful meeting must now come? The clock said so, as one and another must catch a

train and yet leave time for the promised presentation by the hostess to the guests; and now the last stanza of grand old "America" rings out, the camp-chairs are folded up, and the line is formed; Old Concord, her neighboring sister towns, and the visiting friends are all brought into that personal relationship of good fellowship without which effective work for any cause cannot be done.

And now, what of it all? Was this meeting to end then and there, to be kept only as a mellowing memory of a delightful time? Standing in the Memorial Room at "The Wayside" and reading the inscription under the bust, "Daniel Lothrop, an American through and through, he represents American education at its best," written by Edward Everett Hale for the friend whom he loved, the publisher who worked and struggled and died to help forward, especially among young people, the growth of just such principles as we are hoping to carry onward by this day's work, the inspiration fell upon all, the solemn reminder that life must be filled to the brim with service for the children and for youth, for all who can be helped up to the light of what is meant by American citizenship, if we would come into the finest and best for ourselves.

For it seems to the writer of this article as if the main work that the Daughters of the American Revolution can do, after all, is with children and young people. A solemn responsibility rests upon all who have to do with the youth growing up in our midst. Most especially does it rest with the women of our country to see to it that impressible young souls are gaining the right ideas of truth and justice; of right living and high thinking—in short, that our American children and youth should understand what it means to be an American; should feel the glory and the beauty of the stern self-denial, the unfaltering courage, the high resolution, and the trust in God, exercised by those who made this country and kept it for "the children's children unto the third and fourth generations of them that loved him and kept his commandments."

Oh, if we women only felt all this as we should, and also what a glorious privilege is ours to work for and with these young souls, could we not go forward in this Daughters of the American Revolution work with immense courage and a surety of

grand results? "The best work to be done is to help boys and girls to make good citizens;" how it rings in the memory from the lips of him of whom Dr. Hale so fitly said, "He was an American through and through"!

One very important work that could be started by the Daughters of the American Revolution is the formation by the Chapters, of historical societies for young people. The historical society proper of a town or village is for older minds—historically inclined, of course—with their habits of study all formed and their tastes, more often than not, carrying the members along in one or two well-worn ruts. Children and young people, obviously, are out of place in such a gathering, even if they would be admitted, and so the solitary study of history, except that gleaned in the school-room, is all that remains to the ardent boy or girl, who might be fired to noble deeds and quiet heroism of life; who might be trained to read backward the epochs of the world with marvelous dexterity and thoroughness; who might, perchance, become in his or her turn the historian of their time, and all because in their own historical society work they found awaking in their minds and hearts the love of history, and for what history could tell them as to making the best use of life. Why let all these stimulating young years lie wasted? If we truly want to save American institutions, we must begin with the children. Into their hands, American men and women are to leave in a few years immense interests and tremendous responsibilities. Will the hands be ready for them?

The day wanes; the first meeting of the Old Concord Chapter is a thing of the past. The light of the late October day goes out in a brilliant flush of the western sky. Over the great fields and the winding wayfaring it casts a rosy gleam while it lights up the soft slope of the distant hill till it seems like a mountain of fire. Up the wooded crest we turn our gaze along the Hawthorne path. Here at yon abrupt turn is the spot where Septimius Felton met the young British soldier on that eventful 19th of April, 1775. "Bury me here," said the youth. "A soldier is best buried where he falls." And Septimius in silence obeys.

The rosy gleam is dying out, the waving pines are tossing now against the soft gray of the autumnal sky; but we have

received our bright omen for the future of our beloved Old Concord Chapter. The rosy gleam shall be hers for the beauty of her work, but the pine across the gray sky shall be for the enduring quality of her service for God and for her dear country.

HARRIET M. LOTHROP (MARGARET SIDNEY),
Regent of Old Concord Chapter.

THE MINUTE MAN.

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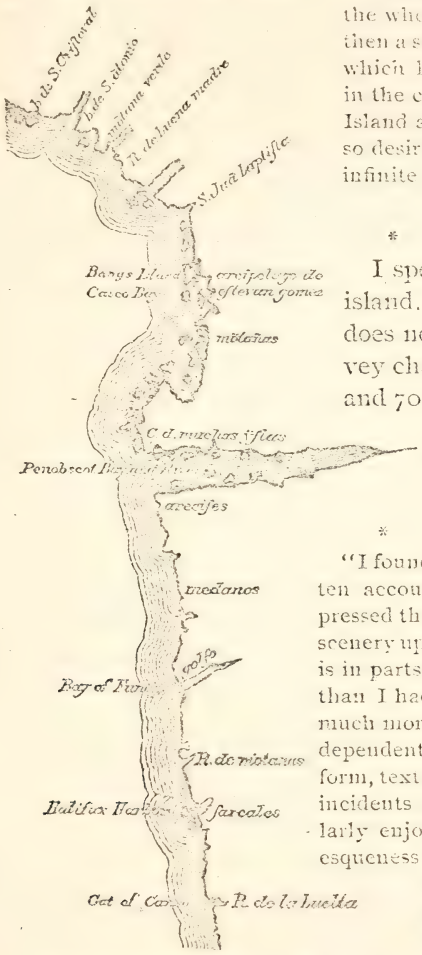

The Earliest Chart showing the Island, A. D. 1529

Insulam amœnam, si quæritis, circumspice.

"Next he found the land faire, and the whole coast bold to fall with, and then a safe harbour for shipps to ride in, which hath besides, without the river, in the channell and soundes about the Island adjoyning to the mouth thereof, so desired a road as yt is capable of an infinite nomber of shippes.

"William Strachey."

* * * * *

I spent July and August on an island. The name of the island does not appear on the Coast Survey charts, but it lies in 43° 38′ N. and 70° 12′ W. It is one mile and a quarter long; its breadth three-fourths of a mile, with a shore line of five miles.

* * * * *

"I found that maps, drawings, and written accounts of the island had not impressed the more attractive qualities of its scenery upon me in several particulars. It is in parts much wilder and more rugged than I had been led to suppose and has much more beauty of a delicate character, dependent on its minor vegetation and the form, texture, and color of its rocks. Two incidents of its scenery I found particularly enjoyable: one is the rare picturesqueness of certain vertically splintered rocks close to the south shore, against and among which the full swell of the ocean was surging, * * * with a charm of motion and beauty of color quite indescribable; the other the lovely tints due, I presume, to lichens and mosses in crannies and on the face of the beetling crags of White Head."

Our Island was first described by William Strachey as follows:

"28 August [1607] Captain Raleigh Gilbert departed in the shallop upon a discovery to the Westward and sayled all the daye by many goodlant islands. The wynd at night comyng contrary, they came to anchor that night under a headland, by the Indians called Semiamis, the land exceeding good and fertile, as appeared by the trees growing thereon being goodly and great, most oake and walnutt, with spacious passages betweene, and noe rubbish under, and a place most fitt to fortifye on, being by nature fortifyed on two sides, with a spring of water under yt.

"August 30. They returned homeward before the wynd, sayling by many goodly and gallant islands, for betwixt the said headland, Semiamis, and the river of Sagadahock is a very great bay, in the which there lyeth soe many islands and so thicke and neere togither that can hardly be discerned the nomber, yet may any shipp passe betwixt, the greatest parte of them having seldome lesse water than eight or ten fathome about them. These islands are all overgrown with woods, as oak, walnutt, pine, spruce trees, hasell nuts, sarsaparilla, and hurts in abundance."

The first who settled on Our Island was Captain Christopher Leavett. He took possession in 1623. The ruins of an ancient cellar and what may have been rude earthworks are still traceable upon the northern part of the island and point out the exact location of Captain Leavett's "Good House" and his fortification, and the place has long been known as "Cellar Point."

* * * * * * *

To those who love wild nature and all the joy that it can bring; to those who love the pursuit of history and archeological investigations, I commend Our Island; and after it there is the old city just across the bay:

"I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town!

And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still—
A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

JANE MEADE WELCH.

SIDE LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

IMAGINATION pales before the records of history; yet there is lamentable loss in what may be called the grace of history, chiefly from lack of appreciation of the importance of preserving local color. Now that the busy army of anthropologists is practically enforcing Pope's immortal truism, "The proper study of mankind is man," there probably will be much preserved that would have gone to the waste basket or been forgotten as "auld wives' tales." The recent finding in an old trunk in this city of a letter from President Washington to Dr. Craik is an illustration of how much is continually lost. The records establish the fact that Richard Harrison was first Auditor of the Treasury, and his long and efficient service, but no archive gives such a glow of life to that faithful officer's character as is received from President Washington's letter announcing to an old friend his selection of his son-in-law to fill an office the need of which was keenly felt by the State. He wrote: "Your son-in-law, Richard Harrison (on this I congratulate you)." Does not this sentence give a beautiful atmosphere? Dr. Craik had been young Colonel Washington's devoted friend and watchful physician before the battle of Monongahela, and so remained until in the darkened chamber at Mount Vernon his hand was laid on the closed eyes of the dead patriot—a friendship arching their lives; but it was not that which had caused the selection of Richard Harrison; it was because Dr. Craik could be congratulated upon the virtues of his son-in-law.

Another bit of color is found in this extract from a personal letter—happily preserved—written by Washington to President John Adams:

"If my wishes would be of any avail they would go to you in a strong hope that you will not withhold merited promotion from Mr. John Quincy Adams because he is your son; for without intending to compliment the father or mother, or to censure any others, I give it as a decided opinion that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad, and that he will prove himself to be the ablest of our Diplomatic Corps."

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This prediction was amply verified by John Quincy Adams's noble career, from the brilliant young minister then at The Hague to the "old man eloquent" who fell on the floor of the House of Representatives.

The letters from her husband that Mrs. Washington burned after his death must have been a mine of interest. Washington's estimate of people, his hopes and disappointments, his trials and chagrin at the delays of Congress, his doubts of the truth and final assurance of the treachery of some who were near his person, were all freely confided to the one whom he entirely trusted. Probably these letters would have established some weakness of character in Washington, to discover which a searchlight has been thrown upon his life, but no doubt it was more for the sake of others this wise woman and faithful wife consigned them to the flames. Letters of affection were, of course, too sacred for the world to scan and weigh, but a regret may be allowed for the rare pictures of life, the impetuous philippics or the lofty utterances lost in that conflagration.

I recall how a favorite story of the Revolution was verified in a most unexpected way by an unconscious and unprejudiced witness. An old colored cook was delighting me with highly tinted stories of the grandeur of bygone days in "Ole Verginny," when she described a robe "ob silk all intermixtured wid gold, wha' my Ole Mis', Madam Orr, wore to de ball dat wur gibben Mar's General Lafayette."

"Why, mammy, did you belong to the Orr family, and did you ever hear of Colonel Tarleton and the old gander?"

"Hush, chile, warn't I right thar?"

"Then it is true Madam Orr did send Colonel Tarleton the only gander he left on the plantation?" I said, quite excited, for the lofty disdain of this plantation dame had been a picture I liked to believe and I had read but recently that it was a myth.

"Who say hit aint true? Who say so? I 'member like hit wur yistiddy. All de men folks hab gone to de woor—jis Ole Mis an' de chillun, de peopul an' dar chillun, wur lef' on de place—when who cum a ridin' up an' steppin' on de verandy, mity sassy, but de Red Coats. Ob cours', we all made fur de hous' to heah wha' dey hab to say to Ole Mis. My mammy hab

a sickle hiddened under hur apurn an' daddy Jim carried a ole hoss-pistol dat a sojer knock outen his han' up in de airr. We chilluns wur skeered gray. Ole Mis met de Britishers at de doah an' ax um to who she am 'debted fur de honur ob a call. She helt her haid in de airr an' guv um her 'pinion ob de Red Coats, from de King down. Dat made no diffurance: he jis tole his men to help darselves, an' bow low to de madam an' ax fur de genman ob de house. She say, 'My husban' at fighten fur his country's liberty under de brave Lafayette.' Den he reply back he hope to make de 'quaintance ob de Gineral, an' would tell Captin Orr ob de berry 'greeabul visit he hab.

"All dis time de men kep' stiddy on astealin'. Dey made my mammy unlock de smokehouse, what wur plum full. Dey tuk eberting dat flew an' eberting dat stood on four foot. Den de Kurnul, wid a low bow, pas' de complimens of de day an' gallup off. Ole Mis' stood, wid her haid in de airr, jis same as if dey hab nuver tuk her fine kerridge hoss's, when she heah 'quack, quack' under de verandy. 'What ar dat?' she ax. My brudder Joe, a foasty niggah, say: 'Hit ar de ole gray gander, de onliest one dat am lef'.' 'Catch dat gander an' git on dat ole hoss dey hab lef', obertake Colonel Tarleton, an', wid Madam Orr's complimens, say, "Heah ar de ole lame gray gander; she ar sho' he did not see hit."' Joe he lit out, glad to sass um, kase one ub de sojers hit him wid a sword kase he wouldn't hole de Kurnul's hoss an' let de sojer ramsack wid de tothurs."

"That's fine; but so large a family must have suffered for food?"

"Well, hit wur clos' me'sur'ment, but Ole Mis' hab suthin' hiddened away."

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.

HAMILTON'S LAST SONG.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution, Montpelier, Vermont, held its monthly meeting with Mrs. Professor Burgess on Tuesday, November 13. Besides the members, the following gentlemen were present: Hon. Charles Dewey, Judge Carleton, and Messrs. J. C. Houghton, H. N. Taplin, and T. C. Phinney. Mrs. Burgess read several Revolutionary letters and some interesting reminiscences as related by her father, the late Colonel Jewett, concerning the battle of Lake Champlain, September 10, 1813. Chaplain A. N. Lewis read several ballads of the Revolution, and sang the "Ballad of the Drum," which was sung before the Society of the Cincinnati, by General Alexander Hamilton, July 4, 1804, a few days before his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. The circumstances were memorable. On that occasion Hamilton and Burr met for the last time but one. It was at the annual banquet of the society, of which the former was the honored president and the letter an eminent member.

General Hamilton was observed to be cheerful and even merry. As the evening wore away he was pressed to sing his usual song, which was known as "The Ballad of the Drum." It was noticed that he seemed less ready than usual to comply with the request, but after some urging he answered, "Well, you shall have it if you wish." He then sang the ballad in his best style, to the delight of the old Continentals who made up the festive company.

Colonel Burr, on the contrary, was haughtily reserved, mingled but little with his friends, and shunned all intercourse with the president of the society. It was also remembered afterwards that when Hamilton began to sing Burr turned directly toward him and gazed intently at the singer, as though buried in profound thought or immersed in a fit of deep abstraction. He remained thus immovable until the song was ended. Little did those present suspect the deadly import of that look. Hamilton paid no attention to Burr's stony stare, but rendered his song with perfect composure and careful ex-

pression. It would be curious to guess what was passing through Burr's mind while his familiar comrade in the fellowship of camp and battle was thus employed in contributing his efforts to the convivialities of the evening. Did the red wine in the social glass assume a deeper dye in the eyes of the iron colonel, and bring before his mind the tragic possibilities of the even then projected duel?

One week from that day, on the 11th of July, 1804, the fatal meeting between Burr and Hamilton took place at Weehawken, on the Hudson, opposite New York, and at the first fire Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day. His widow survived him fifty years, dying in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven.

THE DRUM.

Tune—"The Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come.
This here was for a wench,
And that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French
At the sound of the drum.
CHORUS—Lal de daudle, etc.

My 'prenticeship I pass'd
When my leader breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast
On the Heights of Abr'am;
I served out my trade
When the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis,
Among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me,
With Elliot to lead me,
I'll clatter on my stumps
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

And now tho' I must beg,
With a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag
* * * *
I'm as happy with my wallet,
My bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet
To follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

What tho' with hoary locks,
I must stand the winter's shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks
Oftentimes for a home!
When the tother bag I sell,
And the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of ——,
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

Professor Burgess gave an interesting account of the origin of the German family names in southern Vermont and northern Massachusetts. At the battle of Saratoga General Gates, in his anxiety to obtain the surrender of Burgoyne's army, promised that the British troops should be paroled and sent to England on condition that they should not serve again during the war. Washington, knowing that the paroled soldiers would be put into fortifications, thus releasing the garrisons for active service, and fearing that the terms of the protocol might not be kept by the English Government, refused to carry out the paroling of the prisoners. The Hessian soldiers had become disgusted with their enforced service in a cause in which they had no interest and were anxious to desert. During the march across the southern part of Vermont to Boston the prisoners were not guarded closely, and many of the Hessians deserted and hired themselves to the Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts farmers. They married, raised families, and hence came the German names in southern Vermont and elsewhere.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who hired 22,000 Hessian troops to King George, had an agreement that he should receive, besides their pay, a certain sum for every Hessian soldier who should be dead or missing at the close of the war. He received $1,500,000 in gold. This was a great sum to the impe-

curious Landgrave, and he hardly knew what to do with it. One-half he expended in those costly pictures by Rembrandt and other masters, which are still the admiration of travelers, and the other half he invested with a "bucket-shop" broker, whose sign was a red shield ("Roth schild"), and thus was laid the foundation of the wealth of the Rothschilds.

THE SPANISH REMAINDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

[Read before the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.]

In spite of all efforts to write upon the given subject, this is less an account of the Spanish remainder in the United States than an explanation of the absence of that remainder which, when we call to mind the fact that there was a Spanish beginning in the Southwest as well as an English beginning in the Northeast, we might reasonably expect to find; but the Mexicans remaining in our Southwestern States are by no means the best or most important part of the population, and many are, from their unwillingness to adopt new methods of tillage, a drag on the progress of the States.

The cause of the disappearance of Spanish influence is twofold: First, it had to contend against Anglo-Saxon immigration; second, the ancient Spanish civilization in the provinces now included in the United States was not in itself a kind long to endure.

The design of Spanish colonization has been described as being "the extension of the King's domain, the establishment of the frontier garrisons, the holding of conquered territory against the encroachments of other nations, the civilization of the natives, and the extension of commerce." This design the Spaniards considered best accomplished by three distinct kinds of colony—the military, to hold conquered territory; the missionary, to civilize the natives, and the civil, to extend commerce.

About the presidios or military colonies towns gradually grew up, and it was the intention of the home government that these

towns should in time assume greater importance than the garrisons, and that the latter should be done away with as soon as the country should be sufficiently quiet and well settled to remove all apprehension as to the safety of citizens. Partly with this end in view and partly on account of the continual disorders in the Mexican capital, the presidios were never properly reinforced. At one time the whole military force of the territory of New Mexico consisted of one company. Nevertheless the military governors clung to the semblance of power and delayed as long as possible the transfer of authority to the civilians. Thus at the American conquest few presidios were either thriving towns or efficient army posts.

Of the missionary settlements there were two sorts, of which, respectively, New Mexico and California furnish good examples. In New Mexico the Indian pupils of the missions lived independently in the towns, and the missionaries had no temporal power, their duties and prerogatives being merely those of parish priests. Under this system the Indians were not very thoroughly taught, and many of them were Christians in name only.

The Californian mission was a State in a State. A law forbade any white man not a missionary to settle within five miles of a mission. Thus by establishing missions at intervals of ten miles the missionaries, Franciscan friars, obtained control of long stretches of the most desirable country. In these missions the Indians lived under the rule of the friars. They went through the form of electing magistrates of their own race, but all elections were subject to the approval of the friars. The mission, like the presidio, was intended to give way in time to the civil colony, but the jealousy of the missionaries, like the jealousy of the military governors, interfered with this plan, the fulfillment of which in regard to the missions was continually delayed on the plea that the Indians were not well enough instructed in their duties as citizens to live in the towns on an equality with the whites. Indeed, in the making of good citizens the missions were a decided failure, for the friars were not particularly good citizens themselves, loyalty to the superiors of their order coming before loyalty to law or country. In preventing the Indians of the missions from associating with white

men their protectors ruined their only chance of prosperity, since it was clearly impossible for an independant Indian government to succeed in a country once conquered by Europeans.

In the one colony designed to be permanent—the pueblo or town—everything was made easy for the colonists. Settlers received land, live stock, and a salary for five years, and other property was given to the town for use by all the settlers in common. Taking into consideration the fertility of the soil and the cheapness of Indian labor, the conditions were far too easy, and the settlers, who might under hardship have developed the courage and endurance which are the glory of the Spanish character, displayed instead the equally Spanish traits of laziness and cruelty. Moreover, many of them were, to start with, convicts or paupers—not fit men to build a state.

It was, then, a Spanish remainder of laughably weak garrisons, towns crippled by the sloth of their citizens, missionaries not in harmony with either the civil or military authority, and Indians tamed and converted, but not enfranchised, that the Americans found in the Southwest; and it is not strange that a civilization of such a sort should have left no very indelible mark on the life and character of the United States.

EMILY SEYMOUR COIT.

AN EARLY INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Related by a Daughter of the chief actor.]

I AM reminded of an incident of the American Revolution connected with the British sloop of war "Falcon," an inconsiderable affair in itself and of importance only in one respect, that of giving Fair Haven the honor of having made the first capture of the King's forces by sea in the War of the Revolution.

I have often heard my father relate the story in detail, and I now regret very much having forgotten many of its features. It, however, runs thus:

On Saturday afternoon about three weeks after the battle at Lexington the Minute company commanded by himself and the

militia company commanded by Captain Egery were paraded together for exercise, Captain Spooner being drummer for both. A man, my father's narrative continued, came express from up the bay, and informed Egery and himself that two sloops, one belonging to my father, had been captured by boats from a twenty-gun ship, then lying in Tarpaulin Cove, and that these sloops had been manned and were lying in the bay as decoy cruisers. My father wished to devise some expedient at once for recapture, thus to prevent other ships bound in from being preyed upon. It was supposed, as this ship was presumed to have come from Boston, that the enemy's intention was to catch a mosquito fleet and load it for Boston with cattle from the islands.

It was soon arranged that an old sloop called the "Success," then lying dismantled at the wharf, should be procured, the owners of the captured sloops to become responsible in case of loss for one-half of the value, which was in all about $400, and the captains and their friends for the other half. This arrangement concluded, the men of both companies were ordered to stand in line and it was then announced to them that volunteers were wanted for a secret expedition that night, and that at the beat of the drum those who would go on the roll should advance two paces to the front. Captain Glig, so Spooner was called, was ordered to strike up; whereupon every man, about fifty in all, advanced two paces.

They were then told that for want of accommodation only about one-half could be taken, and it was settled by lot drawn on the drumhead who should stay behind.

The old sloop was then rigged and fitted out with all possible dispatch, and at nine o'clock at night, with about twenty-five aboard, the "Success" shoved off. The night was mild and still, and a short time after departure it became heavily overcast with a thick fog. They made but little progress, finding at break of day that they had been carried by the flood tide, as they supposed, near the ledge about Scontacut Point.

The order of the night had been that father, who was a sailor, and one other (not recollected) should keep the deck, while Egery, not a sailor, with Captain Glig, should remain in the cabin, the rest of them in the hold (hatches off) ready for a jump

when wanted, Egery to be signaled to for concerted action by a foot-tap on deck by father, and the men in the hold by a tap of Captain Glig's drum.

As the morning became gray, and while they were drifting on the tide with no wind, father being at the helm, they made out one of the sloops at anchor a few rods from them, directly under their tide lea.

Egery, who had been called upon deck, at once went below to prepare for a jump should circumstances require it, giving his orders for preparation through the bulkhead.

There were but two men on deck of the anchored sloop, a marine and a sailor. The sailor hailed, saying, "Sheer off; you'll be afoul!" "Ay, ay!" was the reply. At this moment the marine commenced to load his musket, and, standing with his back toward them, had his arm raised to drive down the cartridge when Captain Glig tapped his drum. The marine dropped his musket as if his arm had been cut off, and then seized an axe to cut the cable, while the sailor ran out on the bowsprit to loose the jib, looking backward over his shoulder at the enemy on the "Success." Captain Egery, with his men, came upon the deck with a bound, and, telling them to level their guns, ordered the marine to drop his axe at first hail. All this was crowded into the space of a moment. The "Success" was then hauled alongside and Egery and his men leaped on board.

The enemy's crew, a jolly set of middies, etc., were below, and were only aroused by the rap of the "Success." They submitted without hesitation. I forget how many there were, but I think ten or twelve. The "Success" was now anchored, the prisoners were disarmed and placed in the cabin and secured there by fastening all down safely, the prize was placed in the hands of father and two other well-armed men to take in, and the "Success" prepared for pursuit of the other sloop, which they were told was in the bay, but they did not know where. With the appearance of the sun came a gentle breeze from the southwest and a clear sky. Both sloops weighed anchor, and, tacking to the windward, continued together until a sloop was discovered at anchor, squared away for port. The "Success" gave chase, while the prize made for harbor and anchored.

The "Success" beat up until within a mile or two, when the sloop at anchor hove to, and then ran down toward her. On approaching, each recognized the character of the other and a brush ensued, lasting some time, during which several were wounded, but whether any of the company on the "Success" were hit I do not remember.

It being discovered by Edgery that an officer in the King's livery would occasionally look out from the cabin, give an order, and then dodge back, he ordered one of his good shots—I do not recollect his name—to step behind the mast and drop that fellow when he showed himself again, so they could know him. The man did so, shooting him down at the first fire, and the Englishman struck.

The Englishman had, I think, about fifteen men; in all, twenty-five or twenty-seven. They were well armed, but had no cannon. The "Success" had every description of gun from a bird to a duck fowling piece; also a swivel gun lashed by a rope to the side of a timber head; but this piece, being more loyal than the patriots of the "Success," at first fire kicked out of the traces and leaped overboard. Both prizes were brought in on Sunday morning before meeting time and the prisoners were landed and locked up.

The trophies of victory were twenty-five King's arms, with pistols, swords, etc. Father's share of this plunder was a King's arms and accouterments, which weighed fifteen pounds, a sword with a black ebony hilt, both hilt and scabbard trimmed with silver, and having a silver chain running from the guard to the end of the hilt.

LUCY B. FISH,
Late of Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY.

[Read before the Gaspee Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at "Hopeton House," Providence, R. I., the home of the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, February 22, 1894.]

THERE is from year to year a growing interest in reminiscences of the past. The increasing popular taste is not confined merely to Colonial and Revolutionary histories, but the person interested adds to these gleanings from old newspapers, unpublished manuscripts, family letters, and last, but not least, family traditions.

The "olden time" has given us much to be proud of. It is for the present generation to draw from its rich resources. The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is doing just that work. Each Chapter stands for noble people and grand deeds. Each Chapter, in its own locality, is teaching the value of American ancestry. The Daughters are not dealing entirely with the interesting references to their forefathers, which they are glad and proud to find in the Colonial records of the several States, but they are getting together everything that relates to the home life and the social side of the patriotic men and women whom they are honoring to-day as ancestors.

At the last meeting of the Gaspee Chapter a paper upon "The Daughters of Liberty" was most ably presented. It was thought advisable to continue the subject, and to me was assigned the pleasure of writing upon the social standing and life of the women who formed that society.

While I cannot prove it, I am convinced that there must have been something that corresponded to our Chapters, for we know that there were meetings held both in Providence and Newport. I can find nothing more than Miss Greene gave about the Providence Society. Having had two relatives in the Newport Coterie I am able to give somewhat of an account of that branch of the Daughters of Liberty.

First, I venture to express an individual opinion in regard to the origin of the name of the society. By research we find that there was an organization about that time known as "The Sons of Liberty." I believe that the women of those days were not unlike the women of to-day; they wanted to be recognized by the spirit of patriotism, and, following the example of "The Sons," met together and called themselves "The Daughters." Can we say that history does not repeat?

We know that there was a strong bond between "The Sons" and "The Daughters." They used to meet together, and under the genial influences of the tea parties of those days discussed the trials of the time.

There is a valuable reminder of those meetings, a relic of that period, owned to-day by a family represented in the Gaspee Chapter. I refer to a round mahogany table owned in the Vernon family—a table at which Betsy Ellery, a Newport belle, a Daughter of Liberty, presided. Of Miss Ellery I shall speak later.

Having briefly considered the origin of the name, we will now proceed to an imperfect list of its members.

Heading the list we find the names of Polly and Elizabeth Lawton, daughters of Robert Lawton. I have always heard that the first meeting was held at their father's house, corner of Spring and Touro streets, Newport. Robert Lawton was a man of wealth, and ranked socially with the best families of Newport. He married Massy Easton, "a lineal descendant of Nicholas Easton, a Colonial Governor of Rhode Island." Mrs. Lawton's marriage portion was large and very valuable. We read that "with much other property, she brought her husband sixteen slaves, among them Black Sam Easton," a well-known negro servant. It was this Sam who informed a French officer that "the Britishers better not trouble Newport much more, or Miss Desire's husband would let loose upon them." "Miss Desire's husband" did not stand for any one in particular to the officer, and more to hear Sam talk than anything else, he asked what this husband could do about it. Sam, with unutterable scorn, replied: "Miss Desire's husband is next to *General* Washington and commands all the boats." It is perhaps needless to explain that the negro referred to the distinguished naval

officer, Commodore Esek Hopkins, who married Miss Desire Burroughs, of Newport. Knowing there were representatives of this family in the Gaspee Chapter, I felt sure I would be pardoned if I digressed and gave this anecdote. To return to the Lawton family. In old letters we find that French officers with their servants were quartered in the "west rooms," and that "the daughters as well as the other members of this Quaker family were very patriotic." Polly has lived and will continue to live as a famous Revolutionary belle. It may be that General Washington added to her prestige of being an acknowledged beauty by choosing her for a partner to open one of the brilliant Newport balls. Let us, however, turn back to the past and quote from one who knew her. Count Ségur said of her: "So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, so much modesty were perhaps never before combined in the same person. Her gown was white like herself, whilst her ample muslin neckerchief and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful form imaginable. She was a nymph rather than a woman. Her eyes seemed to reflect as a mirror the meekness and purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart. She received us with an open ingenuousness which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word *thou*, which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave to our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship." Would time allow, I might quote other distinguished persons in regard to her mental and physical charms. In 1787 she married John Bringhurst, a prominent Philadelphian, of the Society of Friends. The marriage was a grand social event. Mrs. Bringhurst's life was a brilliant one socially, and there are many interesting reminiscences about her visits to the Presidential mansion.

Her married life, though bright, was brief. She had only been married six years and was only thirty-two years old when she died. There had been romance connected with her life. It did not end with death. According to family tradition, "her young husband died a short time after of a broken heart." We of the nineteenth century would have inquired more particu-

larly into the symptoms. However, we do know that John Bringhurst was never the same after his wife died, and he always wore a miniature, containing a lock of her hair, around his neck, and when he died this locket passed into the Lawton family. It was from this miniature that the life-size portrait in Redwood Library, Newport, was painted.

Elizabeth Lawton comes next upon the list. She has been described as a fine-looking woman, "with a carriage of unusual grace and gentility, heightened by an elegant simplicity of attire." Prince De Broglie, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Polly Lawton, spoke of Elizabeth thus: "Polly had a sister, dressed like herself and of very agreeable appearance, but one had not time to look at her while her elder sister was present." Although it is said that she had a number of admirers, she did not marry.

Margaret Champlin was another Revolutionary belle and Daughter of Liberty. Her father was a very successful merchant. It was at his house on Thames street that the "Daughters" held their second meeting. Mr. Champlin was, I have been told, the first Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island. His wife was the daughter of Sueton Grant, and was a woman of great strength of character. Her children of this marriage were all more or less remarkable. Margaret was the most beautiful and the most accomplished. General Washington, at the ball given at Mrs. Cowley's assembly room, on Church Street, chose her for his partner. Requesting her to select the dance, she immediately chose "A Successful Campaign," one of the popular dances of the time. This was a memorable dance. The General showed his appreciation of her wit; the French officers present were so delighted with her reply that they insisted upon being the musicians for the time, and played with great enthusiasm while General Washington and Miss Champlin led "the stately minuet." Miss Champlin was a fine French scholar, with a decided literary taste. She married Dr. Benjamin Mason, of Newport, who studied medicine with Dr. Isaac Senter, the celebrated surgeon, who was with Arnold in the attack upon Quebec in 1775. Dr. Senter married the beautiful Eliza Arnold, daughter of Captain Rhodes Arnold, and I believe she must have been a Daughter of Liberty.

Margaret Champlin had two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, both of whom were identified with the "Daughters." Mary married an English officer and went to England to live. Elizabeth married John Coffin Jones, of Boston. It was for this sister that Margaret named her eldest daughter, and that daughter married Commodore Oliver H. Perry, United States Navy.

Among the other courtesies extended to General Washington was a tea party given by Christopher Ellery, one of Newport's most influential citizens. Mr. Ellery was then a widower, and his daughter, known among the French officers as "the fair Betsy," presided. She had such a severe cold that General Washington expressed much solicitude, and said that he would recommend a remedy that he used if he felt at all sure that she would take it. Miss Ellery's reply is as well remembered as Miss Champlin's of another occasion. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Ellery said: "I am sure I would take any remedy that General Washington would propose." The General and the French officers standing near were delighted with her charming manner. The remedy, "onions boiled in molasses," was speedily tried and General Washington informed in due time that it had given relief. Miss Ellery afterwards married William Vernon's son Samuel, a prominent Newport merchant.

Emerson said: "Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight we all quote." I illustrate these words by turning to another for an incident relative to Miss Ellery: "During the Frenchmen's occupation of Newport, a gallant young French surgeon paid Miss Ellery polite attention. Soon after her marriage, in 1784, she received from Paris an envelope addressed to her in the handwriting of the young officer, but containing only two leaves, a withered one and an evergreen."

Martha Redwood Ellery, daughter of Benjamin and Mehitable Redwood Ellery, granddaughther of Abraham Redwood, was another Daughter of Liberty. She married Christopher Grant Champlin, a man of much political prominence.

Ann Vernon, in Ellery's "Vernon Genealogy," is called "one of the sprightliest wits of Newport Colonial society." She married Dr. David Olyphant, a medical director "of the Armies

of the Carolinas under Generals Gates and Greene." Mrs. Olyphant will be remembered not only as a Daughter of Liberty, but as one of the graces of Newport society."

Miss Brinley, daughter of Thomas Brinley, Esq., was called by Prince De Broglie "a beautiful woman." He speaks of her as follows: "Miss Brinley, Miss Sylvan, and some other ladies to whom I was introduced after having quitted the lovely Quakeress, Polly Lawton, convinced me that Newport possessed more than one rosebud."

Polly (or Mary) Wanton, the daughter of John G. and Mary (Bull) Wanton, the granddaughter of Governor Gideon Wanton on the paternal side, the granddaughter of Governor Henry Bull on the maternal side, is my next subject. She was a great favorite in Colonial society, and greatly admired by the French officers. Her most intimate friend and cousin, Polly Bull, was likewise a great favorite, and there used to be many an argument held over the comparative charms of these ladies. Finally, an ardent admirer of Polly Wanton argued in this way: "Polly Bull is very handsome, but Polly Wanton is very charming and cunning." The late Mr. Stone, to whom I am indebted for information, said that the word "cunning was used in the sense of being superior in intelligence." I do not know whether Polly Bull ever married.

Polly Wanton became the wife of Colonel Daniel Lyman, and was the mother of thirteen children; a number of the children married into some of the most prominent Providence families, and there must be a number of Daughters of the American Revolution in this Chapter to honor Polly Wanton as a Daughter of Liberty.

Lucy Ellery, daughter of William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was another "Daughter." Miss Ellery was endowed with a fine reasoning mind. It has been said that this charmed William Channing as much as her beauty attracted him. This was a great compliment to Miss Ellery, for Mr. Channing was regarded as a clever man by eminent men like Attorney-General Oliver Arnold and Asher Robbins. Can we wonder that the children of the Channing-Ellery marriage were all brilliant and eminent men?

Elizabeth and Mary Anthony were, I think, the daughters of

Elisha Anthony. Mr. Anthony has been represented by some as living in Warwick, but in an old letter in my possession from his grandson I find that in Revolutionary times he lived in Newport, corner of Maine and King Streets. I think King Street is now called Franklin Street.

If I am right in my supposition that Elizabeth and Mary Anthony were his daughters, then of their father I can say that he absolutely refused to take off his hat to General Prescott, and when the General ordered his servant to remove it, Friend Anthony immediately picked up the offending hat and said he bared his head to no one but his Maker. Elizabeth married Christopher G. Robinson and Mary married Rodman Gardner.

There are two "Daughters" of whom I can learn but little. We know that Easton was a prominent Newport name, but beyond the facts that Patience and Sally Easton were members of the society, and that Patience married George Irish and Sally married John Ladd, I can find nothing more about them.

Freelove Fenner, daughter of James and Freelove Whipple Fenner, was another "Daughter," and must have been a member of the Providence Society. She was a beautiful woman and was especially noticed by General Lafayette at the magnificent reception given in his honor by Governor Fenner, at his own house, "What Cheer."

During this reception the General showed Miss Fenner marked attention, "and when going away unpinned a badge or rosette called the tricolor, which he wore under his waistcoat, and, giving it to her, asked her not to forget him while the colors remained bright." This badge is in the possession of Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter, a granddiece of Freelove Fenner, and, with the Washington badge, worn by another Daughter of Liberty and owned by the writer of this paper, together with the famous Ellery table, the property of Mr. John W. Vernon, connect the present with the past and make the Daughters of Colonial times even more real to the Gaspee Daughters.

To return to Freelove Fenner. Her life was a bright one, but not a long one. She did not marry, and was only about thirty-five years old when she died.

There must have been many more loyal women identified with the Daughters of Liberty, but I can find no record of their names.

It is a fact that in Providence and the neighboring towns there were wives and daughters whose patriotism equaled that of the women of the other section of the Colony. The names of Greene, Hopkins, Arnold, Bowen, Talbot, Field, Aborn, with many others, suggest brave men and loyal women; and while I cannot prove that the women of these families were Daughters of Liberty, I as thoroughly believe it as though I held a list and read to you the names of Catherine Greene, Mary Bowen, Sally Arnold, Desire Hopkins, Polly Arnold, Betsy Bowen, Sally and Eliza Arnold (daughters of Captain Rhodes Arnold), Sarah Whipple, Cynthia Aborn, Sally Walker, Sally Church, and others whose names are more familiar to you than to me.

MRS. RICHARD JACKSON BARKER.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., *November* 10, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR: I feel sure that it will be of interest to every earnest worker in the Daughters of the American Revolution to know what is and can be done to fulfill the obligations that rest upon us as American Daughters. I inclose a paper upon "Patriotism in the Public Schools." You will observe we have followed in part the lead of San Francisco, whose Board of Education was highly commended by the Sons of the American Revolution and by the AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

I wish every Chapter throughout the United States could be influenced to do work of this kind. It is all very well to commemorate and live over again the Revolutionary struggle, and it has a good effect among our members, but there are just as heroic battles to be fought in the present time and in the near future—battles for the preservation of our national institutions, battles for the maintenance of good government, battles for civilizing and christianizing our foreign-born citizens, and the

victory depends upon the patriotic spirit of the present and rising generations.

Very respectfully, yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH COX SULLIVAN.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—AN APPEAL FROM THE AMERICAN DAUGHTERS OF MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

The following petition has been presented to our Board of Education. As will be seen by extracts from letters relative thereto, it has been approved by the board and superintendent and goes into effect at once:

To the Montclair Public School Board:

GENTLEMEN: Believing that the Montclair public schools are in the foremost ranks of progressive education, a committee from the Daughters of the American Revolution presents for your consideration the following facts:

We begin with the underlying principle of our National life, viz, each individual is personally responsible for the maintenance of good government and for the defense of our National institutions. All thoughtful people who comprehend the dangers that at present menace us as a nation are advocating a more thorough education of the young in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The widespreading tendency in the commercial classes to withhold themselves from individual responsibility increases the seriousness of the situation and renders action the more imperative.

In view of these facts, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization numbering seven thousand women, representing every State in the Union, is urging that greater attention be given in the schools to the study of the principles upon which our Nation is founded, and further cultivating the sentiment of patriotism and respect for our free institutions.

The following resolution, modified to suit the needs of various localities, has already been adopted by several boards of education, and influence is being used by the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution with a view to having every board of education throughout the land adopt a similar plan of action:

Resolved, That the last Friday afternoon of each calendar month be set aside for the purpose of holding patriotic and general exercises in the grammar and primary schools of the town of Montclair, which shall consist of, first, recitations of a patriotic character, singing of patriotic hymns, and instruction by the teachers in the principles of our Government and the duties and dignities of American citizenship; second, general instruction in the principles of morality, truth, and justice [illegible]

quired by the State law and the rules of the Board of Education: third, general exercises within the discretion of the principal. The American flag shall be raised on important anniversaries at the school buildings, and also on the days when patriotic exercises are held.

Respectfully submitted by local members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

MRS. STEPHEN W. CAREY.
MRS. THEODORE G. SULLIVAN.
MRS. JOHN PORTER.
MRS. JOHN B. HAWES.

MONTCLAIR, *September* 29, 1894.

The following reply was received to the foregoing communication:

BOARD OF EDUCATION,
MONTCLAIR, N. J., *October* 25, 1894.

Mrs. S. W. Carey, Chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution Committee:

MADAM: In behalf of the Board of Education of the town of Montclair, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication signed by yourself and other ladies, representing the Daughters of the American Revolution, asking that attention be given in our public schools to the principles upon which this Nation was founded, and the cultivation of patriotic sentiments, etc.

The Board of Education appreciate the kindness and the patriotism of the Daughters of the American Revolution in calling their attention to the subject, and have directed the Superintendent of Public Schools to immediately take such action as will comply with your request.

I am, very respectfully,

JOHN J. H. LOVE, *Clerk.*

A letter from Superintendent Spaulding, addressed to the chairman of the committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, says: "I have laid the matter before our teachers, and it is understood that a portion of the last Friday in the month is to be given to patriotic exercises. A list of days on which the flag shall be raised has been sent to me from your committee and is now in the hands of the ninth-grade teachers for final revision."

These teachers have shown especial interest in their work, carefully revising and arranging a programme that cannot fail to be appreciated by all students of local as well as national history.

The United States flag will be raised at the public schools of Montclair on the following dates:

January.—1st: Emancipation Proclamation signed by Abraham Lincoln, 1863. First day of new term. 3d: Battle of Princeton, 1777. 8th: Battle of New Orleans, 1815.

February.—12th: Abraham Lincoln born, 1809. 22d: George Washington born, 1732. (Flags to be raised on 21st.)

March.—4th: Inauguration Day. Adoption of Short Law in Montclair, 1894. 9th: Battle between Merrimac and Monitor, 1862. 17th: Evacuation of Boston, 1776.

April.—First day of new term. 9th: Lee's surrender, 1865. 22d: U. S. Grant born, 1822. Arbor Day. (Flags to be raised on the date of exercises.)

May.—10th: First transcontinental railroad completed, 1869. 30th: Memorial Day. (Flags at half-mast.)

June.—14th: Present flag adopted by Congress, 1777. 17th: Battle of Bunker Hill. Closing day of school year.

September.—First day of the new term. 17th: Constitution adopted by United States, 1787.

October.—12th: Columbus Day, America discovered, 1492. 17th: Surrender of Burgoyne, 1777. 19th: Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.

November.—State election day. 7th: Capture of Port Royal, 1861. 25th: New York evacuated, 1783.

December.—First Monday United States Congress assembles. 21st: Landing of Pilgrim Fathers, 1620.

This list is subject to amendment from time to time. The reasons for flying the flag are to be explained to the pupils.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY eager, expectant children, inmates of the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, assembled in the Chapel of that institution on the afternoon of October 19, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, to greet the flag of our country, which the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had arranged to present them. Shortly after two o'clock a com-

mittee of "Sons," consisting of Major Edward Hunter, United States Army; Dr. C. J. Burnham, Mr. Mark L. Requa, and the President of the Society, Charles J. King; the Registrar, Colonel A. S. Hubbard, and several members, arrived at the asylum and were received by the Board of Lady Managers, of which Mrs. William Alvord, the first Regent of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is President, and who presided over the exercises.

In presenting the flag, Major Hunter spoke in part as follows:

My Young Friends: The California Sons of the American Revolution have made Dr. Burnham, Mr. Requa, and myself their agents to deliver to you a gift which these "Sons" have thoughtfully provided to enable your home to suitably display the colors of your country. These descendants of the men of '76 hold that in patriotic citizenship lies the safety of your country, and that to attempt to teach you love of country without the aid of your flag would be as irrational as to try to teach you the principles of religion without the assistance of its cross.

The mission of this gift of the "Sons" is, therefore, one of education and, my young friends, it is directed to you, concerning whose future citizenship the "Sons" are anxious and whose hearts they seek to direct into a love of America by making her flag dear in your sight.

If you were to walk out of this building, after to-day's sun goes down, into the open air and look up, you would see the blue field and white stars that have furnished the emblems for that part of your flag called the union; and this union, borrowed from the heavens, is intended to make you think of your Union of States as existing forever in peace and friendship and, like the stars, "forever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine," ordained and sustained by your Father who art in Heaven.

The other portion of your flag consists of horizontal stripes of equal breadth, alternately red and white, beginning with the red, which is the color of the blood that it is your duty to shed, if necessary, in its defense, and the red and white together signify that blood and purity are symbolized in your banner; and to me they signify, as well, that purity of blood is the surest prop of any nation.

I feel that the Sons of the American Revolution would consider my duty as indifferently performed if I failed to tell you that the stars and stripes were first adopted by Congress as the flag of your country in June, 1777, and that Washington was the chairman of the committee that designed it. The rough draft of their design is now in the State Department at Washington; and linked with this draft is the good old-fashioned name "Betsy Ross," the young woman skilled in needlework to whom Washington submitted this draft, and who made from it the flag that was shown to Congress and made the standard of the United States.

The hand of woman is seen not only in the design of your flag, but also in the events it memorizes, and your future citizenship must here receive its bent from the hands of those loyal women whose duty and pleasure it is to watch over you; and if this flag proves to them in any, the least, degree a help in their efforts to incline your hearts to love your country, every Son of our patriotic order will rejoice that his Society's gift is made to you an object-lesson in patriotism, and he will feel that he is abundantly repaid for that which he has contributed to your pleasure and profit.

And this day on which you are gathered here to receive this flag deserves your notice and remembrance—it is the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to our General Washington, an event that was the beginning of the end of our forefathers' struggle for independence, and that uplifted this banner, so young and drooping few were willing to do it reverence; but now it has become so old and glorious there is among men no prouder distinction than that of being born under the red, white, and blue.

Do not think of your flag as being no more than a bright-colored banner to be carried in street parades, or merely an ensign to be raised over forts and ships and defended by soldiers and sailors, but rather regard it as a sacred object of love and reverence; and, boys, whenever it is carried past take off your caps in token of your respect for the majesty of its glory, and as you fix your eyes upon it and feel your hearts vibrating from emotions of pride, pray silently in your thoughts: "Father, I thank thee that I am an American, and I pray thee help me to daily increase in that spirit of Americanism symbolized in to-day's gift of the Sons of the American Revolution until my flag becomes to me more precious than my blood and as sacred as my religion."

And that this spirit of loyalty may pervade this institution and every heart within it is the benediction of the "Sons" who now commit to your care this standard of your country.

At the conclusion of the address, simple in character, as adapted to the youthful minds to whom it was directed, yet teeming with patriotic sentiment, Master Herbert Arthur, a lad fourteen years of age, accepted on behalf of the asylum the beautiful symbol in a manner that would have reflected credit upon a person of mature years. As the flag was being unfurled two hundred and fifty children, at a signal from the President, arose in a body and saluted the National emblem.

Singing of patriotic songs followed Major Hunter's speech. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" were sung with much enthusiasm by a large chorus of little voices, and after the interchange of social courtesies the visitors took leave of their little friends, feeling it "was good to have been there."

Great credit is due the Board of Managers of the institution for the excellent manner in which the programme was carried out, and their kind and judicious management of the children under their control was highly commended.

The next flag presentation by the "Sons" will take place in the near future, at the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

HOW WE SPENT INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THERE are epochs in every life; it may be that some are periods of joy and gladness, while others are marked by sorrow and sadness; but these periods are impressed upon the memory, and as we look back over the horologe of time, in fancy we note the most important events. In happy childhood all is joyful, and time is counted, with the ardent vivacity of youth and hopeful anticipation, by birthdays, Thanksgiving time, Christmastide, and Fourth of July; and as we advance down life's pathway these early impressions still cling to us like ivy to an old wall, and we cherish the memories of bygone days and scenes. I well remember with what pleasure I looked forward to all of these holidays, and especially to Independence Day, when all the children in the Sabbath and public schools were gathered for the purpose of celebrating with patriotic songs and festivities the nation's birthday. Those days are gone, and it is seldom now that we hear of Fourth of July celebrations or are aware that it is in commemoration of our freedom, except by the firing of crackers and pistols by boys and men who apparently have no conception of the real meaning of the event; but these memories of days gone by were revived, and the patriotic fires long smoldering in the bosoms of the Daughters of the Revolution were fully aroused on July 4, 1894.

In a letter which John Adams wrote to a friend the day after the passage of the Declaration of Independence, he said: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America, and greater perhaps never was or will be decided by men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting Colony, that these United States are and of right ought to be free and independent States. The day it passed, Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to be-

lieve it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward and forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States, yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue it, which I hope we shall not."

By a felicitous coincidence Adams and Jefferson died on the Fourth of July, 1826, the anniversary of the occasion which they had done so much to render memorable. In closing his speech before that Continental Congress, Mr. Adams said: "But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious and immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivities, and with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears—copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation of gratitude and of joy." It was indeed his living sentiment and also his dying sentiment, and his eloquence and enthusiasm and patriotism have been instilled into all lovers of liberty from that time unto the present, and the nation's birthday, as the great orator and statesman predicted, is now celebrated with joyous festivities and with grateful thanksgiving to those noble men who fought and bled and died that our country might be free. Our country, your country, and my country "'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty"—

Land where our fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

But my purpose is to tell you how we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, of the John Marshall Chapter, celebrated the Fourth of July, 1894. It will indeed be a memorable day to us. This was the last meeting for the summer, and although there were many Daughters absent on their summer outing, yet we had a very fair representation. The morning sun arose bright and warm, but before the hour appointed to meet the sky was overcast, and remained so during the entire day, which made it all the more comfortable for those who assembled at the residence of Mrs. John A. Larrabee, in the Highlands, en route to "Homewood," the beautiful country place of Mrs. Laura Talbot Ross, which was reached via the Beargrass Railroad to the second toll-gate on the Jefferson town turnpike, where carriages were awaiting to convey us to our destination.. It was a lovely sight that greeted our eyes as we neared the beautiful grove which surrounds the residence. Among the trees were suspended different-colored hammocks, and here and there amid the green foliage the Stars and Stripes floated gracefully, while below were benches, chairs, and tables scattered in all directions for the comfort of the guests. Amid this scene stood Mrs. Ross and her lovely daughters and grandsons, who gave us a hearty welcome to Homewood, where in a little while we threw aside all restraint and felt as free and as happy as the feathered songsters, who seemed to be telling us that it was Freedom's natal day. For a time we, like caged birds let loose, wandered around the garden and grounds, culling nosegays and buttoniers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, while our heated bodies were cooled by the delightful zephyr breezes and our parched throats were moistened by frequent draughts from a sparkling spring whose water seemed to have flowed from some snow-capped region of the northland. As there is no happiness in this world without children, our party would indeed have been incomplete without these sweet innocents, who made the occasion one of boisterous hilarity with their torpêdoes, toy cannons, and shooting crackers. It certainly would have been very gratifying to John Adams could he have been with us on this glorious occasion. At the ringing of a bell, all assembled in the spacious parlors to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; then several national songs were sung by all,

both large and small, with great earnestness, and the words of John Adams were continually in my mind: "When we are all in our graves our children will honor it," and so they did on this day, one hundred and eighteen years after. After the exercises were over we returned to the grove, where was spread a most sumptuous repast, to which all did ample justice. The afternoon was spent by the children in riding around the grounds, while the elder folks lazily lounged and watched them. At 4 p. m. we were again refreshed with ice cream, sherbet, and cake, and the time slipped by so rapidly and pleasantly that we were loath to leave. We took our departure regretting that the day was so short, but the memory of that Fourth of July and our delightful hostesses will dwell forever in the hearts of the members of the John Marshall Chapter.

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE,
Historian.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE—OCTOBER 18, 1894.

[Delivered at the entertainment given at the residence of Miss Denny, in Pittsburg, for the benefit of the Block House Fund.]

WE, members of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, proud possessors, through the generosity of our donor, of that memorably historic building, the Block House, invite you to celebrate with us to-day an occasion very memorable in its history—an occasion marked not by war, bloodshed, and suffering, of which this now revered spot has so often been the scene, but by the peaceful entertainment of a guest all but royal—

> Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
> Broad-minded high-souled, there is but one
> Who was all this, and ours and all men's, Washington.

In the midst of the popular turmoil immediately prior to the outbreak of the Revolution and after twelve years of quiet life in his Mount Vernon home, during which time his marriage was consummated, Washington, in the year 1770, chronicles in his journal a tour of the Ohio River. Leaving Virginia the 5th day of October, Fort Pitt, embryo of the Pittsburg which

to-day sits enveloped in the smoke of its thousand industries, i reached after twelve days of travel; and, as we so nearly approach the date of the day we are invited to celebrate, his own words from his journal will come to us with a force unrivaled by those of any historian:

[October] 17th. Arrived at Fort Pitt. Lodged in what is called the town, distant about three hundred yards from the fort, at a very good house of public entertainment. These houses, which are built of logs and ranged into streets, are on the Monongahela, and, I suppose, may be about twenty in number, and inhabited by Indian traders. The fort is built on the point between the Rivers Allegheny and Monongahela, but not so near the pitch of it as Fort Duquesne stood. It is five-sided and regular, two of which, next the land, are of brick; the others stockade. A moat encompasses it. The garrison consists of two companies of Royal Irish.

18th. Dined in the fort with Colonel Croghan and the officers of the garrison; supped there also, meeting with great civility from the gentlemen, and engaged to dine with Colonel Croghan the next day at his seat, about four miles up the Allegheny.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago to-day this spot, already of commanding importance as a military post, was honored by the presence of a guest, even then distinguished, but who was in later years destined to make his name so famous, so revered, that he was made the recipient from the venerable hero, Frederick the Great, of his portrait, bearing this inscription: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world." The redoubt known as the Block House is all that remains of the extensive Fort Pitt (which cost the British nation sixty thousand pounds) to suggest to-day the scene of the courtesies attendant upon the dining and supping of this great man. Of this valued historic site, whose many and whose varied vicissitudes have brought it successively under the banners of two provinces and the flags of three nationalities, we, the Pittsburg Daughters, have been made the grateful possessors, through the munificence of one of our number, Mary Elizabeth Croghan Schenley, whose grandfather, Major William Croghan, was a distinguished relative of Colonel George Croghan, Washington's hospitable host of October 18, 1770.

Colonel Croghan's dwelling, where Washington was invited to dine the day following, was located four miles up the Alle-

gheny River, in the vicinity of what is now Butler Street and McCandless Avenue; and the late Judge McCandless used to point out with pride to his visitors what remained of the foundation of the Croghan cabin, which was opposite the front of the McCandless dwelling, and where the distinguished guest dined on the 19th of October, which occasion Washington notes in his journal.

As the trend of popular opinion is now toward a Greater Pittsburg, it is interesting to remember that it was Washington's keen eye that, in 1753, discerned the value of this strategic position for a frontier fortress, which proved the embryo of the greater city, and that from his pen came the first written words describing the spot where a future city would rise which should immortalize an English earl.

It was in 1764 that the intrepid Colonel Bouquet finally wrenched this military post from the relentless grasp of the Indians and planted the redoubt which stands to-day; but the French domination of the Ohio had practically come to a close in 1758, and with it terminated the reduction of Fort Duquesne, its name then becoming Fort Pitt, to honor the minister whose measures had given vigor and effect to this year's campaign. But through all these years this commanding position, at the confluence of the two rivers, had been the object of Washington's keenest solicitude, and it was only when this key of the whole military situation had been gained that the distinguished commander resigned his commission and retired to private life.

Of "this unexpressive man, whose life expressed so much," a story is told, after his retirement from active service, on the occasion of his first appearance in the House of Burgesses in Virginia. He was something more than a new member. He was the late commander-in-chief of the Virginia Army, the foremost man, in a military way, in the province. He had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne; so the House resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military service he had rendered the country. The Speaker of the House rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the House. Every one applauded and

waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood, blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough; he could even say what was necessary to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the House of Burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks!—that was another matter. Not a plain word could he utter. This was a capital answer, interpreted to the House by the eloquent Speaker, who helped him as generously out of this painful dilemma as he had led him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he; "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Washington, in this celebrated tour of the Ohio, when he peaceably revisited the scene of his great military experience, came as the champion of the claims, yet unsatisfied, for land which the Government in its fighting mood had promised to the soldiers in the campaign against the French and Indians, but which now, in peaceful days, it was so slow in fulfilling. As Washington undertook this expedition officially, in the interest of these unpaid soldiers' claims, an important part of his duty consisted in the locating of the land along the Ohio. Accordingly, two days subsequent to his memorable visit to our Block House, he embarked with the friend and companion of his travels, Dr. Craik, in a canoe of birch bark, in which, propelled by two Indian guides, he took leave of the hospitable colonel and his companions, who cheered the voyagers from the shore as they were borne away by the current of the beautiful Ohio.

The gallant soldier, an enthusiastic huntsman as well, speaks in his journal of this voyage of five buffaloes killed in one day; of the timid deer coming out of the forest to drink at the water's edge or to browse along the wooded banks; of the tempting flocks of wild turkeys; streaming flights of ducks; and we can readily imagine the canoe freighted each night with such tempting spoils as his good rifle should bring down, and that as they encamped at night on the river bank their camp fire glowed over a sumptuous hunter's repast.

But the great object of his expedition was evidenced in his constant notes on the character of the country, the quality of the soil indicated by the nature of the trees, and the level tracts fitted for settlements.

It is a noteworthy illustration of the tardiness and supineness of the Government at that time that years after this careful survey had been made many of the soldiers' claims, so fairly and so hardly won, were still unfulfilled.

Standing for the first time within the grim walls of this "stern old tower of other days, firm as a fortress," the sight of its ancient loopholes in double rows, piercing its every side (through which we can see, in imagination, bristling muskets leveled by English arms at the luckless foe without), brings the memory of the long past into the sight of the present. We stand impressed, and the "scene derives a sense so deep and clear we seem a part of what has been."

May the infinite pains, the unflagging interest, necessary to the accomplishment of the restoration and preservation of this time-honored landmark (indissolubly linked with the history and development of this now populous city) be held in that appreciation, that sympathy, which are their due; and amid the many memories that cluster around it, of warfare and strife, may we ever cherish the memory of one day when its warlike walls peaceably received a visitor of whom it is said, "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father," a visitor the study of whose life is a priceless gift to us, his children; whose death removed to the realm of history one of the noblest lives that ever honored the human race, and who rises from the dust of history as a Greek statue comes pure and serene from the earth so long inclosing it.

"Heroes have trod this spot; 'tis on their dust ye tread."

KATE WENTWORTH THOMPSON.

MARY ELIZABETH CROGHAN SCHENLEY.

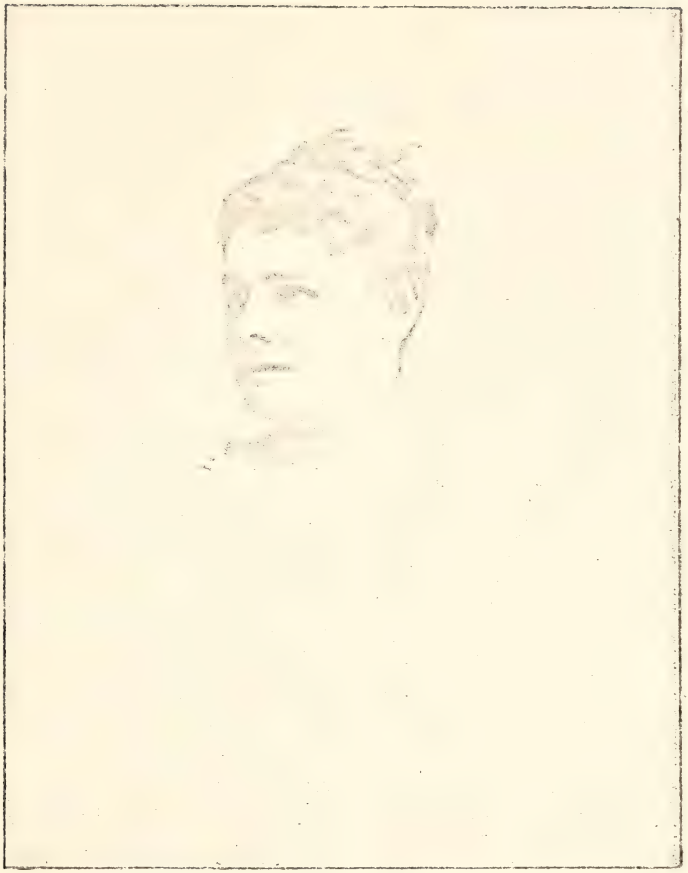
Mrs. Schenley, the generous donor of the old Block House (all that remains of Fort Pitt) to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County, enters the Society by two lines.

Her grandfather on her father's side was Major William Croghan, who served in the Fourth Regiment of the Virginia Line. Her maternal grandfather was General James O'Hara, who entered the Army as a private, was afterwards captain in the Ninth Virginia, and was subsequently transferred to the quartermaster's department. During the Indian wars which followed the Revolution he was Quartermaster-General.

She is the grandniece of General George Rogers Clarke, who conquered for our country the territory now occupied by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and of General William Clarke, who, with Captain Lewis, was appointed by Jefferson to explore the great West from the Mississippi to the Columbia. She is the niece of Colonel George Croghan so distinguished in the war of 1812.

Mrs. Schenley was born in Louisville, Kentucky, but on the death of her mother, while she was but an infant, was brought to Pittsburg and placed under the care of her grandmother, Mrs. O'Hara. She married, while still in her teens, Captain E. W. H. Schenley, of the British army, and her home has been in England ever since. She inherited a large landed

MRS. MARY E. CROGHAN SCHENLEY.



MRS. MATTOON M. CURTIS.

estate in and around Pittsburg from her grandfather, General James O'Hara. The Block House is a part of this inheritance, and that, with a plot of surrounding ground, she has given to the Daughters of the American Revolution—a gift valued at about fifty thousand dollars.

MRS. MATTOON MONROE CURTIS.

THE present sketch is concerned with my family in Revolutionary times. While giving proper attention to published records the opportunity is taken to weave in a few incidents which have escaped the attention of the historian and the biographer. The writer is enabled to do this not only from unpublished documents in possession of the family, but also from a long intimacy with her grandmother, who was a living link with a world that has now passed away. Her memory retained the vivid impressions incident upon the execution of Marie Antoinette. She readily recalled the sad pageantry of Washington's funeral. Kosciusko had taught her string tricks, and Mrs. Greene had fed the General's old charger with sugar for her amusement. Her childhood was passed in the homes of her father, Colonel Few, and her grandfather, Commodore Nicholson, which were the politico-social centers of New York. Mrs. Few sometimes complained that she was expected to entertain everybody who came to the city.

James Nicholson,* my great-great-grandfather, born in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1734, was of Scottish ancestry. His father, who came from Berwick-upon-Tweed, was given a grant in Virginia known as Nicholson's Manor, near what is now known as Nicholson's Gap of the Blue Ridge, and for many years he held important positions of trust in the Government. James was educated in England, chose the sea as a profession, and was at the capture of Havana in 1762. On March 1, 1763, he married Frances (born 1744, died August 14, 1832), the daughter of Thomas Wilter, a retired merchant of Bermuda,

* Cooper's Naval History, Vol. I; Adams's Life of Albert Gallatin; Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.

then residing in New York. In 1775 Congress* appointed Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, Commander-in-Chief of its Navy. Early in 1776 Captain Nicholson distinguished himself with the "Defense" by recapturing several vessels that had been taken by the British, and in June of the same year was placed in command of the "Virginia," of twenty-eight guns. When on October 10, 1776, Congress fixed the rank of captains in the Navy, James Nicholson was first in a list of twenty-four.† In January, 1777, he succeeded Commodore Esek Hopkins as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and until its dissolution retained that position. It was in this capacity that at the first inauguration Commodore Nicholson commanded the barge which conveyed Washington from Elizabethtown Point to New York.‡ In the "Trumbull," of twenty-eight guns, Commodore Nicholson fought two of the most stubborn and sanguinary battles of the war—the one with the "Wyatt," of thirty-six guns; the other with the "Iris," of thirty-two guns and the "General Monk," of eighteen guns. In this last engagement the "Trumbull" was captured only after being nearly cut to pieces and without a mast standing. Commodore Nicholson was taken prisoner and was not exchanged till near the close of the war, when he took up his residence in New York. §

"The Nicholson family is closely identified with the naval history of our country. Since 1755 eighteen of the name and family have been in the service, three of whom actually wore broad pennants and a fourth died just as he was appointed to one." From the close of the war till his death, in 1804, Commodore Nicholson gave his attention to the political problems of the day. His house was the social salon of leading Republicans, among whom were Thomas Paine and Aaron Burr, the Livingstons and the Clintons.

Of his four daughters, Hannah married Albert Gallatin, Frances married Joshua Seney, Member of Congress for Maryland; Maria, an intimate friend of Nellie Custis, from whom she received a cup and saucer from a set of china presented to

* Jour. of Cong., I, p. 213.

† United Service, XII, Am. Archives, II, p. 394.

‡ History of Centennial, p. 28.

§ Cooper's Naval History, Vol. I.

Washington by Count de Austine, and a piece of Mrs. Washington's wedding dress, both of which are in the possession of my father, married John Montgomery, Member of Congress for Maryland and Mayor of Baltimore; Catherine, the second daughter, born in 1768, married Colonel Few, the first Senator from Georgia. On this occasion Thomas Paine wrote from London a long letter of congratulation. The original is held by my father, but a copy of it is to be found in Conway's life of Thomas Paine.* Permit me here to say a word about Paine's relation to my family. Conway † says, "Gallatin remained his friend, but the Fews and Nicholsons ignored the author they once idolized." It is true that when Paine went abroad in 1787 he was the literary idol of New York, and it is also true that when he returned in 1802 he found himself socially ostracised by his own conduct. In regard to the deathbed of Paine, concerning which so much has been said, the truth appears to be this: Paine expressed a wish to see Mrs. Few, who, being reluctant to go, was urged by her family to answer this dying request. Colonel and Mrs. Few visited Paine, and when Mrs. Few spoke some words of Christian hope to the dying man he only turned his face to the wall and kept silence. These accounts of Paine have been told me many times by my grandmother, who at Paine's death was nearly twenty years of age.

William Few,‡ to whom we have already referred, was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, June 8, 1748, and died at the residence of his son-in-law, Albert Chrystie, at Fishkill, New York, July 16, 1828. He was descended from William Few, who, in 1682, came to this country with William Penn. In 1758 the family settled in Orange County, North Carolina. Here William read and reread the Bible, Tillotson's Sermons, and Barclay's Apology, thus informing his mind with those essential, yet broad, tolerant views of religion which ever after characterized his life and utterances. In the summer of 1776 William took up his residence in Augusta, Georgia, and was at once chosen member of the State Constitutional Convention, and

* Vol. I, pp. 246-251. † Vol. II, p. 415.

‡ The Magazine of American History, Vol. VII, pp. 340-358; White's Historical Collections of Georgia; History of Centennial of Washington's Inauguration.

a little later was unanimously elected member of the Assembly. He was foremost in stimulating the spirit of independence, and when the storm came he was at the front in carrying the sword and in furnishing equipment and sustenance to his countrymen. He won his rank of colonel on the field. His brother, Colonel Ignatius Few, commanded the militia of Richmond County, Georgia. But long before this another brother, James Few, had shed the first blood in the cause of American Freedom. He commanded a little army, called the Regulators, which opposed British rule, and set out, foolishly perhaps, to free the land from British tyranny. On May 16, 1771, he was defeated by the army of Governor Tryon. Few was captured, hanged without trial, and his property confiscated. Such is the fate of patriots who see and anticipate the issues of events. The time was not ripe, but this crime fanned the fire that was soon to burst upon British oppression.

Colonel William Few was remarkably active throughout the war, guiding the affairs of Georgia and representing her in Congress. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1780 to 1782 and from 1785 to 1788. He was a member of the Federal Convention that framed the Constitution in 1787, and was one of the signers of the Constitution. When Congress opened on the 4th of March, 1789, the only Southern State represented in the Senate was Georgia in the person of Colonel Few, who had been elected first Senator in the previous year. In this office he served till the 2d of March, 1793. From 1794 to 1797 he was judge of the Circuit Court of Georgia, and also a member of the Convention that framed the State Constitution. On July 8, 1788, he married Catherine (born August 7, 1764, died August 7, 1854), second daughter of Commodore Nicholson. Life in the South was not wholly congenial either to himself or his family. This led him, in July, 1799, to remove from "the accumulating evils of fevers and negro slavery, those enemies to human felicity," as he named them. Here he served in the State Legislature from 1802 to 1805; was Inspector of State Prisons from 1802 to 1812; was United States Commissioner of Loans from 1804 to 1816, when the office was transferred to the Branch Bank of the United States, and from 1814 to 1816 was President of the City Bank. Throughout his entire

official life, as soldier, lawyer, judge, Senator, trustee, commissioner, and financier, Colonel Few was honored for his high ability and strict integrity. His effectual labors to save Georgia from the Yazoo frauds; his opposition to the Ohio colonization and Scioto schemes, whereby Congress disposed of five millions of acres for about eight cents per acre; his resignation of the presidency of the City Bank when after many efforts he saw that he could not check "the cupidity and partiality of the directors," and his reforms in prison management are, when considered in detail, proof of his fearless integrity of character. Colonel Few had three daughters—Frances, Mary, and Matilda. Frances, the eldest, was born April 20, 1789, and married Albert Chrystie, son of Major James Chrystie, of the Continental Army.

James Chrystie,* the son of John Chrystie and Janet Clarkson, was born at Hale's Quarry, near Edinburgh, Scotland, January 13, 1750, and died in New York, where he was buried with military honors in June, 1807. After completing his studies he came to Philadelphia early in 1775, and enlisted in the Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Line, under his friend, Colonel Thomas Craig. As a lieutenant in that regiment he "joined the detachment of Pennsylvanians and Virginians who, under Daniel Morgan, followed Arnold in his wintry expedition from Cambridge up the Kennebec River to join in General Montgomery's attack on Quebec. On that memorable night of December 31, 1775, he climbed with Arnold, Morgan, and Lamb the frozen ramparts of the city only to learn that Montgomery had but a moment before met gloriously a soldier's death. He took part in the movements of our troops at Isle aux Noix, the Sorel, and St. John, and won his captaincy at Ticonderoga. Under Wayne's eye he fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He was also with Wayne in the dark and bloody night of Paoli, and with him passed through the winter that tried men's souls at Valley Forge." A family pleasantry of that

*See Institution of the Society of the Cincinnati of New York State, pp. 171–175; The Story of Stony Point, New York Times, July 12, 1879; Memoirs of Mrs. Bethune, Lossing's Field Book of the American Revolution; History of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration.

dismal period is that Captain Chrystie's company turned out to see a blanket that his wife had sent him from New York. Captain Chrystie held, in a special sense, the confidence of Washington. Four days after Stony Point had fallen into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, Captain Chrystie received the following order:

"THURSDAY EVENING, *June* 4, 1779.

"SIR: General St. Clair orders me to inform you that his Excellency General Washington has occasion for you immediately. You will therefore report yourself at headquarters, and on your way call at General St. Clair's.

"I am your obedient—

"ISAAC BUTLER, *Aid.*"

On the same evening Captain Chrystie received from Washington the following credentials in Hamilton's handwriting and with Washington's signature:

"Captain Chrystie is sent by me to give information and make inquiries. The fullest confidence is to be reposed in him.

"G. WASHINGTON."

And another, written and signed by Hamilton, reads:

"Captain Chrystie, dispatched by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief on very important business, is hereby authorized to impress horses by the way.

"By his Excellency's command:

"ALEX. HAMILTON,
"*Aid-de-Camp.*"

It is difficult to say just how much Captain Chrystie had to do with perfecting the plan for the recapture of Stony Point, but we know it was considerable, and we also know that on the night of July 15, 1779, he shared with the gallant Wayne and Richard Butler the glory of retaking Stony Point. Again, in 1780, on the discovery of Arnold's treason, Washington sent Captain Chrystie to ascertain the state of the garrison at West Point and the neighboring posts. After Washington had finished his verbal orders Captain Chrystie asked, "Has your Excellency any further orders?" "Yes," replied the General, "one, and that a very serious one. Captain Chrystie, on this occasion you are not to let me hear of your being taken pris-

oner. Do you understand me?" "Perfectly well; you shall not hear of that event," was the answer. This mission was accomplished not only to the satisfaction of Washington, but so speedily as to elicit his surprise. In 1781 Major Chrystie married Mary, the daughter of John Albert Weygand, a learned Lutheran clergyman of New York. From this marriage there were four children, Thomas, James, John, and Albert. Of these, Thomas and John distinguished themselves in the war of 1812. Thomas rose to the rank of Major and Assistant Adjutant General, and was honorably discharged June 15, 1815. John rose to the rank of full Colonel and Inspector General, and died July 22, 1813, at the early age of twenty-five years. Albert, the youngest, married Frances, the daughter of Colonel William Few. These are my paternal grandparents.

ANCESTRY OF FAITH TRUMBULL.

FEELING sure that your magazine would not knowingly print a historical untruth, I take it upon myself to correct an error in the account of Faith (Robinson) Trumbull. As a rule, whenever you meet a Rogers (who is not a genealogist) you will find him firmly possessed of the belief that he is descended from the martyr John Rogers, and from one of the "nine small children," etc.; all Hayneses from Governor Haynes, and particularly all Robinsons from the Leyden pastor, John Robinson. This tradition appears in print over and over again. A descendant of Faith (Robinson) Trumbull, Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., some years back, made extensive researches in Leyden and elsewhere, and proved his first Robinson ancestor was not descended from the Leyden pastor.

Rev. John Robinson had one son only who came to this country. His name was Isaac, and he settled on Cape Cod, and his descendants are known. Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury, father of Faith, was a fine man, and descended from the Dorchester Robinsons. An account of them can be found in Paige's History of Cambridge. This family is remarkable for

its number of prominent and talented descendants. In the New England History and General Register this subject has come up at different times, and my assertion can be easily verified. I quote Rev. Edward Robinson: "After investigating carefully the whole subject he came to the conclusion that the idea of such descent was 'not only unsupported by any historical evidence,' but was 'also disproved by direct and sufficient testimony.' However much I might rejoice," he says, "in a rightful claim to an ancestor so honorable, I nevertheless am loath to seek it at the expense of historical truth."*

Their pride in their Leyden ancestor has made them ignore their equally fine lines in another direction. Faith (Robinson) Trumbull was daughter of Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury,† and Hannah Wiswall, daughter of his predecessor, Rev. Ichabod Wiswall. Let me give you an extract from this history, which is out of print and rare:

Rev. John Robinson, born at Dorchester, April 17, 1675; son of James and Mary (Alcock) Robinson; Harvard College, 1695; settled as pastor at Duxbury, 1702; married Hannah Wiswall. She and her oldest daughter, Mary, born 1706, died in a storm off Nantasket Beach September 22, 1722. He died at the home of his daughter Faith in Lebanon, Connecticut, November 14, 1745. Mr. Robinson was called to mourn the death of his wife and his oldest child, Mary, and her sad end was no less an affliction to her bereaved husband than a great loss to an affectionate circle of friends and relatives. Having determined on a visit to Boston, she had taken passage on a coaster, together with her daughter and Mr. Fish, a young gentleman of Duxbury, and were all drowned by the upsetting of the vessel in a sudden tempest off Nantasket Beach September 22. She was in her forty-second year and the daughter in her seventeenth, and Mr. Fish was a member of Harvard College. The remains of the daughter were recovered and interred at Duxbury, where a stone was erected with a suitable inscription. Those of the mother were found six weeks later by the natives at Race Point, Cape Cod, and identified by papers preserved in her stays and a golden necklace, which the swelling of the neck had concealed, and which is now in the possession of her descendants. A gold ring which she wore was probably plundered by the natives, who had cut off her swelled finger to obtain it. She was buried at the Cape, where a monument marks her grave, with an inscription by her husband, closing with this quotation from the Psalms: "Thus he bringeth

* N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg., Vol. XIII, p. 175.

† See Justin Windsor's History of Duxbury.

them to their desired haven." The following elegy, by Mr. Pitcher, was addressed to her husband:

"One of the Gowned tribe and Family,
Of bright descent and Worthy Pedigree,
A charming daughter in our Israel;
In virtuous acts and Deeds seen to excel;
As Mother, Mistress, Neighbor, Wife most rare—
Should I exceed to say beyond compare?
Call her the Phœnix, yet you cannot lye,
Whether it be in prose or poetry.
For Meekness, Piety, and Patience,
Rare Modesty, Unwearied Diligence;
For Gracious Temper, Prudent Conduct, too,
How few of the fair sex could her outdo!"

Hannah (Wiswall) Robinson was the daughter of Rev. Ichabod Wiswall and Priscilla (Pabodie) Wiswall. Priscilla Pabodie was born in Duxbury January 15, 1653, died June 3, 1724: daughter of William Pabodie and Elizabeth (Alden) Pabodie. William Pabodie was a man of fine standing and education. He and his wife are buried in Little Compton, Rhode Island. Our interest, however, is particularly in Elizabeth Alden, "the first white woman born in New England," born in 1623, and daughter of Hon. John Alden and Priscilla Moullines or Mullines. We have a very delightful story of Elizabeth in "Betty Alden," by the late Jane G. Austin, and have read of John Alden's courtship, as Longfellow gives it, but in this last we must correct several mistakes. John and Priscilla were married *before* August, 1623, probably 1622, the second marriage probably in the Colony. There were no cattle then for Priscilla to ride on, and she made her home at first in Plymouth, not Duxbury.

Mayflower John was a scholar, a man of ability, and in his long life he acted well his part. He was assistant governor many years. Certainly it is as much of an honor to be descended from him as from the "beloved pastor," John Robinson. I quote from "History of a Pilgrim Family." "He was the youngest signer of the immortal compact." "His life embraced a wonderful history"—eventful, thrilling, grand, sublime. His death completed an example worthy of imitation—

a grand life, a triumphant death. An elegy, written by John Cotton, commencing—

> God give me grace to mourn most heartily
> For death of this dear servant of the Lord

voices the sentiments of his compeers.

Whether Priscilla outlived her husband is not known. In 1680, at the funeral of Josiah Winslow, was present "the venerable John Alden, with Priscilla on his arm."

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN.

EUNICE DENNIE BURR.

MRS. BURR was the daughter of James Dennie, Esq., of Fairfield, and Eunice (Sturges) Dennie. Mrs. Dennie was the daughter of Jonathan Sturges, Esq., of Fairfield. James Dennie was the son of Albert Dennie and Elizabeth (Wakeman) Dennie. She was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Wakeman, the second pastor of the First Church of Christ in Fairfield. Eunice Dennie was married to Thaddeus Burr, Esq., of Fairfield, on the 22d of March, 1759, by the Rev. Noah Hobart, then pastor of the First Church. Thaddeus Burr was the son of Thaddeus Burr and Abigail (Sturges) Burr. She was the daughter of Jonathan Sturges, Esq., of Fairfield. He was the son of Judge Peter Burr, also of Fairfield. Mrs. Burr was noted for her beauty and rare excellence and dignity of character. Her home was the mansion of hospitality. The friends of her husband and herself were entertained in the most bountiful manner. Among their guests were General Lafayette, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, the Messrs. Otis, Quincy, Watson, Governor Tryon (the English general), Dr. Dwight, the poet; Joel Barlow, and many others of note. General Washington, on his journeys to and from Boston, was their guest. The noted painters Trumbull and Copley were entertained by them. They were intimate friends of Governor John Hancock, of Boston. This friendship, formed early in life with that family, continued until their death, Governor Hancock's family visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burr in the summer in

Fairfield, and they in return spending part of the winter at their hospitable mansion in Boston. While the British troops occupied Boston Mrs. Thomas Hancock, an aunt of Governor Hancock, and Miss Dorothy Quincy, a daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston, made it their home with Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in Fairfield. She was the belle of Boston and engaged to marry Governor John Hancock. He was President of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1775. On his return from presiding over that Congress he spent a few days with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in Fairfield, and his marriage was then consummated. The notice of this marriage in the newspapers of the day was: "September 28, 1775. Married, at the residence of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., by the Rev. Andrew Eliot, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., President of the Continental Congress, to Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston."

When Fairfield was menaced with an attack from the British in 1779 Mrs. Burr remained in her house with the hope that as a former acquaintance of General Tryon he would protect her house, with its rich store of paintings and other valuable furniture, from pillage and burning. This request was refused, and her house, filled with everything that could contribute to comfort and elegance of living, was laid in ashes. A few weeks after the burning of their house Governor Hancock paid them a visit. He remarked to Mr. Burr that he must rebuild at once, and offered to furnish the glass needed, provided he would build a house like his own in Boston. Mr. Burr accepted this offer and rebuilt his house the exact counterpart of Governor Hancock in Boston. The site of this mansion is now occupied by William R. Jones, Esq.

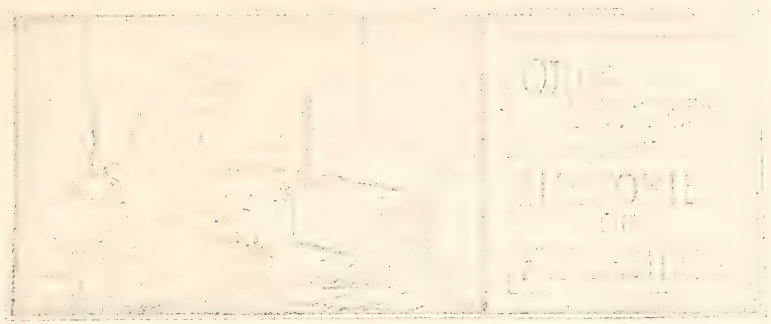
Mr. Burr was chosen to many offices of trust and honor, but in no part of his life was he more conspicuous than during the War of the Revolution. He was a counselor and director as one of the governors of the Council of Fifty. The first dispatch from the battle of Lexington was received and indorsed as one of the town committee. At the date of the burning of the town of Fairfield he was high sheriff of the county of Fairfield. In January, 1788, Mr. Burr was appointed a delegate from Fairfield to the State convention at Hartford, called to

ratify the new Constitution of the United States, and steadily voted to adopt that instrument.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr also gave to the first Society of Fairfield, of which they were members, a lot of six acres, which Mrs. Burr inherited from her father, James Dennie, Esq. It was sold in 1854, and the sum received from the sale of this land is now a fund for the Society. Mr. and Mrs. Burr had no children of their own, but were guardians to a number of orphans, to whom they gave the affection of parents.

Mr. Thaddeus Burr died February 19, 1801, aged sixty-five years. Mrs. Eunice (Dennie) Burr died August 14, 1805, in her seventy-sixth year.

HANNAH HOBART,
Historian Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter.



LETTERS OF MARY PALMER.

The following letters were written by Mary, daughter of Gershom and Abigail Palmer, of Stonington, Connecticut, who was born in May, 1710, and died December 2, 1810. Gershom Palmer is believed to have been the son of Gershom, Sr., and Ann (Denison) Palmer. The former was the son of Walter Palmer, who settled in Stonington in 1653, and was the father of the numerous Palmer race. Ann Denison was a daughter of Captain George Denison, the famous Indian fighter, and a niece of Major-General Daniel Denison, who married Patience Dudley.

But little is known of the early life of Mary Palmer except that she from the first gave evidence of that strong religious feeling which was the keynote of her whole life, and to which she devoted all the intensity of her nature, inherited from her worthy ancestors.

One anecdote has come to us. When she was four years old her parents were one day much interested in the preparation of a basket for the minister, the contents to be contributed by the congregation. One article in particular was under discussion, and the mother, in answer to her husband's opposition toward its going, urged its sending, and said, "We mustn't starve the Gospel, father." The child standing near looked up and said, "You can't starve the Gospel, mother. It's the power of God unto salvation for all who truly turn to him and believe."

When she was nineteen she was married to William Moore, a young physician who had come to Stonington from Antrim, Ireland, and who was a talented, well educated man. He belonged to a stanch North of Ireland Presbyterian family that

was founded in 1066 by Thomas de Moore. From him descend also the Earls of Mount Cashel and Drogheda Moore.

Dr. Moore and his wife "owned the Covenant" in the old church at Stonington May 30, 1730, but about ten years later joined the Society of Friends. How and why will be best told by Mrs. Moore in her own words a little later.

Between 1745 and 1750 they moved from Stonington to Dutchess County, New York, where they led the life of pioneers. There were no roads, simply trails marked by blazed trees, and until his death, in 1753, by being thrown from his horse, Dr. Moore was not only the physician but the lawyer for the settlers. A number of years after his death his widow married a Quaker named Bartholomew Griffin, but they had no children. She was a preacher in the Society of Friends for seventy years and, as we are told, was most eloquent. Her zeal was untiring. At the age of eighty-two she was sent as a delegate to visit the Vermont meetings, and she made the entire journey, even to crossing the Green Mountains, on horseback. How many "Daughters" of the present day could do the same, I wonder. She died at the age of one hundred years and seven months and retained her faculties to the last. Indeed, I have been told that she had second sight and could do fine needle-work and embroidery as well as a young girl.

These letters and bits of her writing have been preserved:

"I do certainly know from a degree of experience that the Holy Spirit is moving on the minds of children in early life, reproving for evil, and justifying for well doing. I often in such youthful seasons, retired alone and secretly desired that if I was spared to arrive at womanhood the Lord would enable me to become a good woman. But from not yielding to the manifestations of Truth my mind was led into many vanities incident to youth, for which I was often reproved. On one occasion I was met with in a very unexpected manner, as follows:—Being engaged on the floor in a dance, I was solemnly impressed with the sad effects of misspent time, and immediately retired and took my seat. The company appeared surprised and inquired the cause! I honestly told them I could not take another step in that way, and accordingly did not.

"I was unacquainted with the Society of Friends until led to

attend one of their meetings appointed for a minister who was travelling through the country in Truth's service. When informed of this meeting I felt a desire to attend it. But my husband being from home, and not having any attendant to whom I could commit the care of my children during my absence, I did not know at first how to accomplish it, but finally concluded to get them to sleep and then leave them to the care of a kind Providence, saying secretly 'I have faith to believe they will be protected until my return.'

"This meeting was held some four miles distant and on my way I was obliged to cross a stream which had risen so high that it covered a small bridge over which I was expecting to pass. Being on foot this seemed an obstacle not easily surmounted, nevertheless believing it to be my duty to go I did not give up my intention but waded through the strong current of the stream without receiving any material injury. During the meeting my Heavenly Father was pleased to visit me in a wonderful manner! May I never forget His gracious dealings. The following passage of Scripture presenting I believed it right to express it: 'Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.' After the meeting was over I returned home rejoicing that I had gone."

She once told her daughter, with much amusement, that upon another occasion she was "moved" to speak against the vanities of dress. After concluding her remarks, she glanced down and discovered to her consternation that she wore a red broadcloth cloak, trimmed with fur!

"My husband having also become convinced of the Truth, we entered into a solemn Covenant with Almighty God to dedicate ourselves body, soul, and spirit unto Him, promising through His grace to serve Him in newness of life and depending always on a measure of his spirit to abilitate us to do his will, fully believing His mercy and love will be extended."

"THE COVENANT.

"WILLIAM AND MARY MOORE'S COVENANT WITH GOD."

"Be it forever recorded in Heaven that we, William and Mary Moore, do with great concern of mind, yet with alacrity of soul, devote and

dedicate, yea we do absolutely and actually, give and deliver our wives selves, souls and bodies, unto the Almighty God, Jehovah, and humbly through his grace do covenant and promise to serve Him in nearness of life, and that we will keep so nigh to his light as possibly we can in all interests and purposes of soul, every minute, hour, week, month, year and years, of our mortal existence. Always depending on a measure of Thy strength O, God! to assist and abilitate us, now firmly believing,—and that from Thy word internal and external,—that Thou, Father of Mercy and Love doth accept and receive us, we hereunto set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of the third month and in the year since Jesus Christ came in the flesh 1740.

"In presence of the Infinite Three that bears record in Heaven } WILLIAM MOORE (L. S.) } MARY MOORE (L. S.)"

Upon the back of the paper on which the Covenant was written was in Mrs. Moore's handwriting the following:

"Nine Partners, 3rd Mo. 1st 1782. This was written almost in the first of our convincement; and as it was signed I believe in the simplicity of our hearts, I thought best to leave it behind me; hoping that where we failed in performing it, Mercy will be extended to us.—MARY MOORE."

"1744.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"I thought I should not be clear in the discharge of my duty, unless in this way heartily desiring thy preservation and further growth in the Truth. It was on my mind when with thee to have spoken a few words by way of advice to thee, to keep near the direction and guidance of the Holy Spirit. And may thou be preserved from running into words hastily; but rather wait low to hear the voice of the true shepherd of Israel. His sheep know his voice and they follow him; but a stranger they will not follow. As the Lord has been pleased in a good degree to make known his will to thee, be careful to do it in all things. Mayest thou minister from that ability which *God only gives*. Mayest thou rise in the spring of life, and when it withdraws sit down. And mayest thou, with my soul be preserved in an humble, bowed frame of mind, clear from a lofty and haughty spirit, is the fervent desire of thy friend,

"MARY MOORE."

From a letter to a friend, after her husband's death, in 1753:

"Although the Lord has seen meet to try me in the very sudden death of my dear husband, He has not left me comfort-

less, but has been near to sustain; and has given me the assurance that the change is a happy one; so that I can truly say my soul has been brought into subjection to the great Disposer of events, believing He wounds to heal and kills to make alive. May I ever trust in Him; for He remains to be a Father to the fatherless and the widow's judge."

"PROVIDENCE, *13th of 1st Mo.*, 1761.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"We are now confined at Governor Hopkins'* by reason of the severity of the weather, and the danger of crossing the ferries. The governor is exceedingly kind. We are in health. And now dear children I may say from my own experience 'It is the willing and obedient that shall eat the good of the land.' Therefore is my heart bowed on your account that ye may yield obedience to the inward appearance of Light and Truth in your own hearts. And while I consider your circumstances, I yet crave it of you not to neglect the one thing needful even inward peace obtained by obedience. Oh, dear children! let not the world nor the cares thereof choke the seed that is sown in your hearts. If I should never see you more, may the God of peace preserve you in peace with Him, and one with another.

"So desireth your loving Mother—

"MARY MOORE."

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—

"These lines come to inform you we are all in a measure of health at present, through Infinite Goodness, and hoping this will find you enjoying the same blessing. I have often had it in my mind to write to you and more especially since I have been exercised with the loss of my dear son Allen, who was taken from us in an awfully sudden and surprising manner.

"It was thus:—In the second month we had exceedingly hard frost for some weeks, followed by rain and a sudden thaw. This caused such a freshet as never had been before in these parts; in which time my poor child, in striving to save his mill, was carried off by the force of the water and cakes of ice, to the great surprise of his wife and child. His body was found next day, and was no way disfigured, nor were any bones

*Stephen Hopkins, the "signer."

broken. His countenance looked like one in a sleep. Dear brother and sister, may the uncertainty of time, and thoughts of eternity, be as motives to engage our minds to suitable thoughtfulness to prepare for our great and last change: seeing there is no durable city here, let us seek one to come, eternal in the heavens.

"Thus desireth and prayeth your affectionate sister,

"MARY GRIFFIN."

Thus ends the record of a good woman who died many years ago, but whose Christian life and character and deeds of charity and love will always live to hold an honored place in the thoughts and heart of her great-great-great-granddaughter,

HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS.

CHRISTMAS ON THE MAYFLOWER.*

AT THE Foremothers' Dinner in New York, December 22, 1893, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said:

"Historians take so little note of the doings of women and children that I presume not one of my audience ever heard of Christmas on the Mayflower, and yet the unwritten history of individuals and nations is always most interesting. I am indebted for my facts to Elizabeth Tudor Brewster, named after the Queen. She was a favorite niece of Elder William Brewster, who went to Holland with the Pilgrims and lived there several years. My husband's mother was a Brewster, and into her hands came many of the private family letters, dim and yellow with time, and among others this account of Christmas.

"While yet at sea the mothers began to discuss the probabilities of reaching land by December 25 and of having some little celebration for the children, as they had half a dozen on board of the right age to enjoy some holiday performances. The foremothers who came from Holland had imbibed the Dutch love for festive occasions, and were more liberal in their views than the rigid Puritans, direct from England, who objected to

* Mrs. Stanton says in a private letter that this account is drawn partly from her imagination and partly from Elizabeth Tudor Brewster's memoranda.

all such fictions as St. Nicholas; but Elder Brewster, then seventy-nine years old and loving children tenderly, gave his vote for the celebration. Accordingly, as they sailed up the beautiful harbor of Plymouth, the mothers were busy in their preparations for the glad day. Knowing the fondness of Indians for beads, they had brought a large box of all sizes and colors, which they were stringing for the little Indians, as they intended to invite a few of them to come on board the ship. The mothers had also brought a barrelful of ivy, holly, laurel, and immortelles to decorate their log cabins. Of these they made wreaths to ornament the children and the saloon.

"As soon as the Mayflower cast anchor, Elder Brewster and his interpreter, and as many of the fathers and mothers as the little boats would hold, went ashore to make arrangements about their cabins, to visit the squaws, and invite the children. The interpreter explained to them the significance of Christmas, the custom of exchanging gifts, etc., and they readily accepted the invitation. Massasoit was sachem of the Wampanoags and chief at this point. His dominion extended from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay. The yellow fever had swept his tribe, once estimated at thirty thousand, down to three hundred, now scattered all along the southern coast of Massachusetts.

"When the Pilgrims landed there were only a few huts at that point; but that noble chief, Massasoit, was there, fortunately for our little colony, consisting only of one hundred and two all told—men, women, and children. Massasoit was a splendid specimen of manhood—honest, benevolent, and loved peace. When Christmas dawned, bright and beautiful, he came on board with two squaws and six little boys and girls, all in their ornaments, paint, and feathers—the children in bright scarlet blankets and caps made of white rabbitskins, the little ears standing up on their foreheads and squirrel tails hanging down their backs. Each one carried a small basket containing beech and hickory nuts and wintergreen berries, which they presented gracefully to the English children standing in a line ready to receive them. The interpreter had taught them to say, 'Happy to see you,' 'Welcome,' and 'Farewell' in the Indian tongue. So they shook hands and received the natives graciously, presenting them in turn with little tin pails filled with fried cakes, almonds, and raisins, some bright English pennies, a horn, and

a drum. The mothers tied strings of beads round their necks wrists, and ankles, with which they were greatly pleased.

"They went all over the ship, and asked many questions about all they saw. When Massasoit proposed to go, the mothers urged him to stay to dinner, but he declined, saying that they did not understand English customs in eating, and that the children would not know how to use knives, forks, and spoons. Moreover, he said, they never ate except when they were hungry, and the sun was still too high for that.

"The exchanging of presents was a very pretty ceremony, and when they were ready to depart the good Elder placed his hands on each little head, giving a short prayer and his blessing. Massasoit knelt and asked the Elder to give him one also. While all this was transpiring, the squaws slipped round and asked the foremothers to give them some beads, which they readily did, and placed wreaths of ivy on their heads. As they paddled away in their little canoes the horns and drums sounded quite martial over the water.

"Then the mothers decorated their tables and spread out a grand Christmas dinner. Among other things, they had brought a box of plum puddings. It is an English custom to make a large number of plum puddings at Christmas time and shut them up tight in small tin pails and hang them on hooks on the kitchen wall, where they keep for months. You see them in English kitchens to this day. So, with their plum puddings, gooseberry tarts, brussel sprouts, salt fish, and bacon, the Pilgrims had quite a sumptuous dinner. Then they sang "God Save the King," and went on deck to watch the sun go down and the moon rise in all her glory. The children took their little baskets to their berths, the last objects of interest on which their eyes rested as they fell asleep.

"This friendly reception, planned by the foremothers, made Massasoit and his tribe steadfast friends of the little colony. Two of his little sons, that he brought with him to the Mayflower on Christmas, years after came to the court at Plymouth to have their names changed to English. They chose Alexander and Philip, and were called so ever after. When Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, some years later, were banished from Massachusetts, Massasoit harbored them on their way to Rhode Island."

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

This issue of the Magazine closes the sixth number of Volume V. To our contributors, who have so generously complied with the wishes of the Board in supplying material to fill the pages of the Magazine, we wish to give thanks. We have had many choice bits of unwritten history to enrich our pages, and to them are we indebted. We would call attention to the high standard of patriotism that has brought to us from the pens of the "Daughters" of the fair Southland eulogiums upon the bravery, the self-sacrifice, the noble deeds of the patriots of the North, and from the pens of the "Daughters" from the Northland the pictures of memory and of history which recall the patriotism and high standard of citizenship of the noble men and women of the South that helped in holding for us so glorious a heritage as our Country! No stronger bond could there be to bind heart to heart and section to section. May the pages of this Magazine continue to be a beacon light, showing to the world that, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, the Daughters of the American Revolution are of one thought, one purpose, one hope—the uplifting of humanity through love of country.

With the ending of this volume also comes the end of the old year. In the retrospect let us review the lessons we have been taught and from them gain a better foothold in the paths we must tread. In bettering our own lives we uplift humanity and help on the day when races will sympathize one with another; when nations will be units of a perfected world; when men will be brothers, people will be friends, and mankind will draw from the fountain of love principles of charity.

THE June number, 1893, of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, in which appears the true story of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, can be purchased at Headquarters for ten cents per copy.

THE September number of the Magazine contains an article, "Gossip about Colonial Women," written by H. P. Goddard, of Baltimore. Through the mistake of the author not signing his own manuscript, the authorship was accidentally given to another party.

ALL persons requiring badge permits will please address Mrs. C. A. Mann, 1517 L Street northwest, Washington, D. C.

CHAPTERS.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER.—The annual meeting was held October 12, 1894, at Chatsworth, the beautiful suburban residence of Mrs. Jennie Ewing Speed. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mrs. Bell Clay Lyons, Regent; Mrs. Mary Lloyd Marshall Allin, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Edward Casey, registrar; Mrs. Fannie Helm Grinstead, treasurer; Mrs. Ella Hicks Johnson, secretary; Mrs. Harriet Bulkley Larrabee, historian, and Mrs. Myra Gray Bondurant, delegate to Washington. Although the day was dark and stormy and the rain descended in torrents, almost every member was present to enjoy the hospitality of our fair hostess and her accomplished daughters, and the cold and cheerless rain without was completely forgotten as the warm and cheerful light of the old-time yule log radiated from the old historic fireplace. Such a scene as lives only in memory of a past generation was before us, and the ladies chatted long and pleasantly over the simple repast until the deep and silver-toned monitor of time announced the lateness of the hour. The old chateau, with its antique furnishings, its low ceilings, banquet hall, and the mistletoed forest trees soughing in the night wind, rivaled the English fancy of a Dickens. The *Southern Magazine* gives the following description of Chatsworth, the old manor-house near Louisville where the Speeds have lived for two generations: "It stands deep set in fine forest trees on a little knoll, whose elevation gives it a commanding position. It is one of those fine old-fashioned places, simple in architecture and unpretentious, and yet solid, substantial, and home-like. The property, consisting of about five thousand acres, was given by the Government to a certain Dutchman for meritorious service during the Revolutionary War. After living here some time he sold it to Colonel Richard K. Taylor, of Virginia, who lived there with his family, one of whom was a boy, Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States. While the residence of the Taylors,

Chatsworth had linked with it another name famous in history. It seems that a gallant young soldier, one Lieutenant Davis came courting old Colonel Taylor's winsome daughter. For some reason unknown the bluff old Colonel opposed the match, and the young folks determined to elope. The young lady was assisted from the window by means of a ladder and was conducted to the cabin of a faithful old family servant, where a preacher was in waiting. There, amid such humble surroundings, the sister of a man soon to be President of the United States was married to Jefferson Davis, who was himself destined to be President of the Confederacy. This historic old cabin is still standing on the Speed place and is still in use."—HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE, *Historian*.

ROCKFORD CHAPTER.—Pursuant to a request from Mrs. Kerfoot, the State Regent, Mrs. Ralph Emerson called together the charter members of this Chapter to observe the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown October 19, 1781. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Emerson, Regent of the Chapter, October 19, 1894. In addition to the twelve charter members, there were present Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Spaulding, and Mrs. Mary Spaulding Brown, of Chicago; Mrs. Barden, of Dubuque, and Mrs. Marston, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, each of whom contributed much to the interest of the occasion. The meeting, being the first since the formation of the Chapter, was entirely informal. The notice was so short there had been little time for preparation, and in lieu of any formal paper on the surrender of Cornwallis Mrs. Emerson read the "articles of convention between General Burgoyne and Major General Gates" from a copy of the original which is in the possession of a member of her family. After the reading the ladies were invited to partake of a very dainty luncheon, after which the topic of the day was discussed and many interesting incidents related. Among others, Mrs. Haven gave an account of how the day was celebrated in her native town in Connecticut in an early day. Many of the inhabitants, gathering in an open field adjoining a forest and personating the opposing sides, engaged in sham battles and other patriotic sports, calling it "a Cornwallis." One member of the Chapter counts nine of her relatives as having been en

gaged in the battle of Bunker Hill; one member counts five, and others four, three, and two. The Chapter begins its career with much enthusiasm and promise of increasing patriotism and good fellowship.—CARRIE S. BRITT, *Secretary*.

ROGER SHERMAN CHAPTER (New Milford, Connecticut).—The historian is fain to preface her report with a plea for sympathy. Until recently her duties were undefined and vague. She has wandered through the year like a lost spirit, seeking a place and finding none. Should she make herself a walking cyclopedia of Revolutionary history and be ready to furnish at will all dates of that period or should she merely record our own quiet and peaceful doings in this year of peace eighteen hundred and ninety-three? In the midst of this trepidation and uncertainty the committee came to the rescue with the long-expected by-laws. It was decided for her that she record our own history and not that of our ancestors. After our gifted secretary has given the record of the year and the faithful keeper of the bag has followed and the registrar has given her testimony, the historian shall gather up the fragments that remain and offer them as a feast of fat things. Briefly, then, our history is a record of beginnings; but we remember that all great things have been once so and are not discouraged. From the pleasant meeting in May, when Mrs. Keim met a little band of pioneers, the twelve charter members who first sailed on the voyage of discovery, to the crowning feast of the year, the luncheon of April 19 last, when we did reverence to Roger Sherman and the heroes of Lexington, it has been a year of pleasant memories. Perhaps it will be best remembered as the beginning of delightful social gatherings on a larger and higher plane than the usual meetings for converse. When we grew nearer together in the bond of a common ancestry, men who fought and bled for our country and women who worked and prayed at home for it, we learned there was something more than the hurry of this nineteenth century, and that in looking back there was strength and help, as well as in looking forward. It is always the few who have courage to begin. After the twelve charter members had ventured forth and the craft was sailing well, others of us ventured to follow, and at Mrs. Mygatt's, later in May, there

were sixteen members. The officers were appointed and arrangements made for the year. The first social gathering was held at the pleasant home of Mrs. Boardman in July, a delightful occasion, with tea served on the broad piazzas. At this meeting we entertained a descendant of Roger Sherman, Miss Faxon, of Philadelphia, a niece of our Regent. There were no more meetings until October, when Mrs. Mygatt entertained the Chapter on a pleasant evening, when, in addition to much business, a sketch of Roger Sherman and some delightful sketches of old Colonial life were read. In November Miss Lizzie Noble, the registrar, invited the Chapter to her home, where we celebrated the evacuation of New York by the British. The December meeting was omitted, but a very pleasant meeting was held in January at Mrs. Boardman's, celebrating the ratification of the constitution of Connecticut. On February 22 we did reverence to the memory of Washington at the invitation of Mrs. Henry Treadwell, our secretary, a very delightful occasion, where we almost felt we had stepped into the home of Washington, so many interesting relics and portraits were enjoyed. The Chapter will long remember her delightful hospitality. Sketches of Washington were read, one especially being of note, "Personal Reminiscences" of him, by the late Judge Boardman, of New Milford, a remarkable paper, written in his ninety-first year. In March another meeting was held at the home of the Misses Noble. Mrs. Wildman, Regent of the Danbury Chapter, was with us, and gave a delightful account of the Congress in Washington, our own Regent having been unfortunately detained at home by illness. In April came the crowning joy of the year, the celebration of the battle of Lexington and Roger Sherman's birthday by the luncheon at Weantinaug Inn, when, as our Regent happily said, we had the one pleasure that remained to us—the company of the gentlemen. We had a glimpse into the delightful occasions we always envy the other sex, when they not only graced the feast by their presence, but cheered us with their stirring patriotic speeches. The rooms and the large square table, containing thirty covers, were beautifully decorated with flowers and the national colors, while from the walls portraits of famous Revolutionary men looked down upon us with approving eyes. We have passed the first year, but we will not call

it an ended year—only the first milestone passed on a journey we hope may continue many years.—CHARLOTTE B. BENNETT, *Historian*.

OTSEGO CHAPTER.—On Friday, July 6, 1894, the Otsego Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was formally organized at Cooperstown, New York, by the State Regent, Miss McAllister. Ten charter members were present on the occasion and three others. Miss McAllister made a brief but earnest address, enjoining upon the members the need of enthusiastic workers to make the Chapter a prosperous one. Luncheon was afterwards served to Miss McAllister and the members of the Chapter by the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Turner. The officers of the Chapter, previously elected at an informal meeting, are as follows: Mrs. Abbie C. Turner, Regent; Miss Grace Scott Bowen, secretary; Mrs. Clara Matteson Murdock, treasurer; Miss Emma Corey, registrar.

DOINGS OF THE ILLINOIS CHAPTERS.

MOLINE CHAPTER.—The Chapter Regent, Mrs. Mary Little Deere, being in Europe, the Vice-Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Jennie S. Gilmore, conducted the exercises in celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19. The occasion was exceedingly interesting to all present, and all members of the Chapter displayed the national flag upon their homes. Much interest and enthusiasm is shown in the work in Moline. A course of American history will be inaugurated early in the winter.

FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.—Many of the beautiful residences of Evanston, Illinois, were gay with the national colors on the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. In consequence of the absence of the Chapter Regent, Miss Cornelia Grey Lunt, the Fort Dearborn Chapter, of Evanston, held no formal celebration, its patriotic members marking the day by the display of the American flag. At the personal request of Mrs. Sarah D. Burt, the Vice-Regent of the Chapter, the public schools of Evanston decorated their school-rooms with the flag, and the teachers told their scholars the story of the surrender of Cornwallis.

In Freeport, Illinois, the Daughters of the American Revolution met at the house of the Regent, Miss Harriet J. Hawes, on the 19th of October, and spent the afternoon from 4 to 6 p. m. in commemorating the surrender of the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. A print of Washington and one of Howard Pyle's "Cornwallis's Surrender," with a collection of Revolutionary relics, were much admired. Interesting extracts were read from the ancestral records of persons present—one a descendant of Captain Dana, who fired the shot that killed Major Pitcairn; another descended from General Benjamin Lincoln, who received the sword of General O'Hara at Yorktown. Tea was served at 6 o'clock, and other records of gallant service closed the meeting.

Springfield Chapter.—At 3.30 p. m., on Friday, October 19, this Chapter, with its invited guests, met at the house of the Regent, Mrs. Charles Virgil Hickox, to observe with appropriate ceremonies the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the final triumph of the cause of American independence at Yorktown, Virginia, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Miss Daisy Yates read an eloquent paper and the Regent gave an interesting account of the work of the Chapter. The Chapter is making steady growth.

The State Regent of Illinois, Mrs. Samuel H. Kerfoot, gave a luncheon at her country house, in the Dells of the Wisconsin River, in celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, and of the Annapolis Tea Party, October 19, 1774, when the British brig "Peggy Stuart," with her cargo of tea, was burned in Annapolis harbor. The house was decorated with flowering and foliage plants, and with the national red, white, and blue gaily mingled with the orange and black of Maryland. Luncheon was served at 2 o'clock. Miniatures of Revolutionary patriots, Colonial currency, and other relics were gathered for the occasion. Papers were read upon "Cornwallis and His Defeat," "Robert Morris, the Great Financier of the Revolution, without whose aid Yorktown would have been impossible," and "The Annapolis Tea Party." The burning of a small brig, the "Peggy Stuart," flying the British flag and laden with combustibles masked in tea, fitly closed the programme.

NEW JERSEY.—A reception was tendered by the Daughters of the American Revolution of this State to the President of that Society, Mrs. General Stryker, in Davis's parlors, Newark, on Thursday. Several members from Montclair were present, and in the course of the afternoon they gave an account of their successful efforts to promote patriotism in the public schools of this place. The plan was received with much favor, and it will doubtless be adopted in other parts of the State. A pleasant feature of the reception was the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Stephen W. Carey.

CAMP MIDDLEBROOK CHAPTER.—The annual meeting of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Olendorf, Tuesday afternoon. The parlors were beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers, and a number of invited guests were present, including Mrs. M. H. Mather, registrar of Nova Cæsarea Chapter.

The exercises were opened by singing, Miss Porter accompanying on the piano. Mrs. Olendorf read her report as follows:

It gives me great pleasure to present to you the first annual report of the Regent of this Chapter.

On March 25, 1895, my appointment, by our State Regent, Mrs. W. W. Shippen, was confirmed by the National Board of Management. On April 4 I replied, accepting the appointment, pledging myself to faithfully discharge the duties and responsibilities of the office.

During the month of May I collected $2.25 and sent to the Columbian Liberty Bell Committee, each contribution being one cent. On June 20 I called a meeting of neighbors whom I knew were eligible to membership in the Society, but owing to the extreme heat of the afternoon only four responded—Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Dunham, and Mrs. McNabb. With these substantial supporters I knew that Camp Middlebrook Chapter would be a success.

From that date until we organized I made many calls, asking those whom I thought would to assist me in forming a Chapter. On October 11 we organized with fourteen members, twelve new ones, Mrs. La Monte being already a member of the Society-at-Large and I of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter. We organized just three years to the day after the organization of the National Society.

The first paper passed upon in this Chapter received for its national number 3,721. I find that the National Society at the present time numbers over 6,700, doubling itself in one year. From the organization of our Chapter until now I leave our secretary to report.

Before concluding I feel that I must express the appreciation and thanks of the members of this Chapter of the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Daily for the eloquent sermon he preached to us on July 1; also Mrs Thomae for her very interesting address, "New Jersey in the Revolution," and last, but not least, our firm friend and supporter, Mr. Mason. His kindness in publishing all our meetings, drives, etc., has no doubt greatly aided and increased the interest in the Chapter.

The officers and members of this Chapter I also wish to thank for their faithful coöperation through the past year, and I wish now to tell them how proud I am of them and of their ancestors who gave us this beautiful land, and of the success of Camp Middlebrook Chapter.

Miss Hamilton, the historian, presented an admirable report, giving the ancestry of each member of the Chapter. We hope to publish this report before long. Mrs. Taylor, the treasurer, showed that the finances of the organization are in good shape, and Mrs. Mason read the secretary's report as follows:

The organization and first meeting of Middlebrook Camp Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, took place on October 11, 1893, at the home of Mrs. John Olendorf, who had been appointed Regent by the National Society for the purpose of organizing this Chapter. The charter members were Mrs. Elizabeth Herbert Olendorf, Miss M. Emma Sydney Herbert, Mrs. Carrie B. Dunham, Mrs. Cornelia C. Hamilton, Miss Mary Beall Hamilton, Mrs. S. L. F. Stryker, Mrs. Sarah Van Arsdale Van Nostrand, Mrs. M. A. Taylor, Mrs. Rachel Manning Mason, Mrs. Mary Dora McNabb, Mrs. M. D. De Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler, Mrs. Anna L. Voorhees, and Mrs. Rebecca T. La Monte.

According to the constitution of the Society the Regent has the power to appoint the officers for the first year. The following officers were appointed by Mrs. Olendorf: Vice-Regents, Mrs. Rebecca T. La Monte and Mrs. C. C. Hamilton; secretary, Mrs. S. L. F. Stryker, afterwards Mrs. R. M. Mason; treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Taylor; registrar, Mrs. Anna L. Voorhees; historian, Miss M. E. S. Herbert, afterwards Miss M. B. Hamilton, and board of management, Mrs. R. M. Mason, afterwards Mrs. M. D. De Mott, and Mrs. C. B. Dunham, with the above-named officers.

At the second meeting, October 17, the name of the Chapter was changed from "Middlebrook Camp" Chapter, which was the name bestowed upon us at Washington, to "Camp Middle-

brook" Chapter, as the latter name was found to be historically correct. The by-laws were also adopted at that meeting.

On November 21, through the kindness of Mrs. H. M. Hamilton, the Daughters were enabled to call on Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand, one of our members who had reached the remarkable age of one hundred and five years. This was considered a great privilege, as in less than a month from that time, on December 15, Mrs. Van Nostrand died from the result of an accident.

Another member was called home on April 17, 1894, our sister, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler.

An invitation from Mrs. C. H. Perry was accepted, to assist her in entertaining the Washington Camp Ground Association, which had been invited by Mayor Perry to hold its annual meeting at his house on Washington's Birthday.

In April a prize of a five-dollar gold piece was offered for the best essay, written by boy or girl in the public school, upon the subject of "Township Organization and Government;" this essay to be ready in June; but as there was no response to this offer, no prize was given.

The Chapter received its first donation on April 17, 1894, it being a Nova Cæsarea penny of 1787, the gift of Mr. Chris. Stolz. On May 15 Mrs. Olendorf presented to the Chapter "The National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans."

By invitation of the Grand Army of the Republic the Chapter listened to the memorial sermon preached before that organization on Sunday, May 27, by the Rev. Mr. Davis, in the Presbyterian Church.

On June 6 the Daughters and their friends took a drive to Bedminster to visit the Old Stone House, which was built in 1752 by Johannes Moelick and Mariah Katrina, his wife, who emigrated from Bendorf on the Rhine in 1735. This dwelling has been made famous by Andrew Mellick's "Story of an Old Farm." Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. William Sutphen, the present occupants of the house, the party was allowed to spread the lunch on the table in the old kitchen, and afterwards wandered at will up and down through the rooms, filled with many interesting relics. Some of the massive old furniture was brought over from Germany. Mr. Sutphen, who is a descendant of Johannes Moelick, was born in this house and has spent his life there.

Old Bedminster Church and churchyard were also visited, and the churchyard at Pluckamin, where are buried Johannes and Mariah Katrina. Here also is the grave of Captain Leslie of the British Army. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

In memory of the Hon. Capt. William Leslie of the 17th British Regiment, son of the Earl of Leven, in Scotland.

He fell January 3d, 1777, aged 26 years, at the Battle of Princeton.

His friend, Benj. Rush, M. D., of Philadelphia, hath caused this stone to be erected, as a mark of his esteem for his worth, and respect for his noble family.

On Thursday afternoon, June 14, the Regent and several officers attended a business meeting of the New Jersey Chapters, called by Mrs. William S. Stryker, State Regent *pro tem.*, to meet at her home in Trenton.

On June 19, at the home of Mrs. W. J. Taylor, the Chapter and a number of invited guests listened with great pleasure to a paper by Mrs. Mary Craven Thomae, on "New Jersey in the Revolution."

On Sunday evening, July 1, by invitation of Rev. Joseph W. Dally, pastor of the Bound Brook Methodist Episcopal Church and a Son of the American Revolution, the Chapter listened to a sermon on "The Women of '76."

On July 18 the Daughters and their friends took a drive to Morristown to visit Washington's headquarters in that city. The collection of relics at Morristown is considered by some people who have visited both places to be finer than that at Mount Vernon. A pleasant day was spent, with lunch in a grove by the roadside. Several hours were passed at the headquarters, and all enjoyed the ride home by moonlight.

On October 11 the Chapter and a number of friends took a drive to Princeton battlefield. The first halt was made at Judge Schenck's grove, a short distance this side of Princeton, where coffee was made and a light lunch was enjoyed. After resting here awhile we started again for Princeton. A short visit was made to the cemetery, where are buried the noted Aaron Burr, second president of Princeton College, and his son, the notorious Aaron Burr: Jonathan Edwards, John Witherspoon, Commodore Bainbridge, and many other notable characters.

The Friends' meeting-house, which was standing at the time of the famous battle, was visited and the burying-ground connected with it. Here are the graves of Richard Stockton and Sarah and Thomas Clark, to whose house General Mercer was carried after he was wounded and who attended him until his death. Departed Olneys and other old families of that vicinity are here represented.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Henry E. Hale, who lives in the old Clark house, admission was gained to the Friends' meeting-house, and afterwards Mrs. Hale invited us into the Clark house. The room in which General Mercer died is a small room, with quaint corner cupboard and fireplace, and contains some interesting relics of the battle. In a field back of the house is a white stone which marks the spot where General Mercer fell.

From Rocky Hill the ride was over the same road which Washington took after the battle of Princeton, through Griggstown, Millstone, Weston, over Van Veghten's bridge at Finderne, and from there to Bound Brook.

Nine regular meetings and one special meeting have been held during the year, with an average attendance of eight. The meetings were discontinued during July and August.

Six new members have been added, Mrs. Frances Herbert Vail, Mrs. Sarah McCloughton Perry, Mrs. Catharine L. A. Brokaw Staats, Mrs. Clara A. Spaulding, Mrs. Martha L. Brokaw Frech, and Miss Ellen E. Batcheller, and two lost by death, Mrs. Van Nostrand and Mrs. Mettler, making a total membership of eighteen.

IN MEMORIAM.

AGNES DANDRIDGE CASH BLEDSOE.

Entered into rest, Agnes Dandridge Cash Bledsoe. A member of our sisterhood she was in name, in heart, in actuality, but God had given her a work to do which kept her apart from our councils and from the happy gatherings where face to face we learn to know each other as friends and comrades. For so long it had been her work to "translate to her own soul God's language of suffering," that noblest work, that most difficult of all which is given man or woman to perform, that she had no time for the smaller affairs of life; but as her ancestors met bravely the exigencies of war, of martial combat, so she met, bore, and triumphed in conflict with physical pain and unceasing anguish. For thirty-five years she was a member of the Methodist Church, and as a good soldier she wore the armor which made a life victory possible. She stood loyal to the last, bearing testimony to her unshaken faith and to that spirit of endurance and martyrdom which had fired her noble lineage in early days on hotly contested ground. She was born in Forest Hill, Tennessee, June 16, 1844, and fell asleep in Memphis August 25, 1894.

In the Land o' the Leal, the Land o' the Leal,
Where earth's weary pain the Master doth heal,
Where the heart ne'er is faint, nor the sad soul oppress
By shadow of burden, of grief or unrest—
In the Land o' the Leal, she doth rest, doth rest.

Annah Robinson Watson.

MRS. ELIZABETH HUTTON SHERWOOD.

Died at Philadelphia, November 16, 1894, Mrs. Elizabeth Hutton Sherwood, widow of Rev. John Harvey Sherwood, in the eighty-third year of her age. This venerable lady was born in the city of Troy, New York, in the year 1812, and was the daughter of Timothy Hutton, a soldier in the Revolution, who

joined the ranks when only sixteen years old. It is said that he gave to the city of Troy its name. He afterwards removed to New York, where Hutton Street and his old homestead, now converted into a warehouse, still remain. Mrs. Sherwood's uncle, Christopher Hutton, was an officer in the Second Regiment of New York Militia and one of General Washington's staff. His name and official title appear on the rolls of the Society of the Cincinnati. Notwithstanding Mrs. Sherwood's frail health and her advanced age, her patriotism was unbounded, and her enthusiasm led her to join the ranks of the "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." She was early transferred to the Philadelphia Chapter, of which she was made an honorary member, and her name appears on the charter roll. The loyal and patriotic spirit of her father burned undimmed in her bosom, and among the recollections of her youth she recalls that her father loved the smell of gunpowder, as it reminded him of the stirring times of the Revolution, when he was ready to die for his country. Mrs. Sherwood was the oldest member of our Chapter in regard to age, and she passed away in the third year of our existence as a Society. Her death causes the first break in the membership of the Philadelphia Chapter, and lessens the already small number of those favored women who were in truth daughters of Revolutionary sires.

MRS. LYDIA SHIELDS JONES.

It is our sad duty to inform you of the sudden death of Mrs. Lydia Shields Jones, a charter member of both the National Society and the Pittsburg Chapter. The distressing circumstances of Mrs. Jones's death have intensified the deep grief felt at her loss, and the whole community where she lived sympathize most sincerely with her family and many friends in their great sorrow. On the afternoon of September 28, when starting for a drive and while still in front of her own home, she was thrown from her carriage upon the track of the electric road and so injured by a car that she died a few hours afterwards. She was an attractive and intelligent Christian woman, a devoted wife and mother, whose home was her kingdom. She was a helpful and interested member of our Society, and in her death

we suffer a true loss. On the occasion of the funeral an emblem in flowers, representing the wheel and distaff, was sent by our Chapter as a mark of sympathy and affection. Mrs. Jones was descended from Major Daniel Leep, Major Isaac Craig, and General John Neville and belonged to one of the oldest families in this county. She and her sisters have taken a prominent part in our Society and testified to their interest in its work, one of them, Mrs. James B. Oliver, having been instrumental in obtaining for us possession of the Old Block House.

At our last meeting, held on October 3, the following resolutions were presented and adopted:

Resolved, That this Chapter express its profound sorrow and regret at this sad event, by which it is deprived of a member of high moral and intellectual worth, who was deeply interested in the aims and advancements of this Society.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved friends our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also placed upon the records of the Pittsburg Chapter.

AGNES C. MESSLOR,
Corresponding Secretary.

OFFICIAL.

MINUTES OF THE NATIONAL BOARD.

THURSDAY, *November* 1, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Goodfellow, Dr. McGee, Miss Miller, Miss Mallett, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Washington, and Mrs. Burnett; also Mrs. Foot, of the Advisory Board.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of October 4, 5, and 9, 1894, which were accepted after correction.

The Registrars presented the names of two hundred and twenty-six ladies as eligible to membership in the National Society, who were elected.

Miss Wilbur, Registrar-General, presented to the Society a history of Hingham, Massachusetts, donated by the Old Colony Chapter, for which a vote of thanks was passed.

Mrs. Mann reported that she had issued thirty-two badge permits since October 4, and furnished the clerk $20 for issuance of certificates.

Mrs. Mann moved that when the clerk sends notices to applicants of their admission to the Daughters of the American Revo-

lution that she inform them that they are required to send their national number with all badge orders. Motion carried.

Miss Wilbur moved that one hundred circulars for Mrs. Mann be printed. Motion carried.

The Registrars having reported that no certificate of membership or badge permit had been issued to the Infanta Eulalia, Mrs. Dickins moved that the Registrars be requested to ask Caldwell & Company why they issued a badge to the Infanta Eulalia of Spain without the authority of the Registrar. Motion carried.

Miss Desha moved that in future no printing shall be done except when ordered by the National Board. Motion carried.

Report of the Vice-President in Charge of Organization.—For Chapter Regent, Mrs. Mattie A. Hand, in Holton, Kansas. The State Regent of Illinois appoints as Chapter Regents Mrs. Ralph Emerson, in Rockford; Mrs. Myra Ewing, in Decatur; Miss Lilian Balance Rice, in Peoria; Mrs. James C. Burns, in Monmouth, and Miss May Latham, in Lincoln. The State Regent of Massachusetts appoints Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd as Chapter Regent in Amherst. The State Regent of Delaware appoints Miss Virginia Bryan Causey as Chapter Regent in Milford. The State Regent of Washington appoints Mrs. Emma M. Cole as Chapter Regent in Seattle. The State Regent of Wisconsin appoints Mrs. Flora B. Ginty as Chapter Regent in Chippewa Falls. Mrs. Jamieson is appointed Chapter Regent in Lawrenceville, New Jersey. The State Regent of Iowa appoints Mrs. Abbie Cadle Mahin as Chapter Regent in Clinton. The report was accepted.

Report of the Corresponding Secretary-General.—Notices of election of officers in the following Chapters have been received: Ruth Heart, Meriden, Connecticut; Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Mystic, Connecticut; Katherine Gaylord Chapter, Bristol, Connecticut; Boudinot Chapter, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Bound Brook, New Jersey, and Shikellimo Chapter, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; the organization and election of officers of the Yorktown Chapter, in York, Pennsylvania; Pittsburg Chapter, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Quassiack Chapter, Newburg, New York; St. Paul Chapter, St. Paul, Minnesota,

and Milwaukee Chapter, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; receipt of the report of the Muskingum Chapter, Zanesville, Ohio; receipt of a printed copy of the by-laws of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, in New London, Connecticut; receipt of the printed copy of the by-laws of the General de Lafayette Chapter, Lafayette, Indiana; announcements of the deaths of Mrs. Lydia Shields Jones, charter member of the Pittsburg Chapter, and accompanying resolutions of the Chapter in regard thereto, and of Mrs. Anna B. Goodwin, of Buxton, Maine, member of the Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter, Portland, Maine; account of the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain by the Society in Tennessee. The following letters were received: Regarding the True Story of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Conference Report; from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, addressed to the National Board, in regard to the issuing of certificates of charter members; from A. W. Ellson & Company, Boston, in regard to the purchase of a portrait of George Washington for the public schools; from the Local Council, inviting the Daughters to join the Federated Council of the District of Columbia; from Mrs. Kate Farnham; from a member of the Society, asking that the Corresponding Secretary-General or the Editor of the MAGAZINE shall publish a short article assuring the members that the national number once given to a member shall never be withdrawn, there having been numerous rumors afloat in regard to this matter; of acceptance from Mrs. Clarke, State Regent of Texas; from Mrs. Greenhalge, Chapter Regent in Lowell, Massachusetts; from Mrs. Minnie Graves Brown, in Fort Wayne, Indiana; from Mrs. Ginty, in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, announcing that she is ready to organize, and that her Chapter will be named Mary Morris, in honor of her great-grandmother, wife of Louis Morris, signer of the Declaration; from Mrs. Peter, of Buffalo, New York, announcing that she had forwarded the charts and books accepted by the National Board last spring. Amendments—article V, first clause in section 3. The report was accepted.

Mrs. Lockwood asked for information relative to inserting obituary notices in the Magazine.

Mrs. Dickins moved "That the Editor of the Magazine be

allowed to use her discretion in curtailing or printing obituary notices." Motion carried.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the account of the "True Story of the Origin of the Society" be revised, as suggested by Miss Desha, and published in the Magazine, and that the Chairman appoint a committee to consider the matter. Motion carried.

Dr. McGee moved that Mrs. Mann take charge of the issuing of all Certificates of charter members which have not yet been engrossed. Motion carried.

It was moved and carried that the letter of A. W. Ellson & Co., of Boston, be laid on the table.

In answer to the letter from the Secretary of the Federated Council of the District of Columbia, Mrs. Dickins stated that her motion at the previous meeting settled this question.

In reply to letter from Mrs. Kate Farnham, Mrs. Dickins moved that Mrs. Farnham be requested to forward her request through the State Regent and Vice-President-General in Charge of Organization. Motion carried.

In reply to the inquiry relative to the National Number, Mrs. Dickins moved that the statement of Miss Desha as to National Numbers be inserted in the Magazine. Motion carried.

The following amendment to the Constitution was offered by Miss Desha at the request of Miss Minnie F. Mickley, of the Liberty Bell Chapter: Article V, section 3, strike out the first sentence; substitute the following: "The annual meeting of the Continental Congress shall be held in Washington City, D. C., on the 30th of April in each year, or, if that falls on Sunday, the meeting shall be held on the following Tuesday."

The Recording Secretary-General reported the terms submitted by Mr. Paul A. Steele for engrossing the certificates of the Society.

Miss Miller moved that Mr. Steele's terms of ten cents for each certificate and twenty-five cents for engrossing each charter be accepted. Motion carried.

Dr. McGee moved that all official papers of the Recording Secretary-General during Miss Washington's term of office be given to her that she may transfer them immediately to the newly elected Recording-Secretary General. Motion carried.

Mrs. Gannett withdrew her nomination of Mrs. Charles S. Johnson for Recording Secretary-General, as Mrs. Johnson would be unable to serve if elected.

Mrs. Burnett presented her resignation as Registrar-General, which was accepted.

The Secretary casting the ballot, Mrs. Burnett was elected Recording Secretary-General.

The Board adjourned until Friday, November 2, 1894.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General.

FRIDAY, *November 2*, 1894.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Desha, Mrs. Mann, Miss Wilbur, Miss Mallett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Clark, Miss Washington, Miss Miller, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Burnett.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The report of the Treasurer-General was read and accepted.

Report of the Treasurer-General from September 29 to October 31, 1894.

Sept. 29. Balance per report at this date		$3,130 05
Receipts:		
Charter fees	$29 00	
Initiation fees	236 00	
Annual dues	482 00	
Magazine	9 42	
Rosettes	25 60	
Life members	95 00	
Stationery	5 00	
Miss Desha, for sale of spoons	136 08	
Overpaid by Chapter	1 00	
		1,019 10
		$4,149 15
Disbursements per details appended		1,369 37
Balance		$2,779 78

Bills paid by the Treasurer-General for the month of October.

Oct. 2.	Judd & Detweiler, printing Magazine for September.	$[illegible]
2.	Miss Lockwood, Business Manager of the Magazine.	[illegible]
2.	Miss Lockwood, for proof-reader of Magazine	[illegible]
4.	Rent of office	5[illegible]
4.	Miss N. B. Stone, office expenses	3[illegible]
6.	Clerk to Treasurer-General, salary	30 00
8.	Rockford, Illinois, dues overpaid	13 [illegible]
8.	Mrs. C. A. Mann, postage, authorized March 22	6[illegible]
9.	Mrs. A. M. Burnett, money refunded	1 00
10.	W. F. Roberts, printing	92 85
10.	Gibson Brothers, printing	1 75
10.	Treasurer-General, postage and files	11 63
10.	Mrs. De B. R. Keim, State Regent, Connecticut	8 75
10.	John G. Hodges, bookbinder	12 00
12.	Mrs. Marguerite Dickens, ex-Treasurer-General	6[illegible]
19.	Concord, Massachusetts, Chapter, dues refunded	2 00
19.	Cambridge, Massachusetts, Chapter, dues refunded	3 00
19.	Judd & Detweiler, printing Magazine for October	213 98
23.	Miss N. B. Stone, clerk, salary	50 00
25.	Miss Shellenburg, dues refunded	2 00
27.	Mrs. Ruth R. See, dues refunded	7 00
30.	Mrs. Virginia B. Perry, dues refunded	1 00
30.	Mrs. Jane C. Harvey, dues refunded	1 00
31.	American Security and Trust Company, account of Permanent Fund	401 30
31.	John G. Hodges, making register for Magazine	7 00
		$1,369 37

Respectfully submitted.

MIRANDA TULLOCK.

The Finance Committee presented their report, Mrs. Dickins acting as chairman at Mrs. Tullock's request.

Mrs. Dickins moved that, as the office expenses are at present unlimited, we at once limit them.

Mrs. Clark moved that thirty dollars be furnished for office expenses only, and that the officers entitled to postage shall present such bills through the regular channel, as required by the By-Laws. Office expenses include the sending out of application blanks, Constitutions, etc., as well as office incidentals. Motion carried.

The Board adjourned till Saturday, November 3, 1894.

AGNES M. BURNETT,
Recording Secretary-General.

SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1894.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Lockwood in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Brackett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Mann, Miss Desha, Miss Washington, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Burnett.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

Mrs. Brackett presented a bill from Mr. Willard for rent of rooms at 1416 F Street for September, due notice of intention to vacate not having been given. Upon motion of Miss Washington, Mrs. Brackett was instructed to accept Mr. Willard's kind offer to cancel the bill.

Dr. McGee moved that the report of the Finance Committee be discussed and acted upon in sections.

The discussion of the report was suspended to hear Miss Desha's report on the Souvenir Spoons.

Dr. McGee moved that the section of the Finance Committee's report relative to Souvenir Spoons be referred back to the committee for incorporation of Miss Desha's report and additional data. Motion carried.

The Board adjourned until Monday, November 5, 1894.

AGNES M. BURNETT,
Recording Secretary-General.

MONDAY, *November* 5, 1894.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Wilbur, Miss Desha, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Bullock, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Washington, Mrs. Henry, Miss Miller, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Heth.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

In the absence of the Recording Secretary-General, Dr. McGee was elected to act in that capacity.

The report of the Finance Committee was considered.*

* The report of the Finance Committee was withdrawn from publication in the minutes, before their approval on December 6, that it might receive further consideration.

Report of Printing Committee, Miss Desha, chairman:

The Printing Committee has the honor to submit the following report, and requests from the Board an order to have additional supplies printed, as there are at present no Constitutions and only two hundred application blanks left in the office, and demands are coming from the Chapter and State Regents every day. We therefore ask for ten thousand application blanks, eight thousand small Constitutions, and five hundred printed letters to inquirers issued by the Corresponding Secretary.

(Signed) MARY DESHA, *Chairman.*
H. S. HETH.
E. T. BULLOCK.
AUGUSTA D. GEER.

The committee offers for inspection a detailed statement, giving names and addresses of all persons who applied for these supplies, with the number sent to each.

The detailed printing account with W. F. Roberts is given in the report of the Finance Committee.

The report was accepted after the following amendments and resolutions had been passed: Mrs. Lockwood moved that eight thousand application blanks be printed. Dr. McGee moved that the words "but it is desired that the history of each ancestor shall be written upon a separate blank when possible" be stricken from the third page of the new application blanks. Miss Washington moved that two application blanks be furnished each applicant free, and that five cents be charged for each additional blank used. Mrs. Dickins moved that one thousand copies of the statement to that effect be printed for issue with application blanks.

Mrs. Dickins moved that four thousand small-sized Constitutions be printed.

Mrs. Lockwood moved that the paper entitled "The True Story of the Origin of the Society" be not reprinted in pamphlet form. The Chair, Mrs. Hamilton, appointed as committee to consider this paper, Dr. McGee, chairman; Mrs. Mann, and Mrs. Lockwood.

Amendments to the Constitution.—The following were read:

Art. V, Sec. 2. Strike out the whole section; substitute the following: "Each Chapter having fifty members may elect one delegate to the Continental Congress in addition to its Regent, and each Chapter having seventy-five members may elect a second additional delegate. Other delegates may be elected in

the proportion of one to every fifty members over and above the first seventy-five. Only members who have paid their dues for the official year then current shall be entitled to representation." Offered by Dr. McGee.

NOTE.—This amendment does not change the present representation, except that members-at-large in Washington are to send no delegate.

Sec. 3. Strike out "22d day of February;" substitute "19th day of April." Offered by Mrs. V. K. Maddox.

Sec. 3. Strike out "on the 22d day of February of each year, or, if that falls on Sunday, the meeting shall be held on the following Wednesday;" substitute the following: "during the week in which the 22d day of February (or such other date as may be selected) falls." Offered by Dr. McGee.

Art. VIII. Strike out sections 1, 2, 3, and 4; substitute the following:

"SEC. 1. The initiation fee to the National Society shall be two dollars, which shall exempt the member from the payment of dues to the National Society during the official year in which she is elected. The initiation fee must be sent to the Treasurer-General when the application papers are sent to the Registrar-General. The official year shall commence on the 22d day of February, and the annual dues to the National Society shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

"SEC. 2. The payment of twelve dollars at one time shall constitute a life membership and exempt the member from further payment of dues to the National Society.

"SEC. 3. The local Chapters may by by-laws make provision for the collection of additional dues for their own use."

The present sections 5 and 6 to be numbered 4 and 5. Offered by Mrs. Dickins.

Add to the present Article IX, section 2, the following: "Amendments may also be offered by any Chapter, provided that it proceeds as prescribed for the Board of Management, and that it notifies the National officers as well as Chapters and State Regents." Offered by Dr. McGee.

Amendments to By-Laws offered by Mrs. A. Howard Clark:

Article II, add the following: "Sec. 2. When a National Officer is unable to attend to the duties of her office, either by absence from the city or otherwise, she shall report such fact to the Board of Management and the Board shall thereupon appoint one of its members to temporarily perform the duties of such office."

Article XVII, strike out the whole article.

Dr. McGee nominated Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan as Registrar-General: seconded by Miss Miller.

Mrs. Henry, Regent of the District of Columbia, presented a communication from the Regents and Vice-Regents of four of the Chapters in the District.

Mrs. Lockwood moved that the paper be laid on the table. Motion carried.

Continental Congress of 1895.—Miss Desha moved that the resident members of the National Board form the Committee on Arrangement for the Congress. Motion carried.

Miss Desha and Miss Mallett requested that they be not elected on any committees for Congress, as their time was fully occupied.

The following committees were elected:

Credentials.—Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Tullock, and Mrs. Geer.

Programme.—Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Brackett, and Mrs. Dickins.

Press and Publication.—Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gannett, and Dr. McGee.

House Decoration and Music.—Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Dorsey, Miss Miller, and Dr. McGee.

Badges.—Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Blackburn, and Miss Miller.

Hotels and Railroads.—Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Geer, and Mrs. Blount.

Lunch.—Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Henry, Miss Washington, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Bullock, and Mrs. Geer.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the election of the Committee on Ushers be left until the next meeting.

Miss Desha moved that the President-General be requested to appoint the Reception Committee.

The meeting adjourned.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.,
Recording Secretary-General pro tem.

MRS. HARRISON PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

Mrs. James M. Mingay, Saratoga	$2 00
Mrs. Jasper Cairns, Saratoga	5 00
Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines, Iowa	10 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, *Treasurer.*

The American Monthly Magazine.

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Daughters of the American Revolution.

STATIONERY bearing in water mark the enlarged badge of the Society has been made to order and is now for sale. By order of the National Board this has been made the official stationery of the Society and is intended for use of all members.

The paper is of superior linen stock, similar to that used by General Washington, and of standard note size, with square envelopes, and by direction of the Board will be distributed by

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